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OF NORTH ANDOVER

12 June 1903

# MEMOIRS,

## JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

# THOMAS MOORE.

VOL. VIII.

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# THOMAS MOORE.

EDITED BY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P.

"Spirat adhuc amor."—Hor.

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# MEMOIRS,

# JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

# THOMAS MOORE.

# DIARY

OF

# THOMAS MOORE.

## 1845.

JANUARY, 1st to 3rd. A most unexpected and welcome God-send for our poor Tom, one of these days; no less than 95*l.* announced in a letter from Lord Fitzroy Somerset; being the sum deducted from the price of Tom's commission to pay the passage of his successor to India. But the East India Company having given his successor a free passage, this sum has been put to Tom's credit at Cox and Greenwood's. Wrote instantly, of course, to tell him this good news, and suppose before long we shall see him here.

The following verses appeared a few days since in the "Chronicle," and are from the pen (if I recollect her initials rightly) of my clever friend, Miss Costello.

### TO THE POET.

"They are gone to the skies, they abandon the earth
To the seraphs, their kindred, our minstrels are flown:
And have left to the land, that is proud of their birth
One ray of their brightness—one Poet alone.

"There are many whose numbers are graceful and fair,
Whose thoughts are harmonious, whose melodies please;
And some, as they listen, can idly compare
With the jewels of old simple sparkles like these.

"But let the great Master once waken the lay,
Once rouse from the sleep that has held him too long,
And as from the sun burst the clouds troop away,
They shall all be o'erwhelm'd in his torrent of song.

"One lay of his country, all passion and tears,
One wail of her grief, or despair, or disdain,
Is worth all the efforts—the study—of years—
Oh! when shall we hear them and hail him again?

"Bid the minstrel awaken, and charm us, as when
We knew from his verse what the spells were of yore;
The harp is his book, and its chords are his pen—
What darkness enshrouds thee?—return to us, Moore.

"L. S. C."

Lady Elizabeth Fielding, in sending me these verses, which she had cut out of the newspaper, says, "See how the public call upon you, and you go on treating them with silent contempt. Shame, shame!"

Copy of a note from Mrs. Sydney Smith to Longman, July 7th, 1845, in reference to a letter I had written to him, expressing my fears that we should not be able to raise such a monument to Sydney as would be worthy of the man and his fame. This Longman sent to Mrs. Smith, and the following was her answer:—

"My dear Sir,—I honour Mr. Moore more than I can express for the contents of this note. That he should think more of the fame of his lamented friend, and make his own advantage a secondary and subordinate consideration, shows him to be indeed worthy of the distinction conferred on him by the genuine regard and affection of one of the best of men. He alone must decide whether our materials be of such a kind as will justify his perseverance," &c. &c.

The following epigram, which has just fallen into my

* Sydney Smith died in 1845. Mrs. Sydney Smith died in 1852.

hands, must have been written as far back as the project set on foot for making me member for Limerick:—

"When Limerick, in idle whim
Moore as her member lately courted,
'The boys' for form's sake, ask'd of him
To state what party he supported.

"When thus his answer promptly ran,
(Now give the wit his meed of glory)
'I'm of no party, as a man,—
But, as a poet, am-a-tory.'"

From verses sent me by one of my foreign correspondents:—

"Alma dal ciel divisa
Fugge invano alla sorte,
Va passeggiera in vita
Va prigionera in morte.
Sempre sospira, e teme,
Finchè non torna al ciel:
Al ciel, dov' ella nacque,
Dov' ha l' eterno amore;
E dopo un lungo errore
Spera di ritornar."

Here is a good House of Commons' scene.

In the Irish House of Commons one night, a blustering orator having triumphantly, as he thought, exclaimed, "I am the guardian of my own honour," Sir Boyle Roche quietly settled the orator by saying, "I wish the honourable gentleman joy on his sinecure appointment."

Here is another House of Commons scene:—

*Government side:* "Mr. Speaker, have we laws or have we *not* laws? If we *have* laws, to what purpose were those laws made unless they are *obeyed?*"

*Opposition side:* "Mr. Speaker, did that gentleman speak to the purpose or *not* to the purpose, and if he did *not* speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?"

Not to forget Pakenham (the admiral) calling out after me one day in the Castle Yard, Dublin, when I was walking along with my old friend and bad brother poet, Joe Atkinson, "Moore, take care you don't let that fellow write any of your verses for you."

When I was in Kerry with Lord Lansdowne he received a letter from one of his tenants there, in which was the following puzzling passage: — "As the Lord has given you power over every thing, I wish you'd tell the Mayor of Cork not to mix butther with his timber." The poor fellow *meant* to say that the mayor was not to mix timber with his butter, it being a trick with the butter vendors there, to increase thus fraudulently the weight of the casks or firkins in which the butter was packed.

One night when John Kemble was performing, at some country theatre, one of his most favourite parts, he was much interrupted, from time to time, by the squalling of a young child in one of the galleries. At length, angered by this rival performance, Kemble walked with solemn step to the front of the stage, and, addressing the audience in his most tragic tones, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped the child cannot possibly go on." The effect on the audience of this earnest interference, in favour of the child, may be easily conceived.

It was Judge Payne, I believe, who had a habit of saying, in his decisions, "As I humbly conceive it, look, do you see?" and, in allusion to this custom of his, somebody wrote the following: —

"The man who holds his lands by fee,
Need neither quake nor quaver;
For, as I humbly conceive it, look, do you see,
He holds his lands for ever."

I don't know where I found the following, but there is

a homely sort of philosophy in it that rather takes my fancy:—

> "This world's a good world to live in,
> To lend, and to spend, and to give in;
> But to beg, or to borrow, or ask for one's own,
> 'Tis the very worst world that ever was known."

---

The death of his only remaining child, and his last and most beloved sister, deeply affected the health, crushed the spirits, and impaired the mind of Moore. An illness of an alarming nature shook his frame, and for a long time made him incapable of any exertion. When he recovered, he was a different man. His memory was perpetually at fault, and nothing seemed to rest upon his mind. He made engagements to dinners and parties but usually forgot half of them. When he did appear, his gay flow of spirits, happy application of humorous stories, and constant and congenial ease were all wanting. The brilliant hues of his varied conversation had failed, and the strong powers of his intellect had manifestly sunk. There was something peculiarly sad in the change. It is not unusual to observe the faculties grow weaker with age; and in the retirement of a man's own home, there may be "no unpleasing melancholy" in the task of watching such a decline. But when in the midst of the gay and the convivial the wit appeared without his gaiety, and the guest without his conviviality—when the fine fancy appeared not so much sobered as saddened, it was a cheerless sight.

Happily for Moore and his partner, they had a certain income derived from the bounty of the Sovereign, which

flowed on in a stream not exuberant indeed, but perpetual. On this income Mrs. Moore regulated her expenses, and regulated them so as to incur no debts.

The remainder of the Journal contains little that is of interest. Some extracts shall now be given, however, from the last MS. volume of Moore's "Diary."

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From the commencement of the year 1845 down to the *present* date, August, 1846, I have "taken no note of time" as a journalist; misfortunes having befallen me during that interval which were quite painful enough to suffer without dwelling upon them constantly, and thus aggravating both our loss and our sorrows. But having now, thank God, a good deal surmounted these feelings, I shall here, with the aid of my dear wife's memory, detail the most prominent events, as well sunny as sorrowful, that have chequered this eventful period of our lives.

*March.* Received a letter from our son Tom, saying that he was sick and tired of Africa, and expressing a strong wish to have interest made for him with the Russian general Woronzow*, who had just then been appointed to a high command in the Russian army, and who, as Tom fondly hoped, might be induced to make him one of his secretaries. As Lady Pembroke, then in England, was sister to Prince Woronzow, it was thought by Tom that, if I would write to the Russian prince, and likewise apply personally to Lady Pembroke, there could be no doubt

* Prince Woronzow, born at St. Petersburg in 1782. His father was for many years Russian Ambassador in this country, and died here.

of the success of our suit. Tom, himself, had already written to Prince Woronzow, relying, as he said, poor fellow, on my reputation as a poet in Russia; and added, that if I would apply personally to Lady Pembroke, there would be no doubt, he thought, of the success of our suit. Though regarding the whole scheme as mere Quixotism, yet, to satisfy him, I despatched a letter on the same foolscap errand.

In the month of May this year (still 1845) I was called up to town. Found London in a state of bustle and excitement, which every one allowed to be unprecedented. The night before I arrived there had been a dreadful fire at an hotel not far from Boyse's, in which a poor woman was burned to death; and Lord H., who was staying there with his family, had narrowly escaped by a ladder from the window, holding his child, a young infant, in one hand. H. joined us after dinner, and gave us an account of the particulars of his escape. One frightful thing he mentioned was, that, when half-way down the ladder, he felt the strength of his arm failing him, and, for a moment, had the horrible thought that he must drop the child.

That night, or the next, there was a large ball at the Queen's, to which I was *not* invited, nor shall ever, I dare say, again, having lately declined two or three of her invitations; nor have ever, indeed, gone but to *one* of her assemblies, when I went with Lord Lansdowne. This time, however, I was sufficiently amused by going about to different houses, where I saw some very pretty specimens both of dress and beauty; but none that gave me such pleasure as our bright and smiling Lady Mount-Edgcumbe. Next day I called upon Miss Coutts, whom I had seen in all her splendours the night before, and

found her preparing to send it all back to the Bank. "Would you like," she asked, "to see it by daylight?" and, on my assenting, took me to a room upstairs, where the treasure was deposited. Amongst it was the famous tiara of Marie Antoinette; and on my asking her what, altogether, might be the value of her dress last night, she answered, in her quiet way, "I think about a hundred thousand pounds."

Though I had delivered, as I hoped and thought, the last pages of my weary work (the History of Ireland) to the Printer, there still remained enough of my task to worry and delay me; and, worst of all, was the supposed necessity of my prefixing some sort of Preface to the Volume. In vain did I try for two or three days to satisfy myself with a few prefatory sentences, but they would not come as I wished; and at last, in utter despair, I left to the Longmans to finish the abortive Preface.

As my *business* was now all finished, Mrs. Moore, who wished to obtain some advice respecting her eyes, from which she had a good deal suffered, joined me in town, where I had got apartments for a few days at Cox's, in Jermyn Street. On seeing her, Brodie pronounced that it was a physician she wanted, not an oculist; the eyes being sound, though now in an unhealthy state. We consulted, therefore, Dr. Holland, who asked us to breakfast with him for the purpose, and his opinion agreed very much with Brodie's. While thus the most eminent men of the profession were not only gratuitously, but promptly, at our service, nothing could exceed the kindness towards us of *all* our friends. Their carriages were daily at Bessy's disposal, and she drove out by turns with Lady Lansdowne, Rogers, Miss Boyse, Lady Elizabeth, and Mrs. Story,—all old and cordial friends.

On the 22nd of July (still 1845), my dear sister Ellen paid us her accustomed visit, and remained with us, to our great pleasure, till the 22nd of September. We then set out with her to see her part of the way; but, on arriving at Birmingham, found that we had left part of our luggage behind, and had a most wretched night to pass in that noisy town. We were so lucky, however, next day, as not only to recover our luggage, but to find in the train Mr. Gould, a new American friend of mine, who was on his way to Liverpool, and who, taking charge of my dear Ellen, got her comfortably aboard the packet.

From thence we went to pay a visit to the Hughes's, near Wolverhampton — Mrs. Hughes being the niece of one of the best and dearest of our friends, the late Lady Donegal. The few days we passed with them were very interesting to us. Philippa Godfrey, who lives with them, reminded Bessy in many of her ways, and looks, both of Mary and Lady Donegal. Their vicarage is prettily situated; their children nice and playful; and altogether the few days we passed with them were very agreeable.

On our return home, we found a long melancholy letter from Africa, telling us that Tom was dangerously ill, and saying, that if he recovered from the fever, he must leave that country and return to his native air. It being late on Saturday night when we reached home, I could not, of course, get money till Monday; on which day I sent 30*l.* to Mostorganem, and in a few days after 100*l.* We were left in this state of anxiety for some time, and then heard from Tom himself. He was better, and full of joy at the idea of returning home after so many years of absence. Soon after, we heard again from him — still improving, but could not leave Africa before the spring, on account of a cough he complained of.

We heard no more for some time, and were kept in constant anxiety by the accounts in the newspapers. I myself, indeed, began to feel certain that we should never see him again. His poor mother tried not to agree with me, though her own feelings grew every day more sad and hopeless. In November, Mr. and Mrs. Hall came to us for a few days, and we found them very agreeable as well as *clever* people—qualities not always found together. We asked to meet them our little friend Mary Hughes, of Buckhill, and they were greatly pleased with her.

December. Our old and kind friend, Hughes of Buckhill, getting worse—Lady Kerry (who has a house near him) coming over very often in her carriage to take Bessy to see him. Bessy, indeed, has been unremitting in her attentions to this old friend of ours, and on the 25th of this month, closed his eyes.

---

I still continue to take my Diary down from Bessy's dictation, and a mournful task it now begins to be, though (such is life!) the very first item I have now to enter is a gay ball at our neighbours the Schombergs', January 1st [1846], where I was one of the guests.

At the beginning of February, my sister, Ellen, mentioned in a note to Bessy that she was not well, and was going to Black Rock (near Dublin) for change of air, but would write again on Sunday, and tell us "how she was coming on, or going off,"—her own words. She mentioned also several concerts and other amusements she had in prospect. On Tuesday, no letter coming, Bessy expressed her fears that she must be worse; but I had no

such apprehension. On Wednesday, we were to have had some friends to dine with us—a rare occurrence with us now. Before I came down to breakfast, Bessy had received a few lines from my cousin Margaret, to say that Ellen was worse. This Bessy thought it best not to tell me, as I was feeling then very nervous, and she decided to let the dinner take place. So agitated was she herself during breakfast that she was obliged to leave the table; and on her saying, "I fear Ellen must be worse," I answered, "I assure you I think she will outlive us all." However, about eleven o'clock Susan Hughes, a kind friend of ours, called upon us; and on Bessy remarking that she looked pale and troubled, and asking anxiously what was the matter, Susan said, "Have you not heard, then, from Dublin?—is not Ellen ill?" Bessy looked up in her face, and seeing there the sad truth, said, "Then Ellen is dead?" "She is," was the sad answer.

The difficulty of telling me was so great, and the shock to Bessy herself so sudden, that when she came into my study some time elapsed before she could tell me the dreadful fact. At length she gradually brought it round, by saying that Ellen was very ill, and that Mrs. Meara had written to Susan to beg her to break to us the sad tidings in the best manner she could. Then came the awful truth, that my beloved sister was gone—gone, in a moment, while getting into bed,—or a few minutes after; for when the maid, who had just been with her, returned, all was over, and apparently without any suffering. * *

It was on the 17th of February we heard of this dreadful loss, and at a moment, too, when we were full of fear and anxiety about Tom, not having heard from him since the letter he wrote in November. We had feared, indeed,

to tell him of our loss, for he dearly loved his aunt; and at the time he was quartered in Dublin, she had done all in her power to make his stay there happy and comfortable —often, indeed, to her own inconvenience and expense. She was herself of so youthful and cheerful a disposition, that it made her happy to see all around her so; and she and Tom loved each other most cordially.

About the middle of March, we received a strange and ominous-looking letter, which we opened with trembling hands, and it told us that my son Tom was dead! The shock was at first almost too much to bear; but, on reading the letter again, we saw reason to doubt the account it contained, and sent immediately to London and Paris to know if there was any truth in the rumour. It was, alas! but too true. The last of our five children is now gone, and we are left desolate and alone. Not a single relative have I now left in the world!

The last letter we received from the poor fellow is now before me, and I shall give a few extracts from it here. He was lying at the time when he wrote it in the hospital of Mostorganem; and in describing some part of the duty in which he had been engaged, he says, "You can easily conceive that exposing myself constantly through that period to the night air and penetrating dew was very unfit for one already so much weakened by illness. During a long time, indeed, I slept on the stones of the Court Gateway, where there was only a cheval-de-frise, as I had the command of the guard; and the Arabs continually fired through the gateway on our sentries. During all this time, I had violent cold 'night-sweats,' which ended by bringing on a cough that eventually fell upon the chest; and it now appears that those doctors did not perfectly understand my

complaint." His heart and hopes being then set on returning home, he thus calculates his means for effecting this object:—"The Government stops fifty francs a month for the expenses. This leaves sufficient of my pay for the daily necessities; so that after having drawn what is necessary to pay my debts (from the sum you so kindly sent me), I trust I shall be able to save the remainder intact until my departure for Paris, from whence, when fully restored to health, I shall be able to reach Sloperton." Poor fellow! home and its comforts, and his "excellent mother" were in his thoughts to the last. The state to which he was reduced when he wrote this letter is thus described by himself:—"You would really laugh to see me; I am only skin and bone, and might be easily mistaken for Don Quixote's eldest son."

I will only add to this extract from my son's letter what Sir John Macdonald, who was always very kind to him, said, in speaking of him one day lately when I called at the Horse Guards:—"I cannot tell you how much I was struck at the manly and cheerful spirit with which your poor boy made up his mind to encounter the horrors which he knew awaited him at Algiers."

About the middle of May, this year (still 1846) I went up to town, partly to hasten the last lingering sheets of my weary history, and principally to seek in the distractions of London some relief from the sad thoughts with which I have lately been too conversant. As my notes to Mrs. Moore, while away from her, have for a long while formed my only diary, I shall here content myself with such memoranda from her letters as may keep together the links of my daily doings.

My usual good fortune in travelling attended me in the

present instance; for I met at the station Lady Mount-Edgcumbe, her charming children, and her lord's nieces, and we all got on together most socially through our journey. My first dinner, if I recollect right, was at Lord Lansdowne's; the next with Mr. Grenville, where the only man I met who deserves recording was Panizzi.

Called on Lady Mount-Edgcumbe, and sat some time with her. She now occupies the house in Sackville street, and in showing me the old room where I so often slept, told me it should still be at my service, in the old way, when Talbot was not in town.

Though I had written to Bessy so sanguinely respecting my task, there was still a short preface to be despatched which I had not taken into account. Alas, I *ought* to have known better the provoking restiveness of my pen. Nimbly as I can deal with *thoughts*, and rapidly as they present themselves to me, yet, until I can clothe them in *words* which satisfy me, I seldom can budge a single step. And such was the case with this abortive preface, which, after labouring at it, I will not say how long, I left to my brethren of the Row to complete as best they could.

In reporting to Bessy the close at last of my dull drudgery, I find I gave way to the following blue-devilish strain: — "Thank God I feel *now* as if I should survive this dreary task. But often, while employed upon it, I have felt a sort of presentiment that both the work and its weary writer would fall into oblivion together." In a postscript to this same letter I tell her "I am going to-day to dine with Lord Auckland," an announcement which I know will give her a melancholy pleasure; as his kindness to our poor Russell in India is never forgotten by her.

Dined with Lord Granville (whom I like much), and

met here Lord Bessborough, and likewise the Clanricardes.

Before I came up to town I had seen "Lalla Rookh" announced in the newspapers as about to come out at the Opera House, in the form of a divertissement, and the appearance thus together before the public of two such different works of mine as my light "Lalla" and my heavy "History," amused me not a little.

I had exchanged also some letters with the opera people, and when I came up to town was introduced to Mr. Lumley (the new lessee of the Opera House), who very courteously asked me to dine with him, and offered me a seat in his box to see the first night of the ballet; adding that the Duke of Leinster was one of the persons I should meet at dinner. All this I should have liked very much, but as my friend Boyse's house had got into other hands, and I was there only on sufferance, I thought such an effort to prolong my stay would hardly be worth while, and therefore resolved to remain satisfied with the engagements I had already formed. One of these, however, having been suddenly postponed, I was thrown dinnerless on the wide world, and in this forlorn condition was walking past Lansdowne House about seven o'clock in the evening, when my good genius prompted me to ask of the porter "if my lord or lady were at home." Both were at home and visible; and I had hardly time to make my salutation to them, when Lord L. exclaimed, "Oh, Moore, are you by any good chance disengaged, and will you dine with us to-day?" "*That* I will," said I, "most gladly," and then told him the dreary fate from which he thus rescued me. I found, too, that my good fortune was even more signal than I at first thought, as the company

I met at dinner was composed of such an assemblage of authors, actors, connoisseurs, and artists as only an Amphytrion like our noble host could have managed to bring together.

The following was in contradiction of a paragraph which had lately appeared in the newspapers, representing me to be so dangerously ill that my life was despaired of. I give but two of the paragraphs which I have seen on the subject.

"THOMAS MOORE. — Those persons in Dublin in most communication with the family of Mr. Moore, contradict emphatically a report concerning that gentleman's health, put forward in a very absurd paragraph that lately went the round of the papers. The letters of Mr. Moore himself to his old friends have been such as they were for the last forty years." — *Pilot.*

"THE POET MOORE. — The 'Courrier Français' announces the alarming indisposition of the poet Moore, in the following terms: — 'The brilliant composer of "Lalla Rookh," the poet of the "Irish Melodies," the friend of Lord Byron, Thomas Moore, is at this moment expiring.' A paragraph stating the serious and alarming illness of the illustrious poet appeared some weeks since in an Irish provincial journal, which probably was the foundation for the announcement in the 'Courrier Français.' We are most happy to have it in our power to give the most unqualified contradiction to all such statements. Thomas Moore is in excellent health. We have been favoured with the following extract of a letter, received in Dublin yesterday, from a friend and neighbour of the poet: — 'In reply to your inquiry respecting the foolish paragraph that has been taking the round of the papers, I

have the happiness to tell you that it is totally unfounded. Our gifted friend is, thank God, in excellent health and spirits. He has just come over here from his annual visit to the Marquis of Lansdowne, at Bowood, and is about to return to that seat of princely hospitality.'" — *Dublin Evening Post* of Tuesday night.

This is not the first time I have been killed by the newspapers. They disposed of me in the same manner when I was in America, and I remember the Prince one night, when I met him on the stairs of the Opera, alluded graciously to this report, and added, "I assure you it was a matter of general concern."

On looking back to this visit of mine to town, I find I have omitted to mention an incident, half painful, half gratifying, which occurred while I was there. One day, as I sat at my task in Albemarle Street, a visitor was announced to me who turned out to be my old friend Kenny* (the dramatist), and the purport of his visit, poor fellow, was to ask my aid and interest in procuring for him a grant of money from the Literary Fund. Though long aware of his difficulties, I was in hopes he had surmounted them. The sum he now asked for was a hundred pounds; but the Fund pleaded the low state of their means at that moment, and gave him but eighty pounds. This was, however, most welcome to the poor dramatist.

I now, for almost the first time in my life, found myself an idle gentleman, and how far the change is likely to

* Kenny's most successful farces were, "Raising the Wind," "Sweethearts and Wives," "Love, Law, and Physic," and "False Alarms." He was highly agreeable as a man, besides being humorous as an author. He died in 1849.

agree with me, mentally and corporeally, is a query that time alone can answer. As Christmas came near, the rumours of expected guests began to reach us from Bowood; but, as Lord Lansdowne was then very frequently called to town by business, the visitors there were as yet few and fleeting. One of these birds of passage was Lord de Mauley, who walked over to Sloperton to see me, and remained some time. But the most agreeable altogether of all the *rèlaches* I had at this time was during one of Lord Lansdowne's visits to town, when Lady L. being quite alone, asked Bessy and me over to Lacock to meet Mrs. Talbot and her charming children. It was then about the middle of November, and we staid there five or six days; the Lansdownes' carriage taking us there and bringing us back.

As this was my first visit to the Bowood Library since I had got rid of my dull Irish *corvée*, I felt for some days a refreshing variety,—a sort of zest in reading other men's books, which could only, I think, have been given to them by the long and dullifying dose I had had of my own: so enlivening, indeed, was this new course of study to me, —and the newer and lighter it was the better,—that, for some days, like Shakspeare's "chartered libertine," I roved, unsated, from shelf to shelf.

As we got deeper into Christmas, the plot began to thicken, and we had in succession at Bowood the Stratford Cannings, Hallam, Luttrell, Panizzi, the Howards, Lady Kerry and spouse, Lord Carew, Senior, and Lord and Lady Holland. Lord Grey, who had taken his departure before I came, I was very sorry to lose; for, though knowing but little of himself, with his truly noble father I was well and long acquainted.

Among those of the guests whom I was most glad to meet, were Lord and Lady Holland*; this being the first time of my ever seeing *her;* and, as far as kindness went, I found them *both* worthy of the old *House;* the lady being a nice person, and, in her proffers of hospitality to me, even more earnest and cordial than her lord. "Mind," she said, "whenever you come to town, you must fix your home at Holland House."

I have omitted, I find, to mention a short excursion which I took in the autumn of 1846, for the purpose principally of getting some advice respecting the state of my eyes; and, as I had found, when in town with Mrs. Moore, that Brodie was the man *first* consulted, in eye cases (as well as in most other cases), I resolved to run up to town to consult him; and a near neighbour of mine, a clergyman, Mr. Brown, who wished also to consult the great surgeon, respecting a child of his which had some ailment in the leg — we went up for our several purposes together. It was then the dead time of the year when Brodie, like other professional men, retires to his country seat, and only comes up on certain days to meet the multitude of patients that then assemble.

Through my interest with Sir Benjamin, the little squaller from Wiltshire took precedence of all the adult patients; so that my friend the parson was thus enabled to reach his home the following day.

As Brodie had kindly stipulated (as a condition of his prescribing for me) that I should pass a few days with him at his seat in Surrey, I accepted readily his terms, and accompanied him thither. Our company, the first

* Henry, third Lord Holland, married Lady Augusta Coventry.

day, was only his own family; but on the second we had a large party of neighbours to dinner, not one of whom I was at all acquainted with.

In the morning I had walked with my host for some time about his grounds, and was much struck by his saying, in the course of our conversation, that among the many dying patients he had attended, he had but rarely met with one that was afraid to die. Let us hope that this picture of death-beds, drawn as it is by one who had often studied them, is as true as it is consolatory and even cheering.

Among those neighbours and occasional visitors that form our small society here, I have not yet, I think, mentioned an American gentleman, Mr. Robert Howe Gould, who made his appearance among us, for the first time, a few years since, as a lecturer on American poetry, in the Town Hall of Devizes. With this gentleman I have now the pleasure of being well acquainted, and to his pen am indebted for one of the most eloquent, as well as most gratifying, tributes that, either in the Old or the New World, has ever rewarded my humble labours.

Prefixed to the verses which Mr. Gould sent me was the following letter from him:—

"Sir,—Retaining a vivid recollection of the courtesy which you accorded to me last winter, and of the pleasure which I received from my brief association with you, I have sought the opportunity of which I now avail myself to solicit your acceptance of a curious (and now somewhat rare) record of the peculiar greatness of Washington. Of his principles and his actions you, Sir, must, I feel assured, entertain a high and thorough appreciation; and I, therefore, venture to hope that, if this little volume has not before met your eye, it may prove acceptable to you.

"This is my excuse for laying it before you; but I fear that I can neither find nor invent an apology one half so valid for my presumption in prefixing to it an inscription IN VERSE. I can only say, in my own defence, that I am far from imagining myself to possess any real *poetic* talent, and that I have prefixed a few lines to this volume merely as an unassuming expression of the grounds upon which I have based my belief that the offering might interest you.

"Still, it *is* presumptuous to address in verse a Master of the Art; but I am sure that no one more readily than yourself will admit that certain classes of ideas find more appropriate and fluent utterance in that form than in any other.

"The position which the public voice and the public feeling have so long accorded to you will redeem from the suspicion of insincerity the expression of profound admiration and respect with which I esteem it an honour to subscribe myself, dear Sir, your very faithful servant,

"ROBT. HOWE GOULD.

"London, June 28. 1845."

## MR. GOULD'S VERSES.

"The foremost Patriot of all time
Must hold high place in His regards,
The power and fervour of whose lays
Have stamped him first of Patriot Bards.

"The Bard and Soldier share the praise
Of equal patriotic fire;
To Freedom one devotes his sword,—
The other consecrates his lyre.

"The poet prompts the noble deeds
The warrior's sword achieves;
The soldier from the poet's lyre
His meed of fame receives.

"The bold assertion of the truth,
'The love of right, the scorn of wrong,'
Shine in the Western Chieftain's deeds,
As in the Island Poet's song.

"Kindred their souls,—each boldly stood
The champion of his native shore;
Fate handed Washington the sword,
And gave the impassioned lyre to Moore.

"On the high altar of the Muse,—
Where long his myrtle-branch hath hung;
I place these records of such deeds
As oft the patriot bard hath sung.

"Sacred to him is now the shrine,
On which I lay my offering down;
His genius will avail, to twine
The laurel with the myrtle crown."

ROBERT HOWE GOULD, of Connecticut.*

I had now for more than six months been almost entirely a recluse. I therefore resolved to indulge myself with a short flight from home, and an incident which just then happened came aptly to my purpose. A very near neighbour of mine, the Rev. Mr. Brown, a great admirer, or rather idolater, of the poet Wordsworth, having heard that he had just arrived in Bath, and knowing that I was acquainted with him, intreated that I would allow him to accompany me thither, and make him proud and happy by presenting him to the poet.

* Of the comparison kindly but rashly ventured in this Poem, all I shall say is, that to compare me with General Washington is like placing a mere pigmy beside a giant.

I very readily agreed to his proposal, and the more so as, by having the use of his carriage, I should be saved the expense of a fly to Chippenham.

I had never, I think, seen Wordsworth but once, and that was at Rogers's, many years before; nor had I forgot that on that occasion he took great pains to impress upon us how mistaken were those who set much value upon continental fame;—the fact being, I believe, that of all us poets of the day, Wordsworth is the one least known to foreign nations.

1847.

My old quotation, "We take no note of time but by its loss," grows daily, alas! more applicable to me. Here have I arrived far into the year 1847, and during that time not a single line have I chronicled in this Journal. I must now, therefore, by as many *mems.* as I can conjure up, atone for these omissions. When I last had time "to prate about my whereabouts," I was doing the honours to Wordsworth at Bath. Finding that Lord Mount-Edgcumbe and his family were then there, I called upon them, and was most kindly asked by them to dine with them, Lord Mount-Edgcumbe himself being confined to his bed by dreadful gout. But in the evening he admitted me to his bed-chamber, and I was glad to hear next day that he was all the better for the few hours I passed with them. They wished me to stay over next day, when Lady Mount-Edgcumbe, who was engaged then at Windsor, would be returned; but having some notion then of extending my tour a little farther, I declined their kindness.

The flights from home which I have since indulged in must be briefly despatched. My first, which was somewhat more far-fetched, I was tempted to by the same wish, namely, for a change of air and scene; I had also the allurement of being invited to the house of an old friend, James Corry*, by far the best of all our comic

* James Corry, born in Dublin in 1772, educated at Trinity College, and called to the bar in 1796, but did not follow the profession, having, on the death of his father, succeeded to the offices he held of Clerk of the Irish Journals in the House of Commons, and Secretary to the Linen

force in the famed Theatricals of Kilkenny. He has long located himself at Cheltenham, and now invited me to pass a week at his house. Both host and hostess were most kind and hospitable; and I had also the great pleasure of seeing and dining with very old friends of mine, the family of old Joe Atkinson, of Dublin, whose voices and faces, but little altered, took me freshly back into old times.

About the beginning of July, 1847, I was seized with another rambling fit, and knowing that my friend Rogers was still at his post in town, I wrote to proffer him my company for a few days. In order to preserve the precious treasure of his autograph, I shall here transcribe the answer he sent me:—

"MY DEAR MOORE,—There is a small house in a dark and narrow corner of London (Memory Hall, as it was once called by a reckless wight, who has played many a freak there, and who now sleeps in Harrow churchyard), where you will be most welcome. So pray come and make it your home, and stay there as long as you can.

Board. After the abolition of the Linen Board in 1810, Mr. Corry left Ireland, and resided in England up to the period of his death, which took place at Cheltenham, in January, 1848. Being without family, in easy circumstances, of a genial temperament, and gifted with wit and humour, he shared largely in the accomplishments and amusements which distinguished the best era of Irish society: a taste for the stage was among the most prominent of those amusements, and he was accordingly an active and successful member of the celebrated theatrical amateur company of Kilkenny, which included Moore. But Mr. Corry had other and higher qualifications; for he was a man of singular generosity, of enlarged views, of liberal opinions, and of a catholic philanthropy. He was the intimate friend of the most eminent men of his day—of Grattan, Langrishe, Bushe, and Plunkett; and to Moore, whom he had known from his childhood, he was especially endeared by the unremitting kindness which he displayed towards his family.

Mrs. Corry was the daughter of Thomas Sherrard, Esq.

"To morrow I leave it for three or four days, but I shall be there again on Tuesday, the 29th of June, and pray come as soon as you can. Whether I am returned or not, you will be cordially and hospitably entertained. If somebody else comes with you I should be delighted. Pray persuade her. Yours ever,

"S. ROGERS.

"June 24. 1847."

During the week I passed with Rogers he did most kindly all in his power (and his power is an extensive one) to make the time agreeable to me; his carriage always at hand for my daily visits, and himself generally accompanying me, to suggest those I should call upon. One of the most interesting of these were the young people of Holland House, whom I grieved not to see more of during my stay. The all-charming Jenny Lind I neither heard nor even saw, though the lord of the Opera, Mr. Lumley, placed a box one night at my service. But the heat of the weather was most trying and sultry, and my round of gaieties had been too much for me. I was compensated, however, by two other Syrens, having heard Grisi in most charming force, and dined and lunched with my nice and long-known friend, Lady Essex. Among those whom I visited and sat some time with, was the Dowager Lady Grey, all agog, as she said, for Italy!

Talking of Italy, I have already, I think, mentioned the *éclat* with which an opera, founded upon "Lalla Rookh," was brought out this year at the Queen's Theatre; and the example was followed promptly by many of the minor theatres, as this fragment from one of the newspapers will show:—

May, 1847. "MR. JOHN PARRY'S CONCERT.—This

entertainment attracted an overflowing audience, last night, to the Hanover Square Rooms. Of course the chief features in the programme were the new songs with which Mr. John Parry is accustomed to treat his patrons and the public annually. The subjects of the present effusion were 'Lalla Rookh,' and the 'Rival Houses.' The first, designated 'a grand oriental overland transit buffo-romance,' is a comical parody of the leading incidents in Moore's poem, in which the author, Mr. Albert Smith, has introduced, with quaint humour, sundry allusions to Lieutenant Waghorn and his plans. The music is adopted from popular melodies. Madame de Lozano, a Spanish lady, who has been compelled by adverse circumstances to become a professional singer, sang the 'Pensa alla patria,' from the 'Italiana in Algieri,' very creditably, but it was scarcely judicious to choose that cavatina which Alboni has made her own. Mr. John Parry sang his two new songs by Albert Smith, 'Lalla Rookh' and the 'Rival Opera Houses,' with great spirit. Lindsay Sloper and Rousselot assisted in the scheme; but of the other artist we can report nothing favourable. Owing to the regulation prohibiting the artists of the two Italian opera houses from singing at concerts, the town is inundated with a set of continental mediocrities."

While nightly thus my muse inspires the songs of that great warbler Mr. Parry, I find Lord Ashley, at the Bath election, pilfering from me some of those old, defunct quotations of O'Connell's "First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea;" while, in another quarter, Lord George Bentinck thus with more novelty turns my muse to his purpose.

The whole passage, as I cut it from the newspaper, may, perhaps, be worth preserving:—

"For 300 years you endeavoured to put down the Roman Catholic religion in Ireland by persecution. Down to 1783 or 1784, Catholics could not hold land in Ireland. My grandfather, the Duke of Portland, was sent by the Government of which Burke was a member to repeal those laws. Did Protestantism make progress in Ireland under the system of persecution? The result was notoriously otherwise. Look where an opposite system prevails. In Canada, the Protestant and Catholic churches are established side by side, and there the number of the Protestants increases. A similar result is observable in India. Prussia furnishes a striking illustration of the wisdom of adopting a wise and just policy in this respect. At the conclusion of the last war, the King of Prussia, having obtained a large accession of territory, chiefly occupied by a Roman Catholic population, placed persons of that religion on an equality in every respect with those of the Protestant religion. At that time, the Catholics were in the proportion of five-eighths to the Protestants; now they have dwindled to three-eighths. (Hear.) Common sense as well as experience show, that we have adopted an erroneous mode of dealing with the religious convictions of the people of Ireland. (Hear, hear.) Cromwell tried the sword, made it penal, and, I believe, a capital offence, for a Roman Catholic or an Episcopalian to preach, baptize, christen, marry, or bury in public. But my religion is not of that kind described by Hudibras; I am not one of

> "'That stubborn crew
> Who do build their faith upon
> The holy text of pike and gun,
> And prove their doctrines orthodox
> By apostolic blows and knocks.'

No; I rather concur in the beautiful sentiment expressed by the Irish poet:—

"'Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind if our creeds do agree?
Shall I turn from the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?

"'From the heretic girl of my heart shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss;
No; perish the heart and the laws that would try
Truth, valour, and love by a standard like this!'

I am aware that much prejudice exists on account of a speech made by Lord Arundel and Surrey in the last Parliament."

Extract—I know not from whom or where.—"This idea—that of the Whig and Liberal party—has, we are convinced, far more moral power than any other in Ireland. This party alone in Ireland has a moral and historical existence. The mind of that country, as far as it has been developed, has affected such principles. All the brilliant reputations of Ireland, in the senate, literature, or at the bar, belong to moderate liberalism. Her most popular viceroys, her foremost statesman, Grattan; her best debater, Plunkett; the brightest spirit of the Irish bar, Curran, were all Whigs. Nor is that all. Her popular statesmen, with powers of public effect, may be claimed for the same party. Flood acted through life upon their principles. The leading minds of the Irish Catholic church, from Arthur O'Leary down to Archbishops Croly and Murray, have all been favourable to toleration and social progression, but averse from violent convulsion, or menacing schemes of politics. To most of Dr. Doyle's sentiments on Ireland an English Whig might cry 'ditto,' as the Bristol merchant said to Burke's speech at the hust-

ings. The muses in Ireland have strung their lyres to the same tune. The 'poet of all circles and the idol of his own' has through his manly life never written one line tinged with a sectarian or unsocial spirit. The ascendancy on the one side, or the Corn Exchange upon the other, supplied him with no inspiration; but true to the mind of his country and his own genius, he poured forth those strains which have been echoed by every class, and in every clime."

[I here conclude the extracts from the "Diary." The reader may have perceived in it traces both of confusion and loss of memory. For an instance of the first, I may mention the enjoyment he derived from ranging at large over Bowood Library placed in connection with his visit to Lacock. And of the second, his forgetfulness of his meeting with Wordsworth at Paris, recorded in the second Volume.

There remains a collection of letters, from which, up to the year 1818, I have already published a selection. But having put these letters, and those which have been preserved of a later date, into the hands of a mutual friend, he has enabled me to add to the value of this volume by a large addition of correspondence. Among them will be found some from Mr. Rogers, who was kind enough himself to select those which he permits to be published.]

# LETTERS.

# LETTERS.

*To his Father.*

"London, June 6. 1799.

"Dear Father,

"I am very much inclined to think that I shall see and embrace you this summer. The primary motive which induces me is indeed the melancholy idea of being separated so long from those I love, as I must be if I omit this opportunity; but there are other circumstances which incline me to return; and though they be not strong enough to render it *necessary*, they are enough so to obviate any objections to its *propriety*. The summer is not the period of the year for publication, and all therefore I could do during that time would be to prepare something for my *début* in winter. This I could do as well in Ireland as here; for as to the idea of turning a literary *hack*, I find it to be such a premature grave of talents, that, till absolute exigence demands, I will not have recourse to it. Then for my study of the law, I cannot procure books here; to purchase them were expensive, the public libraries are inconvenient and unsatisfactory, and I am not intimate enough with any legal men to apply to them for the loan of those books that I should find necessary: all this would be obviated at home. I have other reasons, important and otherwise, which altogether make me very much disposed to returning. How-

ever, I submit it entirely to your wishes; and I pray you, do not think that my heart is *decidedly* set upon it, for I know that with such a persuasion, your indulgence would lead you to consent, in compliance more with my inclinations than your own judgment.

"I sat with Lady Flood to-day for near an hour. Miss Flood is going to be married to a man of very large fortune. Sir Fred. has just come from Ireland about it. I was delighted to hear him give such a comfortable account of the returning appearance of tranquillity in Ireland.

"You said in your last letter that my mother was *pretty well:* this qualified expression has made me apprehensive that she was not well. *Do* let me know particularly of *her* health and *your own.* Tell her with what delight I shall meet her, if it prove expedient that I shall return this summer, to enjoy that dear little family circle which absence has taught me to know the whole value of.

"Give my warmest love to my dear Catherine. Heaven bless my sweet girl, and make her understanding as progressive as her goodness! Tell little Ellen that '*Brother, Sir*' does not forget her, and remember me most affectionately to my uncle Joice. Is my aunt recovering her health? Send her my loving remembrance; and, for you, my best of fathers, need I tell you with what true affection I am your ever grateful and loving son,

"T. MOORE.

"Thursday night.—Write to immediately your determination. Mrs. M'Mahon will, I believe, travel with me."

*To his Father.*

"London, June 25. 1799.

"Dear Father,

"I am now determined upon going, and only wait for the decision of the bookseller, who has the manuscript of my little poems. If he gives me but as much as will bring me to Ireland, it will be pleasant; though I scarcely can expect more than a free publication, as poems are really, in the present taste of the age, a heavy article on the booksellers' hands. I am glad, however, to get rid of them if I can, on any terms. I will write again before I set off, and I hope to meet you all happy and in health. My last letter I suppose surprised, and, I hope, disappointed you; but you must always allow for the fluctuating oddity of my mind, which can never account for those melancholy little whims which it falls into. I have nothing particular to tell you.

"My love to my dear mother, and Catherine and Ellen; to my uncle Joice and aunt, &c. — The day after to-morrow I expect to set off.

"Yours, &c.

"T. MOORE."

*To* ——.

"Wednesday, 1800.

"My darling Brother*,

"This has been a most delicious day, and I have been basking about the streets in great happiness; everything looked so new and so bright to me — the coaches all made

* His uncle by the mother's side, whom he called by the name of brother.

of gold and the women of silver; besides, every one was so glad to see me, and I saw one poor man who had been as ill as myself, and we met like two newly-raised bodies on the day of resurrection,—so glad to see each other's bones with a little flesh on them again. I met Mr. Thompson, and he looked at me, but not taking me for myself, he passed on; indeed, he never saw me before without a flannel gown and a sofa. Well, it is a most sweet thing to feel health returning, and if my side but keeps well, and the sun keeps shining, I have some very, very happy weeks before me. I am now in the 8th week of my illness, and this is the first day I have *walked* out, though I have been *twice* with Lady D. in the carriage. I hated coming back to my room and my sofa to-day, but as it was the first time, I could not venture to stay out.

"God bless all ours. Tell my dear *uncle* how stout I am getting, and give her dutiful nephew's love to my aunt.

"Your own

"Tom."

*To his Mother.*

"Donnington Park, Dec. 31. 1800 (at night).

"My dear Mother,

"This is from my bed-chamber at Donnington Park, where I arrived at two o'clock to-day, through snows mountain deep; the cross roads were impassable; so that I was obliged to take a round, which has made it a little expensive: but it can't be helped, it has not made much difference. Nothing can be more princely than the style of this place, nor anything more flatteringly polite than my reception here. Lady Charlotte told me she regretted

very much that I was not here during the Prince's stay, and that she had written to her mother to beg of her to hurry me. The Prince, too, she told me, expressed a wish that I had met him. Dearest Mother! there is no fear of my not doing *everything*. Keep up your spirits, my little woman, and you'll find I'll make you as rich as a nabob. But I am now far away from you, and that is the only idea that can hang heavy on my mind; but, dear Mother, be happy and contented, and then you'll be everything to us. Your *excessive* solicitude for us is the *only thing* we can blame you for. I shall not stay here more than a day or two, certainly, for I find my portmanteau tormentingly troublesome. I dread the packing of it again; and I have to *root* into it for everything I want. Lord Moira has but this moment left me, after attending me very politely to show me my bed-room.

"Good bye.

"THOMAS MOORE.

"I believe I left my little brooch behind me. Take particular care of it, and send it or enclose it by the first opportunity. I may, perhaps, not be able to write again from this, on account of the uncertainty of their sending off a post-boy; but I shall write the moment I arrive in London. Send the enclosed letter under cover to 'Earl Granard, Castle Forbes, Longford.'"

*From Miss Godfrey.*

"Dec. 27. 1801.

"I have this moment received your letter, and *me voici la plume à la main pour y repondre;* not to tell you what we can make of you, for God only knows what you are

good for, or whether you are good for anything, but to lament and groan over your restless disposition. Your talents might fit you for everything, and your idleness unfits you for anything. You want to come to town, I know you do, merely to get away from those country-bred, sentimental ladies, the Muses, and I pray that you may have no other ladies in view to supply their place. You really might, if you pleased, study all the morning, and amuse yourself all the evening. I intreat you to make an effort, and not devote every hour and moment of your existence to pleasure. You know my sermons make you laugh — *tant mieux.* I never despair of you when you laugh; if you yawned I should give up the thing as hopeless. Lady C. Rawdon has so often regretted, and I have so often forgiven her not writing, that I have not the least objection to our going on regretting and forgiving to the end of the chapter. Abstraction, self-contemplation, etiquette, and, God forgive me, I *was* going to say, *strict morality,* but I retract that, are not great enliveners of society, and I don't wonder at the Muses being a little discomposed by such an interruption. But who was the unfortunate fair one to whom those very pretty lines which you sent me were addressed? If Nature had been as kind to me as she has been to you, I would write you something upon the occasion; but Nature has treated me abominably ill, for which I shall never forgive her; — she has given me feelings to admire with enthusiasm the talents of others, and she has denied me even the faintest ray of genius. I never heard of the 'Seven Fountains' before. What sort of book is it — poetry or prose? If I should happen to read it, I suppose I must 'give God thanks, and make no boast of it.' The snow after which you inquire so kindly has departed this life, to my great joy.

I never am in good will, either with myself or my fellow creatures, in cold weather: are you? I did intend writing to you to-morrow, for which I had a very wise reason best known to myself, but when I received your tragi-comic, or rather your more comic than tragic letter, I resolved to answer it immediately, to encourage you to remain at your post. Nothing ever was more disinterested than this advice, and I never shall cease to admire myself for giving it; for if I followed my own inclinations, which in general don't lead me astray like yours, I would say, 'Come up to town by all means, and the oftener we see you the better.' I consult your interest when I say the contrary. But yet if you do come, if the truth must come out, I shall most heartily rejoice to see you, and so shall we all. Say pretty things for me to Lady Charlotte about love and friendship, and writing to each other. I shall give you a *carte blanche* upon the occasion, for I suspect she does not care the least in the world for me — it is all stage trick and fine acting: this is quite *entre nous.* Remember me to Lord Forbes. God bless you, and make a good man of you (I believe it is almost impossible).

"Yours very sincerely,

"M. GODFREY."

*From M. G. Lewis, Esq.*

"Dalkeith House, Nov. 19. 1802.

"My dear Moore,

"I have just received your letter, and all that I *can* do I *will* do; but I am afraid that will not advance your cause much, for instead of ranking among your '*great friends,*' I must submit to being classed among your *little* ones in every respect. In the first place, I am not con-

scious of possessing '*personal influence*' with any one person in the world, my sisters excepted. * * * If you hit upon any person to whom you think my applying would be of any use, let me know without scruple; and if I possibly can do the thing with the least propriety, I shall obey you with pleasure. For my own part, I know of nobody to whom my speaking would be of the least effect. All my *great friends* are merely *liaisons de société;* and the few people who might possibly feel a pleasure in obliging me are all on the wrong side of the question. As to Ministers, I know none of the present; and, between ourselves, have not the least inclination to know them. Your request is couched in such very general terms, that it is impossible to make any particular application of them. If you were to pitch upon any individual object, perhaps I might be of more use to you. It is possible that, if you could find some trifling situation vacant in the India House, I might serve you more than elsewhere; but *you* must *find* it;—and so, assuring you that I shall always feel gratified by an opportunity afforded me of showing you my friendship, I shall lay aside this subject for the present.

"What the deuce became of you for the last fortnight which I past in London? Everybody was in pursuit of you, but no tidings could be obtained of your whereabouts for love or money. Count Beaujolois*, too, previous to his leaving London in the end of July, tried to ferret you out, but with no better success. My sister Sophia sent me word that all London was persuaded that *you* were *the Invisible Girl;* and I believe she conversed with that unseen fair-one in that character. I am sorry that you did

* Brother to Louis Philippe.

not come to Scotland. I have been passing my time very pleasantly, though constantly upon the move, never staying above a fortnight in the same place. I found Beaujolois at the Duke of Athol's, whence we adjourned to Inverary; there William Lamb*, and Kinnaird, Lord Lorne†, my sister, the Campbells, and numerous other people were assembled; and we contrived to keep up such a continual riot, that I changed the name of Inverary to that of *Confusion Castle*, with universal approbation. We had plays, music, billiards, gaming [but in moderation], with a thousand other nondescript amusements; among the most admired of which was a newspaper, giving an account of all the domestic affairs of Inverary, and in which we all abused one another: the want of your assistance in the poetical department was much lamented. From Inverary Count Beaujolois and myself adjourned to the Duke of Hamilton's, where we had a week's racing and dancing. We there separated; he to pay his devoirs to Monsieur, and I to pay mine to Lady Charlotte Campbell at her villa, where she is now residing, and expects every day to be confined. I am now come for a couple of days to the Duke of Buccleuch's; I mean to pass a couple more with Lady Charlotte, and then I shall set out for England; but as I have some visits to make upon the road, probably I shall not travel with much expedition. When shall you be in London? I have not read *Aristodemo.*‡ If it is worth reading, and your own property, bring it with you when you come to England. In spite

* Afterwards Lord Melbourne.

† Afterwards Duke of Argyle.

‡ A tragedy of Monti. In the life prefixed to his works it is called "La sua prima e famosa tragedia *l'Aristodemo.*"

of my dissipation since I came to Scotland, I have not been quite idle; for I have got through three tremendous volumes of Gibbon, and the whole of Voltaire's Universal History; of all which I do not remember one syllable.

"Farewell, and believe me,

"Yours, most truly,

"M. G. LEWIS."

*From M. G. Lewis, Esq.*

"Inverary Castle, Nov. 9. 1803.

"My dear Moore,

"I was both very *sorry* and very *glad* to hear from my sister that you had got a situation in America; the *first* on thy own account, the *second* from my good will towards *you*. I understand that your situation is both respectable and emolumentary, and you know I thought it high time that your *grashoppering* system should be at an end, and that you should begin to collect a provision of corn against the winter; but at the same time, I cannot help being conscious that I shall miss your society very much, and feeling some little regret at your having been appointed to an employment which puts you out of my reach. While we were so completely within call of one another I told you that our corresponding would be unnecessary; but now that we are separated (and that probably for some time) it will give me real pleasure to get a line from you now and then, as it will at the same time give me the assurance of your welfare, and that you have not forgotten a friendship which, though it has not been of long duration, is by no means a cold one. If you comply with this request, direct to me in Devonshire Place; but this request is not the only one which I have to make; you

promised to give me the proof-sheets of the printed half of your poetical romance, and (like too many other of your similar engagements) this promise has not been performed. From a message which you sent me by Mrs. Lushington, 'that you had left your book half published,' I indulge some faint hopes that you may have left it for *me*, and told Carpenter that I was to have a copy of as much as was printed; but these hopes are very faint, as I know that you never will be accused of having too much thought and recollection. On my return to London I shall inquire of Carpenter whether there is any foundation for the above supposition; but if you have said nothing to him on the subject, of course he will not deliver me the poems. Now, as I really am too anxious to see this book to wait with any sort of patience, till it shall suit your good pleasure to return from America and finish its publication, I must summon you to keep your promise, and write me a line without loss of time, authorising Carpenter to deliver me the said proof-sheets. If you wish it, you may depend on my not showing the book to any person; but at all events I insist upon your letting me have, with all convenient diligence, the dithyrambic story of Hebs's accident, as it has been running in my head ever since. If it is not yet printed, you *must*, absolutely and positively must, transcribe it for me with your own fair hand, and forward it to London. I have been at the Duke of Argyle's between two or three months; we have been tranquillity personified. Very few inmates, no visitors. Lady Charlotte was absent at Edinburgh, where her husband's regiment is quartered; Lord Lorne was very much occupied by his Lord-Lieutenancy; and Lord John* is but just arrived

* Lord John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyll.

(having effected his escape from the horrors of a French prison by assuming the dress of a woman). Consequently, I have had my time almost entirely to myself, and have read most furiously; among other things I waded through the three last volumes of Gibbon, but with so much labour, that when I closed the book I said to myself, '*Jamque opus exegi!*' But among other things I have read a book published by a young Scotchman on the subject of Colonial Policy *, which really made my blood run cold while I perused it, for it stated very clearly that the inevitable consequences of the independence of St. Domingo would be the ruin of the other West Indian colonies, and of Jamaica in the first place; in which case, *Morbleu!* I should be in a pretty pickle. The worst of it is, too, that I think the author is quite in the right, and begin to imagine what a mighty indifferent figure I shall cut with poverty on my right hand and the gout on my left; (for you are to know, that the latter gentleman (or lady, if you like it better) has lately paid me a sort of flying visit; and though he did not actually leave a card with his name upon it at my door, his hints were sufficiently broad to leave me no doubt that he means to be on a very intimate *footing* with me one of these days). However, to return to the West Indies; 'Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof,' and therefore I will still indulge the hope that *I* shall one day be as rich as I was born to be, and that *you* will one day return from America as rich as you deserve to be (for, as the Devil will have it, there is no going on without those same infernal riches), and then will we lead such a life as never entered into the fairest visions of Utopia. We will form a *cotérie*, which shall be the

* Lord Brougham's work on Colonial Policy?

rallying point of beauty, genius, and worth. No flimsy wits, would-be fashionables, or ugly *Mœcenasses* in gowns and petticoats; no Lady Cork's Welsh porters, or Harry Grevilles; we will set up an *Academia* for the elegant pleasures and the graces of life; the circle of our Society shall be a sort of round-robin of poetry, painting, music, love, and philanthropy; till the angels shall come down from heaven, and beg Lady Charlotte Campbell to take them to sup with us. What do you think of the scheme? And yet, after all, it is both provoking and humiliating to think, that such a dirty thing as money must needs be the foundation-stone of so beautiful an edifice. I shall leave Inverary Castle on Sunday next, and proceed southwards; but as I have many visits to make on my road, I probably shall not reach London till near the conclusion of the year. However, *my* visits must depend entirely upon Buonaparte's; for if he comes to Scotland immediately (where he is very soon expected, though not with absolute *impatience*), the roads about Edinburgh are to be broken up, and then I shall be obliged to return home by a different way; so that every night and morning (like the old woman who found a silver penny and bought a pig with it) I cry out to Boreas,—'Pray, Boreas, sink French; French *will* invade Scotland; Scotland *will* break up roads; roads *won't* let carriage pass; and I shan't get home this year.' Now, if you are so profoundly and unpardonably ignorant as to know nothing about the old woman and her pig, the whole merit of the above prayer will be lost upon you. We are mighty bold here about the Invasion, as far as regards *our* island; as to *yours*, as the man says in the Critic, 'On that subject, the less that's said the better.' Frederick French writes me word, that the Irish

peasants have been discovered in taking oaths *not* to serve in the army of reserve. News, from this isolated quarter of the globe, I can send you none at present; but if you will answer this soon, my London letters will probably be more interesting. Yet I will not be so humble, and, I *hope*, so unjust to *you*, as to suppose that you will think this letter totally *un*interesting, since it contains the assurance of my being

"Yours very sincerely,
"M. G. LEWIS."

*From Mrs. Merry.*

"George Town, near Washington, Sunday, 1804.

"Before this letter reaches you, you will have heard of our landing at Alexandria, after six days' *disputation* with winds, tides, and ignorant navigators. The following morning we set off for this place in a coachie. The cold was very severe, and the roads intolerable; nevertheless, I laughed every step of the way. Mr. Thornton met us at Alexandria, and advised this mode of conveyance as the best both for ease and quickness. Mr. M. had never been in one of these vehicles, and his *quiet* astonishment and *inward groaning* gave rise to my mirth and risibility. On entering our apartments here, I asked the master of the house what he could give us for dinner. He immediately changed his *position*, walked to the fire-place, reclined his head on the chimney-piece, looked at me, or rather stared, and replied, 'Why, Mistress Merry, our custom is to give the best we have, but I *keeps* no *schedule* whatever. My house is full; but you shall have *yare* dinner.' So we had, God knows! but neither his B.

Majesty's Minister or Mistress Merry could eat a morsel that was served. A few days will, I hope, place us in some hovel of our own. Mr. Thornton is indefatigable in his endeavours to procure us every comfort. He is a *quiet*, sensible, well-informed man, without brilliancy or elocution. Well educated, and full of information, which he details slowly from a natural impediment in his speech. Upon the whole, he is a great acquisition, and I rejoice to hear he is not likely to leave us; but this *entre nous* — let not a word escape you that I write — trifles become *giants* in the mouths of Americans. We have alarmed the Congress itself with the number of our servants and the *immensity* of our baggage: the former they cannot account for; the latter, they have ingeniously settled, is to be sold, and that their *home markets* will be injured if foreign ministers are allowed to bring over such profusion of luxuries for sale. Do they deserve to have one of Dr. Parry's Christians live amongst them?

"I rejoice you did not come with us. At this season the Potomac is a poor reward for the *innumerable* difficulties and impositions a traveller meets with. Its immensity inspires awe and surprise that almost deadens sense, and its sameness, for some hundreds of miles, is quite overpowering; to this add a total want of cultivation, without any diversity of ground, without an atom of sublimity or grandeur, or even cheerfulness. Within a hundred miles of Alexandria the scene changes for the better. You have well-clothed mountains and magnificent woods that may charm in their summer or autumnal dress, but in the month of November they show you the savage deserts, the miserable negroes' huts, and the causes why this country is so devoted a victim to disease. At some moments I wish you were here. Matter arises

every instant that you would convert into amusement, but the *per contra* makes us both bear the deprivation of your society with resignation, though not without regret. When we are comfortable come and see us. You have older friends, but none who value you more highly than Mr. M. and the writer of this blackened scrawl. I hope you are a good decipherer, or you will soon regret entering into a correspondence with me; I cannot write well, nor read what I write. I should have told you the house you heard talked of for us is not to be had either for *love* or money. Mr. M. frets, and every moment *exclaims*, 'Why it is a thousand times worse than the worst parts of Spain!' I laugh, and resolve to bear up *stoutly* against difficulties while Heaven blesses me with health. I am now perfectly well, and to-morrow shall *exhibit* at the Capitol. The Capitol—good heavens, what profanation!! Here is a creek, too—a dirty arm of the river—which they have dignified by calling it the Tiber. What patience one need have with ignorance and self-conceit.

"Adieu! let me hear from you soon, and accept the sincere friendship of

"E. MERRY."

*From Lady Donegal.*

"Monday, 1805.

"I should have long since contributed my mite towards disturbing your repose at Donington, but that the *cares* and *distractions* of this world leave me but little time for the pleasures of it. However, as this word pleasure admits of different definitions, perhaps in your dictionary it is explained by 'great dinners—crowded assemblies—

long list of visits to people you don't care about — seldom seeing those you do — never having an hour to yourself — and living in a constant bustle all day long.' Now, if this is your definition of pleasure, what a happy woman you must think me! for it is the exact description of the life I have led ever since you left us. But, as I define it differently, I am more anxious than I can describe for the freedom of the country, where one may follow (sometimes) one's inclinations; and, at all events, shake off some of the fetters which here one must submit to wear. We hope to be at Tunbridge on the 1st of July; and *who knows* but that we may have the gratification of seeing you there soon after. That would be exactly according to my ideas of *pleasure.* In the meantime do tell me how far you are *advanced,* and when you mean really to *bring forth.* I dread your missing the best time of the year. And I have you so much upon my mind, that I feel an anxiety about your first appearance, which almost amounts to folly.

"How beautiful your 'Love and Reason' is. But why is it that Reason cannot be made more interesting? Who would desire to have her, if she is that joyless, frigid dame you poets describe her to be? She, however, has her revenge for the injustice the world does her. Other fair ones may be forsaken with impunity, but even poets will rue the day they neglect her. Take my advice, and keep on good terms with her. There are many pleasures to be found in her society, — none that last long out of it.

> "'Now fare thee well; yet think awhile
> On one whose eyes do long to see thee.'

"There is to be a masquerade at Marlborough House on Friday next, for which I understand Mr. W. Spencer has

got tickets to give away. If you should have time to do so, I wish you would write to him to let me have two or three, as I have a great desire to make a fool of myself there, and to plague some of my dear friends to death.

"Yours, most sincerely, &c.,

"B. D."

*From M. G. Lewis, Esq.*

"Barnes, March 21. 1805.

"My dear Moore,

"Johnson's definition of the word epistle is—'a letter: this word is *seldom* used but *in poetry*;' but you will please to observe, that he does not say that it is *ever* used to mean a *poem*. He adds, 'or on occasions of solemnity or dignity.' Now, though I have not read the one at all, nor seen the other for some time, I cannot help thinking that this last definition will not be found very applicable either to your epistles or yourself; pray admire the quotation by which Johnson illustrates the latter part of his definition—

'When love's epistles violate chaste eyes,
She half consents, who silently denies.'

There's an occasion of dignity and solemnity for you.

"Both Dr. Johnson and myself (two great authorities) absolutely deny that 'epistle' by itself ever meant, or will mean to the end of the world, a poem; to mean *that*, it should be stated to be an 'epistle in verse.' Are St. Paul's Epistles called so '*affectedly?*' When we read 'Dr. Atterbury's *Epistolary* Correspondence' in a title-page, are we to expect to find a book full of verses? *Epistle* is not in common use for *letter*, I allow; but

though it be a *poetical word*, it does not therefore mean a poem, any more than any *other* poetical word. It means simply 'a letter;' it may be a letter in prose, or a letter in verse; but as more letters are written in the former than in the latter, if you say 'I will show you an Epistle' —unless you state it to be an epistle in verse, I ought to believe it to be one in prose. Yes; 'though epistles are not necessarily poems, poems have been very often epistles,'—and so have cooks very often been Blackamoors, though Blackamoors are not necessarily cooks; but you would not advertise in the newspapers, 'Want places, a middle-aged-woman cook, and three other Blackamoors.' The word 'other' which follows (you say) determines the *nature* of the epistles, and makes the prefix of 'poetical' unnecessary;—so that your advertisement is quite a dramatic composition, in which an agreeable surprise is kept in reserve to enliven the last act. But, my good fellow, in *my* opinion it is this very word 'other' which makes all the mischief; for 'epistles and poems' would be well enough, and then when we bought the book we should find out whether they were in verse or prose. If you insist upon telling us *how*, you ought to say 'epistles in verse, and other poems.' But while you go on advertising 'epistles and other poems, dedicated to Jews and other natives of Ireland' (for you know '*though natives of Ireland are not necessarily Jews, Jews have been very often natives of Ireland*'), the reader of every newspaper has a right to be highly incensed at the trick '*which you've been after putting upon him.*' You assure him, upon your word of honour, that you are going to publish a volume of epistles. He very good-naturedly makes up his mind to read them; and as soon as he has so resolved, you call out, 'A bite, by Jasus! my epistles are

poems, every mother's son of them!'—*He* starts back thunderstruck, and *you* enjoy his surprise. *I* certainly would *not* say 'tragedies and other poems,' unless those tragedies were in *verse;* would *you* say, 'comedies, and other poems,' though comedies 'are not *always*' in prose? I will not pretend to say that Horace might not have written nonsense at Rome, and I should not care three skips of a flea if he had; but I maintain that Carpenter in your name has written nonsense in London; and I care too much about *you,* not to wish that this should be put a stop to. This place is so cold and so dreary that I will not at present ask you to come down here; but in May I shall remember your proposal, and claim your promise of passing a day with me, and longer if you like it. I shall come to town for a few days about the end of next week, and will make a point of seeing you; and if circumstances will leave me at liberty, I shall be very happy to share your beef-steak.

"Yours most truly,

"M. G. LEWIS."

*From Miss Godfrey.*

"1806.

"Though I am badly off both for time and paper, yet I must contrive, some way or other, to tell you the very sincere pleasure we all feel at your complete triumph over the Edinburgh Reviewers. You will, of course, know before you receive this note that there is a new edition, just come out, of that review where you were so violently attacked; that the criticism of your works is altered and corrected, and all the violent abuse left out; and that

Mr. Jeffrey desired you might be informed of it, and of his regret that, under all the circumstances of the case, he could not do more without appearing inconsistent, or, perhaps, having it supposed that he had been bullied. I believe Mr. Horner is to inform you of it. Yesterday my sisters dined with Rogers, and he told them all I have written to you, and which I have had so much pleasure in writing. My next pleasure will be to read the review. I must own, however, that though I think there is a sort of *grandeur d'âme* in acknowledging to all the world that one has been in the wrong, and very much in the wrong, yet, as a reviewer, I should suppose Mr. Jeffrey has given himself a death-blow, and has laid himself open to the attacks of every author whom he abuses for the future. Everybody argues, however, that it must be very gratifying to you, and I am sure you will believe that we most truly rejoice at it. I wish that I may happen to be the first to inform you of this little event in your life; and as I have not another moment to say another word, I shall bid you farewell for the present.

"M. G."

*From Lady Donegal.*

"Worthing, Sussex, Monday, 1806.

"I have been prevented writing to you as soon as I intended, by a bad headache, which has made me good for nothing for some days past; but as it has at last taken its leave, I shall let you rest in peace no longer, but call you to a strict account of what you have been doing since we parted. I do not expect to hear *much* good of you, which

I think a lucky circumstance for you — for in this case, if by any chance I should hear of a *little*, it will have double weight; and if I should not, why then one is no worse than one was before. But I really am afraid that you will be again laid up if you are not more prudent than you were when we were in town — which is not likely, as you have no good-natured friends now at your elbow like us, to bore you all day long with lectures upon prudence, and to worry your life out with receipts for preserving it. The 'Morning Post' has informed us of your having been at another masquerade — where it was very stupid of you not to go in a character. It has also had the goodness to tell us that you were of Walsh Porter's *tête-à-tête* party, which I should think must have been rather an *oddish* one. What does he say of his friend the Prince? and what is the general opinion of the poor unfortunate Princess? I have not a doubt of her innocence; and I only hope that those may be punished who have had the cruelty to accuse her; but I fear that from motives of policy towards the Prince, the story will be hushed up. Is it true that the Duke of Brunswick is coming over? if it is, I shall wish myself in London, for there must be a *kick up* amongst them all, if he comes over.

"I take for granted that you see the three sisters all day long — beware!

"Have you any thoughts of making us a visit before you go to Ireland? I hope you have, but I would rather you did not come for a fortnight, as we are now about a mile from the town, which you would find inconvenient, and at that time we mean to remove into the town. Nothing can be more quiet than the lives we lead here; but we have been wretchedly off for books, as we came relying almost entirely upon the library here, which is

wretched. However, your poems (our constant companion) will console me till we can get books from town.

"My sisters desire me to say a thousand fine things which you must suppose said. And pray believe me, very sincerely yours, &c. B. D."

*To Miss Godfrey.*

"Remston, Leicestershire, Sept. 20. 1806.

"'Thus far into the bowels of the land have I marched on without impediment.' I know you will say I am an odd fellow, and as long as you say no worse of me, I shall be contented. Why didn't I write all the last fortnight that I have been *Septembrisé* in town? Why didn't I apprise you that I was about to transport my illustrious carcase hither? And why didn't I—but the only answer I can make to Why didn't I? is Why — I didn't. The fact is, I was neither happy nor comfortable, and I did not like to throw the shade of my mind upon paper for you, though little bodies do not in general cast great shadows; yet you cannot imagine what an eclipse I spread around me whenever my orb becomes opaque with sorrow, or that the light of the heart does not shine pleasantly through me; and this has been the case all this fortnight past. I have had every possible *colour* of annoyance,—*brown* study, *blue* devils, not forgetting '*green* and *yellow* melancholy'— in short, I have been a 'rainbow ruffian' (as some sentimental poet styles a well-dressed soldier), and my *reflections* on paper would have been all of the prismatic kind. 'Oh, this learning! what a thing it is!' But to come to the plain matter-of-fact (which, you know, I love as well as I do roast mutton), I was fidgetted and

teased by my impatience to get away from London, and by the impossibility from day to day of accomplishing it for want of those *paper-wings* which are so necessary to the *flights* of even poets themselves. I have, however, contrived to fly thus far; and oh! that I had the wings of a *Lottery Pigeon*, that I might flee away and be in Dublin. I hope in two or three days to manage this. I came down here in a new carriage of Rancliffe's, with his German servant to frank me along ('base is the slave who pays'), and the title of 'My Lord' lavished on me all the way; not without some little surprise that his Lordship had *grown* so much of late. I was unfortunate enough to be just in time for the Leicester Races, where I went with '*burning* eyes of love' after my long night's travel, and figured away at the ball in the evening to the tune of Paddy O'Rafferty till three or four o'clock. The Duchess of Rutland was there. Think of her dining *in ordinary* with about two hundred Leicestershire *racers* and *graziers*, in their boots just fresh off the race-ground, staring at her with all their eyes and mouths. She did the honours in a most *queenish* style; and I asked one of these turf gentlemen whether he did not think she was a fine '*Monarch Mare*.' Now this is a joke even still more distant from your comprehension than jokes in general, because it is a familiar designation among sportsmen for the female descendants of a certain famous gentleman whom they call *Monarch*; and I assure you that it had all the 'jest's prosperity' among the black-legs.

"Best love to Lady Donegal: direct your next letters under cover to Edward Connor, Esq., War Office, Dublin Castle. Yours,

"T. M."

*To Miss Godfrey.*

"Dublin, 1806.

"I hope Lady Donegal received the letter which I wrote to her on my arrival here, though I think if she had, she would have been honest enough to have repaid it before now; and *I* should not have delayed so long answering your *very dear* letter, if I had not been for these five or six days laid up in my old way on the sofa, not so much with illness as with the dread of illness. I had two or three broad hints from my side that it intended to recommence operations; so, without waiting for the attack, I adopted that 'stirring little man, Bonaparte's' system, and marched an army of leeches over it immediately; a little hostile blood has been spilt, and everything, I am happy to say, seems restored to its former tranquillity. You cannot imagine how desperately vulgar and dreary this place is! I have not even Mrs. Tighe* to comfort me, but I expect she will be in town in a week or two. I regret very much to find that she is becoming so '*furieusement littéraire*:' one used hardly to get a peep at her blue stockings, but now I am afraid she shows them up to the knee: however, I shall decide for myself when I see her, as certainly this city, among the other features of a country town which it has acquired, has not forgotten that unfailing characteristic, *scandal*. If it were not for my own dears immediately about me, and the old books of Tanaquil Faber in St. Patrick's Library, I should die the death of the desperate here. I have been received certainly with every possible

* Author of "Psyche."

mark of attention: most of the men of situation have left their cards with me, and, amongst the rest, the new Provost of the University, who as being the depositary of the morals of the country, and personally a very High Priest into the bargain, gave me more pleasure by his visit than any of them. The Harringtons have asked me two or three times to dinner; and this very day I was to have been presented at a private audience to the Duke of Bedford, but he has not come to town on account of illness I believe, and it will not take place till to-morrow. All these things, to be sure, are merely *feathers in the cap*, but they are feathers I like to shake in the eyes of some envious people here amazingly. I entreat of you to write often to me. Your last letter was like summer sunshine to me—not only bright but warm, not only luminous but comfortable. That blessed ingredient, *affection*, which would sweeten the homeliest draught, comes doubly sweet in the Falernian you sent me, and I beg of you to repeat the dose as often as possible.

"Best love to Lady Donegal and your sister Philippa.

"Ever yours,

"T. M."

### *To Lady Donegal.*

"Dec. 4. 1806.

"I have often said that correspondence between friends should be like the flow of notes in music,—if too long an interval is allowed to take place between the tones, one loses the *chain* of song, the idea of melody is interrupted, and we listen to the sounding note (when it comes) with faint, or at least diminished, gratification. Is it not exactly so with letters? But all I can say is, that it was *you* who

taught me this bad practice; and that if I had not found you so slow to *answer*, I never could have become so slow to *write*. *Action* and *reaction* is as much a law of friendship as it is of nature; and it is but too natural for my writing to cease in proportion as it finds your *answering* so tardy. This causation, I know, includes us both: but I call all the gods to witness that yours is the greatest share of the guilt; and if you will but show promptitude in answering this letter, you will find me as true a hero as ever *exchanged paper* with an antagonist. Dublin has at length become gay; but it is a kind of *conscript* gaiety, in which the people assemble with all the ill-grace of French *volontaires forcés*. There is nothing, however, but dinners,—daily, dull, d—n—ble dinners; and I have time to do little more than 'faire le saut de l'Allemand, du lit à la table et de la table au lit.' The Bedfords have been very civil to me, and have had me to dinner and at private parties with them. The Harringtons, too, are gracious, but it is 'leather and prunella.' My heart is sick of them all, and I see nothing for me but to become either one of Bonaparte's King-lets, or enlist among Sir Francis Burdett's bludgeon-men. Any little hopes I have had of advancement are gone. Among the great, both in England and Ireland, there is nothing now left but pride, self-interest, and, I think, a fatal insufficiency, whose day of trial seems to be near, and whose fate may be too much what it deserves. The country parts of Ireland are in a most disturbed state. Under the name of *Threshers*, the United Irishmen are again organising; and the prophecy-mongers tell us that Bonaparte is the Grand Thresher, who is described as coming to 'thresh the nations.' Certainly no one ever performed a mission more completely. Our Judges are going down, under

strong escorts, to these disturbed parts of the country; but Judges are not the people to send against *Threshers*. In short, the lightning is flashing in our eyes, and some people will not see it; the thunder is rolling in our ears, and some people will not hear it. But the bolt will fall, and then (as young Rousseau said, going to bed without his supper) 'Good bye, roast beef!'

"I was delighted to see that our friend General Spencer has got a regiment. But where is he? I have seen no account of that expedition since I left London.

"It goes to my heart to think that it will be so long before I meet you again, and that you will be caring less and less for me every day of that time. I know your opinion about absence, and I dread so much that you speak from feeling and from practice! I have sometimes indeed, in my own case, found my stock of recollections nearly exhausted, and then I confess that the eyes of the object were the only warehouse where I could lay in a new store, genuine and fresh; but these were recollections meant merely for light 'summer wear,' and not even expected to last. I shall hope, however, that ours is of a different texture, and that even if it does diminish, the wear of it, like that of gold, will be so slow and insensible, as not to make us feel any loss in its value. I shall go to Donnington village when I leave this, and there bury myself, as I have no idea any longer of letting my light shine, like the sun in the Zodiac, for the *illumination* of *monsters*.

"Pray give my best remembrances to your sisters. Tell Miss Godfrey that if she would not stand upon the ceremony of hearing from me by this post, and write immediately, it would give me a very high opinion of her benevolence. I shall fire a letter at her to-morrow or next

day. But this day I happened to dine at home, and, behold, you have the fruits of it.

"'Tis now ten at night, and my brains give no light,
And the Postman rings ding-dong.

"So good bye. Believe me,

"Yours very cordially,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"Atkinson, to whom I have sent this to be franked (too late) begs his most cordial remembrances, and hopes that he is not forgotten by your Ladyship."

*To his Mother.*

"Thursday, April, 1807.

"My dearest Mother,

"I got letters from all the little circle the other day except yourself. Tell dear Ellen I was very happy to welcome her preface to our correspondence, and that I hope she will not lag like other people; though indeed I retract all my blame of Kate, for she has been very good to me. I am going to-day to the first gay thing I have had since I came — indeed, I have not seen a face but Mary Dalby's, and that but once a week, since I came; but to-day I gig it to Ashby, nine miles off, where I dine with Parson M'Doual, Lady Loudoun's cousin, and then proceed in the evening to a concert and ball, consisting of Ashby amateurs and amateuresses; and I expect to find my corked-up spirits flying like spruce-beer or soda-water. I assure you, whenever I meet any one to talk to now, they suffer for my long silence by myself, and my fits of oratory are prodigious. God bless you, dearest mother! My father's letter gave me most sweet comfort. Ever your own

"TOM."

*From Miss Godfrey.*

"June 9. 1807.

"You are the most ingenious man at making excuses, telling lies, and deceiving poor woman, that ever fell in my way in my pilgrimage upon earth; and your last letter to me is a most beautiful composition of this sort, and, albeit, might impose upon any one of my sex but myself. Alas, and alack-a-day! I have not lived so long with you for nothing. I have found you out, and know full well, to my sorrow and regret, that unless you are in love with a woman you don't care a pin about her, if she does not worry and torment you into thinking of her sometimes; and poor dear Friendship, after being obliged to march up boldly and take you by assault, must keep a constant watch upon you afterwards, or she will most certainly lose you. Well, there is no help for it — with all your faults I like you still. Pray don't think of going to Ireland without paying us a visit either here or at Tunbridge. We shall be excessively disappointed if you do. I changed my plans since I wrote to you last, and have remained on in town; in the first place, because I got better, and in the second place, because the Shaftesburys would not let me stir, whether I were better or worse. So here I am, and here we all are, till the middle of next week, and then we propose to return to Tunbridge, and either here or there, a visit from you will give us the sincerest pleasure. I think your return to Ireland looks like marrying, and if the lady be young and handsome, and rich, what better can you do? The latter she *must* be, or you *must* not think of her, and all the rest I hope

she will be. Are you really thinking of such a step? * * * * Lord Shaftesbury* is reading and admiring your poems at present; he desired me to tell you that he has got an Anacreon for you which he means to give you when he sees you. It was given to him by a Professor in the University at Genoa, who understood English, and admired your translation to the greatest degree; and upon Lord Shaftesbury saying you were an acquaintance of his, he made him a present of this Anacreon, which is printed in capital letters, or something uncommon, which a poor ignorant woman cannot be expected to understand or explain. I forgot to tell you in my last that I saw Cumberland at Tunbridge, and I took an opportunity of mentioning to him how much you were obliged by the manner in which he had spoken of you in his book. So he smiled and panted, put his head on one side, and said how happy he was — that you were quite charming: 'He has more talents than any of them; I was obliged to admit his faults to obtain credit for what I said of his excellences, otherwise praise would have been injudicious and useless.' I asked him if Rogers had not told him, as I begged he would, how flattered you felt upon the occasion; and his answer was, 'He be hanged; he never told me one word about it.' The Fincastles set off for Scotland yesterday; they are to remain there two years. I am sorry for it, as I really like them both, and him in particular. Rogers is gone to Hampshire for three weeks, and I suppose Spencer is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing his teeth, an operation which he will take care to perform in public that he may be seen of men. What do you call this but ill-nature?

* Anthony, fifth Earl.

And yet I swear to you I hate ill-nature, and I don't dislike Spencer; he is a good-humoured, heartless fellow, and we shake hands and are jolly whenever we meet. Whenever you see Lady Shaftesbury* you must love her, for she is all over heart and goodness; and Lady Barbara is a pretty, amiable little girl, and you can't help loving her. Now, farewell; perhaps this day twelvemonth I may receive the answer to this letter, scolding me, as you always do, when you are conscious of behaving ill to me, for my long silence.

"M. G.

"Your letter, having gone round by Tunbridge, came too late for us to drink your health on your birthday. I shall drink it twice next year."

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"You are a shabby fellow for having written three long pages to Mary, without once mentioning the name of unfortunate me. I wish I could flatter myself that this omission was intentional, for then I could forgive it; but as it proceeds from downright forgetfulness, I own my wrath will endure till you have atoned for such an outrage against friendship. With all your sins upon your head, I hope we shall see you at Tunbridge, as it would grieve me sincerely to think that you were to return to Ireland without seeing us, even for one week.

"Yours most truly, &c. &c.

"B. D."

*From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Jan. 29. 1809.

"No, my dear Moore; I must insist upon firing shot for

* Daughter and heir of Sir John Webb.

shot, and if you have not received my fire, it was only because I could not take my aim, for I left Town immediately on the receipt of your kind letter, and unfortunately left it behind, with your address contained in it. I rejoice to hear you have been so well off in the most important of all things — *at least so*, to your happiness and mine; and though Mrs. Seymour has left you, I dare say you have already filled up the vacuity. The last month I have idled away at private houses in the country, — at Woolbeding*, where all was luxury; and at Glynd, a seat of Lord Hampden's, as old as the world itself, where the long, long galleries and gigantic staircases were as windy as the sea-shore; and where my own bed-chamber, hung with arras, smelt so strongly of time that I could have sworn that John of Gaunt, or some ancestor of his, lay asleep in his stone coffin under my bed. Brighton, from which I came yesterday, is still very gay, and full of balls. There I left (full of smiles, and talking much of you) Miss Dallas. Do you remember her at R. Thornton's breakfast? I told her you wished to dance with her there, and her eyes brightened into diamonds. There also are the Grattans, the Thompsons, Lady Isabella Fitzgerald†, as full of romance as any heroine, and a Miss Tudor, an American, who says she knows you, though you must have forgot her, and who is rather admired by the men, though hated by the women, reciting odes of Horace, and in beauty surpassing anything I have heard of among her countrymen — the Iroquois and Illinois, the Cherokees, the Chicsaws, the Chipewaws, the Ottawas, or Catabaws. Our

* Lord Robert Spencer's.

† Married the Count de Chabot.

friends in Davies Street* I have seen but for ten minutes since my return; but they are well, and look better and gayer than I have ever seen them. They upbraided me very deservedly for my not writing to you. They had a party last night — the Berrys, Mrs. Damer, T. Hope, and other delectables; but I could not go, being knocked up with a cold. Arthur goes to school next week. A month ago Gifford called to communicate *confidentially* his design to publish immediately a Review on the plan of the 'Edinburgh,' to be called the 'London Review.'† I must confess I heard of it with pleasure, as I thought it might correct an evil we have long lamented together. He wishes much for contributions, and all contributors (as is the case with the 'Edinburgh Review') are to be paid indiscriminately. He is exceedingly anxious that you should assist him as often as you can afford time. You may choose what book to review you like (and you are to receive twenty guineas for every sheet of letter-press), subject, however, to any alterations and corrections whatever of the Editor, who is to retain an unlimited control, as Jeffrey retains at Edinburgh; a very proper regulation I think. I gave him great hopes of you (as well as some of myself), and he has since sent Hoppner to me once or twice to urge me to write to you on the subject. Some circumstances which I have since learnt must, however, be stated to you. They affect my mind a little, and not a little. It seems the politics of Jeffrey's 'Review' have long given great offence to the Government party, particularly at Edinburgh; and Walter Scott, who formerly wrote in it principally in the quizzing department, has on

* Lady Donegal.

† This design was soon afterwards carried out; but instead of the "London," it was called the "Quarterly" Review.

that account (and perhaps for some private reasons) withdrawn his countenance and support. At the desire of some persons in power, particularly Canning and the Lord Advocate, he has written a very long letter on the subject to Gifford (which I have seen), detailing, ably enough, the plan on which the Review should be conducted, and pressing the scheme upon G. as a good desideratum 'to counteract the deleterious principles of the "Edinburgh Review."' At this I took alarm; but Gifford assures me that though of course the politics will be Ministerial, it will by no means be a principal object; and he desires me to assure you so. However, I confess it shakes me a little, though Hoppner, who is very sanguine about it, does not think it should. I have now, at their ardent desire, made my report to you. When I first hinted your name to G. he jumped at the sound, and I believe has not slept since. His intention is to pay ten guineas a sheet, but the Edinburgh people pay twenty, and he cheerfully agrees to it in your instance. It seems Brougham's Review of Cevallos* has blown Edinburgh into a blaze, and lists have been taken from house to house to collect the signatures of those who would engage no longer to take it in. All this in *confidence*, of course, as the secret is not my own. I have now fulfilled my promise to torment you on the subject. I meant to write about girls and verses, and it has ended in a long prosing on Scotch Reviewers. Spencer is still, I believe, circumstanced as you left him. The subscription goes on; but I fancy with no great effect. When I saw him at Gilwall two months ago, he mentioned an idea (suggested by the D. of Devonshire) of publishing his poems by subscription.

* In Edinburgh Review, vol. xiii.

I have not seen him since. As for myself, I am now reprinting mine with a few additions. I had thoughts of adding more; but, alas! I have none to consult with now you are away. You say nothing of your employments. A thousand, thousand thanks for a most elegant set of volumes. I am delighted with your intention to make your *debût* on the stage,—as an author, I mean. Of your fame as an actor I have had many reverberations. Your sketch of Ireland is most melancholy, and gloomy enough is the scene here just now. Adieu, my dear Moore, and believe me to be,

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"SAMUEL ROGERS.

"When are we to expect you?

"I have still Methuen's effusions. He writes about them, alas! every post.

"I dine to-day in Davies Street. How I wish you were of the party! Lady D.'s faintings have returned upon her."

*From Miss Godfrey.*

"Feb. 15. 1809.

"If I were to give way to my feelings, I should scold, fight, and quarrel with you for three long hours to come; but having a wonderful command over myself, and always listening to the voice of reason; and being of a Christian-like, forgiving temper, and possessing ten thousand other virtues which I have not time to mention at present, I shall pass over your sins and offences as lightly as I can, and refer you for all I leave unsaid to your own mind. See that page of it where all your best feelings

and recollections are recorded, and tell me if you find nothing there to reproach you. A line or two to an absent friend now and then, one would suppose, was no weighty sacrifice. It is just the affair of five minutes; and if you carry your Epicurean love of repose so far as to think this a great effort, I am sorry for you, poor Tom, and very sorry for myself and all your other friends, for you will forget us all at last, merely because it is too much trouble to remember us. Rogers growls at you also. But I don't fight anybody's battles but my own. I wish I knew when you really intend to come back, and what you are about, and what has become of your learned and pious women, and whether you have seen my sister Philly, and a great many other wishes also I have, of different sorts and sizes too tedious for insertion. I wonder what you have felt and thought, and feel and think, about the Court of Inquiry, our miseries in Spain, and our fooleries at home. Do you feel any compassion for the Duke of York, as a great many people do? I do; for I dare say the greater part of his accusers are just as guilty themselves. Once upon a time high situation, like charity, covered a multitude of sins: that day is completely gone by, and the higher the criminal at present the greater the punishment. Public disgrace falls so much heavier upon a Royal Highness, than the pillory would upon his *valet-de-chambre*, and its effects are so much more fatal. I believe we are all advancing fast to revolution. Not that it appears to be at all the wish of contented, stupid John Bull; but event after event seems to lead to it, and while he lets every abuse pass silently by, circumstances draw him on in spite of himself, and I am sure we shall all wake some fine morning in the middle of a revolution, without knowing where upon earth it came from. The

King is quite miserable at it, and has said that it is the first time the House of Brunswick has degraded itself. * * * * * * * No one can guess where inquiries and prosecutions will stop; and there is a general apprehension of the result. In the meantime the House of Commons roar with laughing from five o'clock in the evening till two in the morning. Every house that you go into is occupied with the subject. No one talks of anything else. Our brave men fell, and are forgotten by every one but Bonaparte, who is not so ungrateful as to forget all that we have done for the success of his schemes. I really can't help writing you all this, for I hear no other subject talked of. Yesterday the crowd was so great, that it was with difficulty the Members could get up to the House. Lord Strangford got on badly enough at the Brazils. He is very much disliked by the English; but he has an unbounded influence over the Prince's mind. I'll tell you the rest in my next letter: but the post-bell rings, and so adieu. Bab sends her best love to you.

"M. G."

*To his Mother.*

"Donnington Park, 1809.

"My dearest Mother,

"I think I have got into some mistakes in my reckoning, and whether I have given you a letter too little or too much I cannot at this moment determine. A squire in the neighbourhood here came and forced me over to dine with him and Lord Robert Manners, and I *dawdled* away two days with them, which has deranged all my calculations. The letter that Kate asks about was written

for publication, but not in the manner that Sir John's luminous biographer has introduced it: it makes part of a prospectus which I wrote for Power, and which I dare say you have seen by this time printed on a single sheet. The letter was never written to the Knight, or you may be sure I should not have been so ill-bred as to quote Latin in it. I have lost all my comforts here already. The house is arrayed in all its company-dress, and waits in prim expectation of their arrival, like the poor maids of honour in George II.'s time, who used to sit up all night in arm-chairs with their heads drest, in order to be ready for Court next morning. I can't stir an inch without meeting some crimson carpets, &c., that must be spotless for my Lady's eye when she comes. God bless you. Ever your own

"TOM.

"By the bye, there is the best Irishism in that said 'Dublin Magazine' that ever I met with. The editor in a note upon the last cover very gravely entreats the reader to 'keep in mind' that Miss Owenson's portrait *is not* Sir John Stevenson's."

*From Miss Godfrey.*

"Davies Street, June 20. 1809.

"I cannot bear this profound silence any longer. I believe you could bear it to all eternity—to your everlasting shame be it spoken. In the natural course of human affairs it was Bab who should have written and not me, and she has been always talking of doing so. I have seen the pen in her hand for the purpose, and even the first line composed; but as it has never gone

farther my patience could stand it no longer, and I made a vow that I would write to you myself, and put you in mind of your poor dear absent friends, and ask you also about your poor dear self at the same time. And pray, sir (says I, very civilly), how are you, where are you, and what are you about? Are you conversing with the mighty dead, or addressing yourself to future ages? or, albeit, are you ingloriously chatting with your Fannys and Phillises in the corner, and swearing to the dear creatures that you can't live without them? As for me, sweet sir (for of course you return my kind inquiries by still kinder ones about myself), I am, at this present writing, sick to death of London, oppressed by its bustle, stunned by its noise, choked by its dust, and stifled by its smoke. And if you know any worse state of existence than this, take up your pen instantly and describe it to me, that I may have the pleasure of answering you by the return of the post, and proving clearly to your satisfaction that you are in the greatest of all possible errors if you can suppose any situation can be more miserable than the one I have just had the honour of describing to your excellency. * * * * * *

Parliament is to be up on Thursday, after having 'played such fantastic tricks before high heaven as,' I take it for granted, 'made the very angels weep. This very moment it occurs to me that this was the cause of the wet season we have had — it was all angels' tears which we vulgarly called rain.

"At present what do you say about revolution? I think we shall escape. We are in the high road to reform. It is the fashion of the times. Every man that wants to make a name finds out an abuse. The Opposition are just as much alarmed at this spirit as the Ministers, and

are just as unpopular with the people, at which they are quite indignant. This third party is called the Mountain. The Archduke Charles and Bonaparte keep the world in a state of breathless expectation. Whoever gains, rivers of blood must flow, and anarchy or slavery is the miserable alternative. It makes one sick.

"Rogers is very much discomposed at your having anything to do with Carpenter. Still he says you do yourself great injustice in continuing in his hands, and I believe so too, for we suspect him — at least Bab and I do — not to be in circumstances to pay you as other booksellers would. I have not said anything of the disappointment we felt at your not coming to England this year. We did, however, feel it truly and sincerely; but what can one do upon such occasions but submit with a good grace to what one can't help?

"Bab's love to you, and mine also.

"M. G."

*From Lady Donegal.*

"Tunbridge Wells, July 14. 1809.

"It positively is a grievous misfortune to have any one belonging to us of a more active turn of mind and with nimbler fingers than our own,—for the natural consequence is, that indolence is indulged in till it becomes a vice; and we all know how difficult a matter it is to conquer vicious habits; and that you, Mr. Little, should be the means of conquering mine is what must appear extraordinary to many. But so it is; for your 'Sceptic' has converted me to the true faith of writing to my friends again, and, in the *true* spirit of friendship, of finding fault with

them when I see occasion for it. I am more vexed than I can say at your attack upon ——. Every one must know her in a moment; and though none can like her, or even tolerate her, yet she is a woman, and as such ought not to be attacked when she has no way of defending herself. Do what you will with Lords Mulgrave and Castlereagh, or with any other lord or gentleman you choose, but let poor women pass unmolested.

"You will be surprised at my taking her part; but it is not for her sake, it is for yours that I feel vexed. And I would give a great deal to have her name effaced; for those who do not know you as well as I do will impute the attack to some unworthy motive, and perhaps call it pique, or revenge, for the rudeness of her conduct to you. I implore you, therefore, to scratch her out, and have done with her. In the meantime I will confess that I have carefully locked up the copy you sent to me, and do not talk of it to any one, Mary excepted, who thinks with me about it, and who joins with me in regretting that where there is so much to admire there should be any drawback to our admiration. What a lecture this is! and what an opinion I must have of your disposition, and of your regard for me, to suppose that you will pardon it! But I pique myself upon knowing you well, and I therefore feel sure that you will 'forgive the freedom of a friend.'

"What a pretty return all this for your kindness in sending the poem to me, and yet I do assure you that I feel very much obliged to you for your recollection of us, and very much gratified by it; for one constant dread I have upon my mind is, that your long absence will weaken your feelings for your friends at this side of the water, and that every day your recollections of them will get

fainter, till at last they will melt into the horizon, and the foreground of your picture will be the only part that will interest you. Arthur, Mary, and myself comprise our family party here, where we arrived last Monday. At present there is nobody here that I would ever wish to see again; but in a little time we expect the Ellenboroughs, the Berrys, Charles Moore, and Rogers, none of whom have any particular attractions in your eyes; and yet there are some good heads and some good hearts amongst them, though few of the faces are worth looking at.

"Mary desires to be affectionately remembered to you.

"What are you now about? Be it good or be it bad, tell me. Yours very truly, &c.,

"B. D."

*From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"London, July 10. 1809.

"My dear Moore,

"I have nothing indeed to do, but to throw myself upon your generosity, having so shamefully abused it, and to promise amendment, the only reparation in my power; but, alas! is it in my power? If I may confess my weakness to you,—a weakness I have never concealed,—I have no hope. I cannot write; and continually do I walk miles to save the necessity of writing a single line. Nor, on reflection, can I say that I remember ever to have given any assurance on the subject. No; I was too well acquainted with myself to make any. I said to you, 'Stay here, and let us converse, face to face.' You replied, 'No; let us do it with pen, ink, and paper.' Now as you will not — perhaps cannot — indulge me in my

wish (and sincere it is, as you well know), it seems a little hard that I am to be blamed by everybody for a mental incapacity which I have often acknowledged to my friends with shame and sorrow; and besides, if you were a person of *an amiable absence*, it might be politic in us, if we had the vanity to think it was in our power, to render that absence as pleasant to you as possible. As it is, my dear Moore, we cannot wish to reconcile you to it by any exertion of ours.

"Now I have vapoured and bullied, — and to blame others is always wise, when we ourselves are in the wrong. I will tell you how much I miss you in my walks in the Park, and at Vauxhall, and on the Thames; but much as I grieve, I must say that you have determined wisely. Lady Charlemont is again on the wing for Dublin, as beautiful as ever. She talks of your songs with the same enthusiasm she used to do. The other night, at Lady Cork's, I heard Lady Hamilton sing, 'Friend of my Soul,' and 'The Wreath you wove,' with great spirit. I could not help thinking, and so, perhaps, did many others, that I had heard them sung differently. Jeffrey has been here, and is gone: he inquired very particularly after you. The 'Edinburgh Review' used to sell 10,000 copies; the 'Quarterly' sells 2500. Walter Scott has just left us. He dined with Princesses and Ministers of State, and was always engaged a fortnight deep. He made rain and sunshine in this town at pleasure. Cumberland dined with me yesterday. He is greatly changed, but still lively. He took up a volume of your Anacreon that was lying on the table, and spoke of you, as he always does, in the warmest terms. Poor Spencer! He took the field again when Lady Susan returned, but ill-health drove him back to Gillwell, and there he now is,

with some symptoms of dropsy upon him. When he came to town, he drove to Ward's; but when he entered the house, he found, as he told me, trunks in the hall, and many alarming signs. Ward, in less than a week, let his house, and fled to Spain. He then drove to L. Dicks', and there he passed the two months he spent among us. D. was very vain of his guest. He never disturbed him, appointed two men to wait upon him; and whenever S. dined at home, Dick gave a *fête*. So Methuen has resolved to print. Woe is me!

"Adieu, my dear Moore, and believe me to be,

"Yours, ever,

"SAMUEL ROGERS.

"A pamphlet is just left with me. Many thanks! It is worthy of the former, though, I think, written with a little more rapidity. The second time I read it, I liked it still better than the first. It is full of point and nerve; and will, I am sure, establish the fame of the former, as well as its own. Alas! I have no account to give of myself.

"I am printing a new book, full of old things,—*i. e.*, a new edition."

*From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"St. James's Place, Dec. 23. 1809.

"No, my dear Moore; never will I presume to say what you shall do. Your 'nightly visitant' will whisper better things in your ear than any human voice; and if you are in a vein of satire just now, for heaven's sake write satire. So long as you write such lines as conclude the 'Sceptic,' I shall never complain for one. I am re-

joiced to think that you are happy, which indeed you cannot fail to be while you are making others so; but don't let the Graces supplant the Muses. You mention nothing of the subjects that engage you, and perhaps you are right. I have just now sent forth a new edition of an old book, a little better, I hope, than the last. It is not, however, I believe, yet abroad: when I get a copy I will try to send it to you. I suppose Carpenter will undertake to do it. As for me, I have been for the last month something of an invalid. Bile and Baillie have been my only companions, save and except a very well-drest company of black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray; but they have now taken leave, and I am beginning to break the shell, and hope soon to fly, if not to sing.

" Adieu, my dear Moore, and believe me to be,

" Ever yours, most sincerely,

" SAMUEL ROGERS."

*To Lady Donegal and Miss Godfrey.*

" Birmingham, Monday, 1810.

" I am so far on my way to you, and just wait to take breath before I encounter the various kinds of feelings that I shall have upon my arrival. It is a sad thing to be ashamed to meet one's friends, and I should be sorry to think that I have any such feeling about me; yet, when I know that I have so long disappointed the wishes and hopes of those who are interested about me, it is impossible not to dread such reproachful salutations as ' I am sorry you did so,' and ' I wonder you didn't do so,' and a thousand other anxious comments, which one must only feel without answering. But the good nature and the

true cordiality with which I *know* I shall be received in Davies Street, give me courage to meet even the reproaches which perhaps may be mingled with them; and all I intreat of you is that, for a little while at least, you will neither ask me what I *have* done, or even what I *mean* to do, but draw upon your *first* good opinion of me (if that fund be not entirely exhausted) to enable you *still* to look forward with a hope of something good and respectable from me. To tell you that I mean to give up society would be only to make you smile and remember how often that wise resolution has been *paraded* by me: but *years* make some difference even in fools, and though they may not give us *wisdom*, they do a good deal in changing the *objects* of our folly. After this preparatory letter, which, I am afraid, has always the clumsiness of a pioneer without his strength, I shall bid you good bye till Wednesday or Thursday, when I mean to have a hearty shake of the hand with you in Davies Street. This letter is to *both*, as my friendship is.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*To Lady Donegal.*

"July, 1810.

"I shall not attempt to defend myself; for it would really require more sophistry and more impudence than (bad as I am) I possess, to think of proving that I am not *quite wrong* in having so long deferred writing to you. But is there not *some* little grace in this avowal? and would it not require the hardest heart in the world to be angry with me after such an humble confession of

my errors? I *know* you will forgive me; because, after all, you understand very well yourself the sort of unwillingness one has to take up a stitch that has long dropped in a correspondence; and though I think I am as sure of your heart as of any heart in this world, yet I do firmly believe that '*yours sincerely*' is the only part of a letter that you take any real pleasure in writing to me — is'nt it so? As for myself, there are *a few* in the world for whom I would *willingly* shed my last *blood*, and yet I *cannot help* being sparing of my *ink* to them. I know sister Mary thinks this very odd, for she would sooner draw a pen than a sword at any time; but it is my *weakness*, and a very lazy weakness it is, I confess,— one great inconvenience of which is that my letters, when they *do* come, are only apologies for those that did *not* come, and my not having written is almost the only thing I have to write about. Pope says that 'Heaven first *sent letters;*' but if it required *answers* to the letters it sent, I am afraid that Heaven would have found me an unpunctual correspondent. — So much for the main subject of my epistle; and now, having made such a bad hand of what I have *not* done, I wish I could give you even a tolerable account of what I *have* done; but, I don't know how it is, both my mind and heart appear to have lain for some time completely *fallow*, and even the usual crop of *wild oats* has not been forthcoming. What is the reason of this? I believe there is in every man's life (at least in every man who has lived as if he knew how to live) one blank interval, which takes place at that period when the gay desires of youth are just gone off, and he has not yet made up his mind as to the feelings or pursuits that succeed them — when the last blossom has fallen away, and yet the fruit continues to look harsh and unpromising — a kind of *interregnum* which

takes place upon the demise of *love*, before ambition and worldliness have seated themselves on the vacant throne. *** I am now on a visit with a man who has ten thousand a year, and who keeps the best table within the bills of mortality; but the house, notwithstanding, is most preciously dull; the cook and I are the only *savans* on the establishment, and the *sauce* is the only thing *piquante* I have to deal with in it. I intend however, if I can, to turn my seclusion to account, and to write something *marketable* for this next year; for money I *must* have, if the Muses were to die for it; and of all the birds of the air, the *gold*finch's notes for me. By-the-bye, talking of money, you insult me in a most pointed manner by never once touching upon the subject in any of your letters. You seem to think it quite as ridiculous to mention money-matters to *me*, as it would be to write to Hammersley about the Loves of the Plants; but I'd have you to know —— seriously, I take it rather unkind of you you that do not tell me how you are getting on with those sad samples of nobility you have to deal with, for though my hard fate prevents me from being any thing but a burthen to you, yet you ought to do me the justice to feel that I am anxious about all that concerns you, and that to know the *worst* from yourself is better than being made to fear everything bad by others. Mrs. Crookshank, about a month ago, told me some circumstances which gave me much and real pain. Ah! nothing goes *right* in this world, *except* for *those* with whom everything (*please God*) will go *wrong* in the other. Really, one is obliged to feel either very profanely or very piously, when one sees the kind of persons that are put upon the black list in this life. Do, pray, let me know something about your affairs, and do not for an instant suppose that I am not a

warmly and anxiously alive to everything connected with you and your happiness, as I was when near you, and as I ever, while I live, shall continue to be.

"I hope you did not dislike my dedicatory letter to you. It was sent to the press before I recollected that I ought to have asked your permission for the step, and it was this afterthought that made me resort to the awkward expedient of putting only the initials of your name. Most people here think it is Lady Downshire, which is very stupid of them, though perhaps *you* will not be sorry for the transfer. As to politics, I begin rather to hope that the kind of change most for *my advantage* (and perhaps most for the advantage of the country) will take place next sessions, and that the Whigs will come in, in spite of my other friends the Reformists, who seem to be dropping off the perch very fast indeed; and certainly never did *dirtier sticks* ascend in the *bright shape* of rockets than some of these said Reformists have proved themselves to be. Cobbett is contemptible; Wardle is in the mud; and Burdett himself is, I believe, beginning to think that politics, like 'poverty, brings a man acquainted with strange bedfellows.' When I mention my hopes from the Whigs, I found them chiefly upon the impression which my last pamphlet has made among them. I have had letters of the most flattering kind possible from Grattan, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Moira, the Duke of Bedford, &c., and the language which they use, particularly Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Bedford, looks very like a persuasion in their minds that I might be somewhat useful to them. But I was almost forgetting to tell you of the strange honour that came by surprise upon me the other day. I received a letter from Stockholm, through Hammersley's house (where it had been detained

*about a year*), informing me that I had been elected a Knight of the illustrious, secular, equestrian, and chapteral Order of St. Joachim*, on account of my reputation for literature on the Continent. This, you know, is one of the orders made hereditary in the family of Nelson. I thought for a moment that it was a *hoax*, and the name of the saint appeared to me very well chosen, being easily convertible into St. *Joke-him;* but upon applying to Naylor, the Windsor genealogist, and others, to whom this letter from the Vice-Chancellor of the Order referred me, I found it to be all a most illustrious and chapteral matter-of-fact; so I am now Sir Thomas Moore, K. J., elect. I have not yet answered the letter, but it is my intention respectfully to decline the honour, as literary knights (even if the knighthood were acknowledged) are anything but reputable personages in the eyes of John Bull, to whom the respect for authorship that exists on the Continent is as unintelligible as their cookery, and goes against his stomach quite as much.

"And now, good bye. Give dear sister Mary my best and warmest regards; tell her I shall write just as long a letter to her very soon, and that *that* letter and another will be about long enough to cover the space between this and our meeting, which I trust will be a happy one; and to which I shall carry just as warm a heart and as constant a spirit (I mean in friendship) as ever.

"Yours,

"T. M."

* See Preface to vol. ii. of Moore's Collected Works.

*From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

" Oct. 21. 1810.

" My dear Moore,

" When I received your last letter, I sat down immediately and wrote an answer to it. If you wish to know what became of the answer, you *shall* know — I burnt it. I will now proceed to subjects I like better. Your rencontre with the D. of R., as they relate to yourself and not to me, must have affected you not a little. The conclusion was alike honourable to both, and will be pleasant by-and-by to look back upon among the adventures of your life. Your pamphlet, for which I have never thanked you (though the burnt MS. was full of it), I read with great delight. Grattan spoke of it in the warmest language, and it deserved all he said. Your prose I always greatly admired, and look with great impatience for the wreaths you are preparing for the brows of Virgil and Horace. Don't you sometimes imagine that they are sitting by you in your chamber, while you are writing their lives (as you meant to do) from their own lips? Catullus has long left you. He was the first called upon, no doubt. Have you yet read the poems of W. Scott? The story of the last is very pretty, though the execution is inferior to that of the first. But I have so many questions to ask you, and they crowd so fast upon my pen, that I must throw them all aside till I see you, which I do hope will now be soon; or is your return to be deferred till the Peace? Really, my dear Moore, human life is so short, and the bright moments in it of such rare occurrence, that I cannot en-

dure such privations. Pray, come and scold me *vivâ voce*, and then I will reply to you with what frankness I can. There is no holding a *tête-à-tête* across the Irish Channel.

"Lady Donegal and Miss D. return to town for the winter on Saturday. Their last six months have been spent at Tunbridge. I was with them there for a fortnight. The Marchioness of Douglas (Miss Beckford) is still in or near town. The Prince has heard her sing. He admired her song, but not her beauty. Methuen has published his poems and taken a wife. I lamented exceedingly, last spring, that an illness which confined me for many weeks prevented my seeing J. Atkinson. I called a few days after he had left town. Spencer goes on as before, dividing his time between Gilwell and Chiswick, and now and then taking a breakfast at Somerset House. As for myself, I jog on much as usual, mixing rather less with the world and writing less than ever. I sometimes think that I have lost the faculty of making verses, good or bad; but when you return, perhaps I may try again. Campbell lives at Sydenham, writing for the booksellers, and anything, I believe, but poetry. The Lake people seemed to be completely silenced by the broadsides of the 'Edinburgh Review.' Jeffrey has been lately in town, though I missed him. In his way hither he stopped at Keswick, and saw Southey and Coleridge. He seems to have been dazzled by the rhetoric of Coleridge, whom he had never seen before. W. Scott has made 10,000*l.* by his poem!* and will, I dare say, double the sum. Will not you rejoice to hear that the Tunbridge waters have almost restored Lady D. to her old health and spirits?

* The Lady of the Lake.

— at least so I concluded from her last. What changes you will find on your return to England! Some dead, some married, some rich, some poor, some with new titles, some, alas! with new faces, and some — no less a wonder than the rest — just the same as you left them! Among the last, my dear Moore, I flatter myself you will find, though now and then a little angry with you,

"Your very sincere friend,

"SAMUEL ROGERS."

*To James Corry, Esq.*

"June 4. 1811.

"My dear Corry,

"You have every reason to be very angry with me — but I really have such an unconquerable aversion to writing letters, that I have often thought Captain Brady's resolution not to answer anything but a *challenge* was the most peaceable way of getting through life. But I feel myself particularly reprehensible in not attending to *your* letter; not only because it was the most agreeable I have received since I left Dublin, but because it was so good-natured of you to write to me *at all*, after my 'angel visits, few and far between,' to Lurgan Street. However *you* may forgive me, I can by no means be so lenient to myself for having *seemed* (for it was only seeming) so insensible to the many repeated kindnesses I have experienced from you and Mrs. Corry; but distractions of various kinds beset me in cities, and it somehow happens that those I love best come off worst with me. I rather think you will understand what I mean; and indeed both you and Mrs. Corry show that you *feel* what I mean, by continuing your kindnesses to me through all chances and

changes, through all my neglects and aberrations. I have not yet had a *business* day with Power, which means that we have not yet *got drunk* together; but he is good enough to be one of my allies next Monday, when I take the chair at a dinner of the gentlemen educated at Dublin College. I wish, with all my heart, that *you* could pop your *nose* in amongst us. Beecher has the misfortune to be *English*-bred, and so cannot be with us.

"With respect to the opening lines of the Prologue for Kilkenny, I am afraid you must fill up the *hiatus* with stars, for, poor as they were, I have robbed them of their only trinkets for a song in the next number of the Melodies; therefore you must give it only as a fragment, and say '*Cætera desunt*,' the rest is *not decent*, or some such cause.

"Pray do not translate any of my Latin for Mrs. Corry, but give her, in plain English, my warmest remembrances, and tell her it gave me sincere pain to hear of her illness; but that I strongly hope I shall see her here with all her good looks and (may I say?) kind smiles in summer.

"Ever yours, my dearest Corry,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"You see I have presumed upon your privilege to enclose a letter, which you will oblige me by sending as soon as possible."

*To Miss Godfrey.*

"Dublin, Sept. 11. 1811.

"My unfortunate opera* was at last launched the night before last; and though the actors expected so much from

* M. P. or the Blue Stocking.

it, I doubt whether it will turn out at all so attractive as they supposed. I have not seen it myself yet; but last night I am told it went off without the slightest opposition, and to-night I dare say I may venture, without danger to my nerves, to go and see it. I knew all along that I was writing down to the mob, but that was what they told me I must do. I however mingled here and there a few touches of less earthy mould, which I thought would in some degree atone for my abasement. I am afraid, however, I have failed in both: what I have written up to myself is, they say, over-refined and unintelligible; what I have written *down* to *them* is called vulgar. I have therefore made a final resolution never to let another line of mine be spoken upon the stage, as neither my talents nor my nerves are at all suited to it. I must tell you, at the same time, that the piece has (what the actors call) *succeeded*, the second night having been fully attended and unanimous in applause. Most of the paper critics too have been friendly; the 'Times' making a most formidable exception. The article in that paper yesterday was really a brain-blow, from the style in which it was written and the candour with which it affected to praise me in other departments of literature: they however made a most ridiculous and unaccountable mistake in accusing me of royalism and courtiership, when the fact is, the piece was dreaded by us all as dangerous from the opposite quality, and I had a long struggle with licenser for the retention of several most ticklish passages about bribery. The worst of it is, that I fear Arnold means to trick me out of all but the first advance that he made me in the spring; this is too bad. However, you shall know more when I have ascertained his intentions.

"I shall now take to my poem, and do something, I

hope, that will place me above the vulgar herd both of worldlings and of critics; but you shall hear from me again, when I get among the maids of Cashmere, the sparkling springs of Rochabad, and the fragrant banquets of the Peris. How much sweeter employments these than the vile joke-making I have been at these two months past!

"Best love to dear Lady Donegal from hers and yours ever,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Aberystwith, Sept. 19. 1811.

"My dear Moore,

"Many, many thanks for your very kind letters. I was indeed very anxious; but you have removed all my fears, and I wish you joy from my heart. If you had escaped, I should have felt some alarm. When bowmen and riflemen erect butts to shoot at, we, who are butts ready-made, must not expect to escape; and though the arrows are poisoned, it is our own fault if they raze the skin. To succeed is no little crime in the eyes of those who fail; and those who cannot climb will endeavour to pull you down by the skirts. The only thing that surprised me was your account of Arnold's terms. Had you no conception of them till it was too late? With regard to publishing, you are the best judge. If the dialogue is murdered on the stage, should not it do itself justice in the closet? But consult your own feelings, and you will be sure to act right. Only, if you publish, would not Longman be the best man to deal with?

"Your little history of your own and X's feelings on the occasion interested me much; but, thanks be to

Heaven, all is over, and you are both alive and well. The music, I have no doubt, will amply repay you, and, I hope, extricate you completely from C's clutches. I shall be delighted to hear that you are worshipping fire and committing every extravagance in those regions of the sun.

"In a fortnight I hope to see you, and to see and hear what, I am very sure, you calumniate most vilely. Here I am just now on the sea-shore, and though nothing but Welsh is talked under the window, I live *on* very comfortably. Last week I made a little excursion into North Wales, and travelled round Snowdon, who revealed himself in great pomp on the occasion. My ears are still full of Welsh harps and mountain torrents.

"Ever yours,

"SAMUEL ROGERS.

"I slept a night at Wm. Madocks's. He is a great lord in his little city of Tre-Madoc,— has built a church, and a market-place, and a town-hall, and a square, and a street, where the sea roared a year or two ago; and this week holds an Tysteddford, or Meeting of Bards. The comet is very brilliant here, and every evening makes a *brilliant path* across the water."

*From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Aberystwith, Sept. 20. 1811.

"My dear Moore,

"You know me and my faults too well to be much surprised at my long silence; and now (forgive me for my selfishness) I am not sure I should have written at all, but to make you write, and tell me something about yourself, &c. What have you done? Is the dramatic con-

cluded and the epic begun? Are you now in a pavilion on the banks of the Tigris? or, in the shape of a nightingale, singing love-songs to a Rose in the gardens of Cashmere? As for me, I have been visiting an elder brother who, many years ago, retired from the world, to cultivate his own patrimonial fields and read his Homer under the shade of his own beech-trees near Hagley. His farm is beautiful, very woody and uneven, and full of little dingles and copses and running waters. A green lane, a mile long, leads to the house, which overlooks the fields. The prospect, enlivened with a few cottages, is bounded by a chain of hills, which affect almost to be mountains; and beyond these appear, every now and then, over their heads, such as are fully entitled to the name, and as blue as a blue atmosphere can make them. From one circumstance or another, it is now some years since I came there: his girls, now very lovely, are nearly grown up, and I am half tempted to get up every time they come into the room. It makes me feel very old, and very melancholy too sometimes. I think of the time when they used to sit on my knee and tease me to tell them stories of the world they were about to enter into. The other day it was proposed to dine in a wood; and I was surprised, when I came, to find everything set out there in a hermitage. The tables, the chairs, napkins, knives, and eatables all carried on their heads and under their arms; not a servant assisted. How little, said I to myself, when I saw them smiling over their work, would the fine ladies in town be inclined to think of such a thing! But we are now all transported to a very different scene,—a bleak, mountainous sea-shore in Wales. How long I shall remain here I cannot say,—probably a month; so pray write me a line in the course of a fortnight at

least. Rebuke me by setting me a better example. I have received a letter from Mrs. Grattan, and, as I am writing a line to her and Lady D., shall inclose both under cover to G. My book, I fear, is at a stand-still. I have written but a very few lines, and those of no moment. Some time or other you shall see them. I hope to be in town in about five weeks.

"Ever yours,

"SAMUEL ROGERS.

"I am very anxious about your proceedings with Arnold, and am continually looking out for an opera. Have you given it a name?

"My sister desires to be very kindly remembered to you."

*To James Corry, Esq.*

"Thursday, Oct. 24. 1811.

"My dear Corry,

"Now for it — I am quite ready for you—proof sheets — play bills — I'll dash through all with you. Seriously, my dear fellow, though not altogether *désauvré*, yet I am just now in want of an interposing relief to more serious studies, and I know of nothing better for the purpose than our Kilkenny undertaking; so don't spare me, but as many tons burden as your franks are allowed to carry, freight away without any remorse, — the linen trade will be all the better for it.

"You perceive I have been qualifying myself still further for the task by putting on the sock in *writing* as well as *acting*, but I am sorry to say I feel it rather *slip-shod* on me. You will see a resurrection (when you read me) of many jokes that were tolerable in *their lifetime*,

but which wear rather 'a *ghastly smile*' in their present cold-blooded reappearance. *One* of those *revenans* you will recognise as having once given some signs of life in a letter to *you;* but there are many of them which not all the efforts of the Humane Society (and the audiences are very much of this description) could warm back into any respectable state of animation.

"I wish you would tell Dalton that, tolerant as I am (from sympathy) of those who will not write letters to their friends, yet (like Mr. Perceval, &c.) there is a certain point at which my toleration stops; and Dalton is degenerating into such very licentious silence, that, with all my liberality upon the subject, I must say that he abuses his privilege.

"There is no news that you'd care to hear of, except that the Prince is to have a villa upon Primrose Hill, connected by a fine street with Carlton House, and is so pleased with this magnificent plan, that he has been heard to say 'it will quite eclipse Napoleon.' It is feared too that Mr. Perceval, by *this* and *other* '*primrose paths* of dalliance,' is finding his way very fast to the Regent's heart.

"When you write, or rather when you *research*, do not forget that some little *biographical traits* of our *brotherhood* would form a very useful feature of your investigation.

"Ever most truly yours,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Holland House, Friday morning, Nov. 1811.

"My dear Moore,

"I am very happy indeed to think that an affair conducted in a manner so honourable to both parties has termi-

nated so pleasantly *, though I cannot but think you have been a little reserved to me on the occasion. We have long admired Lord Byron as a writer. His manliness and candour in this correspondence must now excite our esteem for him as a man; and if I can, by introducing myself as a peacemaker where indeed there is nothing but peace already, acquire the honour of his acquaintance, I shall think myself very fortunate, and greatly obliged to you.

"If I might, I would leave my name at his door; but perhaps you can negotiate the business for me; and I cannot say how happy I shall be if his Lordship will do me the honour to dine with me in St. James's Place. Any day but to-morrow will suit me perfectly.

"Ever yours,

"SAMUEL ROGERS.

"Thomas Moore, Esq."

*To James Corry, Esq.*

"Wednesday, Nov. 4. 1811.

"My dear Corry,

"I have only time at this moment to thank you for all your communications, great and small, and to tell you that I have sent the *covers* of your *packets* to Sir Francis Burdett, that he may make a speech about them at the opening of Parliament. I suppose you have heard that during the Talents' administration Windham received an express from Lord Grey, which made a great sensation in every town it passed through, but which turned out (upon opening the gilt despatch-box) to be the *annonce*

* In allusion to the hostile correspondence between Moore and Byron.

of a battle between Gulley and Gregson, sent by the Foreign Secretary to the War Secretary 'upon public service.' I thought of this when I received your Linen Board enclosures. What an enormous book you mean to make of it! *μεγα βιβλιον μεγα κακον.* A great book is a great evil. (N. B. writing Greek when a man is in a hurry!) Seriously, I fear we must either reject much of the printed materials, or considerably diminish the scale upon which it is executed. Such a heavy book upon such a light subject would be quite an anomaly. Think what can be done to reduce its corpulence; for really it rather terrifies my little muse to be wedded to such a Mr. Lambert of a book as it must necessarily be when preface, plates, &c. are added to its present bulk. I find I have only time now to throw out these few hints; but I shall write more fully in a day or two.

"Your kindness in thinking of my interests gives me the sincerest pleasure and gratitude. What you and Dalton were talking of (an author's night) would be not only serviceable, but flattering to me; and I should like to be *surprised* with such a favour exceedingly. As you have been good enough to ask how you can serve me, the following quere will show that I take you at your word: What are the *longest dates* at which you could get *two bills* upon *Power* in *Dublin* cashed for me, being for the sum of one hundred pounds each? I wish to know this immediately (though I ought to have prefaced it with another question, which is, whether you would get them cashed for me at *any* date). I want the money for the approaching Christmas, and he has this sum at my disposal, but wants as long a shot for paying his bills as Acres did for killing his man. So pray, without mentioning the

circumstance to any one, let me know what you can do without inconveniencing yourself, and believe me to be,

" Most hastily, but as *sure* as if I were *slow*,

" Yours,

" T. MOORE."

*To James Corry, Esq.*

" Friday, Dec. 13. 1811.

" My dear Corry,

" Many thanks for your kindness in offering so promptly to *translate* my English into *Spanish*, 'cum *notis*,' &c. &c. The sooner the *version* is done, the better; I enclose the *original*.

" Though Power is of such *longue haleine* in the bill way, I think the number of resting-places you offer him cannot but satisfy him.

" Give my very best remembrances to Mrs. Corry; and tell her, though given in a letter upon money-matters, they have not a tinge of *the dross* about them.

" I shall keep my dramatics for another letter.

" Ever yours, in haste,

" THOMAS MOORE.

" Send the enclosed letter to Power. By-the-bye, I forgot to ask whether your powers of *import* (in the *franking* way) are as unlimited as your *export* privileges; because a friend of mine has a *young child* he wants to *frank over*."

*From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Keswick, 1812.

"My dear Moore,

"Many thanks for your kind letters, and your indulgent reception of my mountain verses, which you could not expect to find so smooth and polished as if they had come from the South. I am rejoiced to hear that you found the madonna and child alive after so long an absence; and hope from my heart that the first is recovering. You do me a little injustice when you think I did not continue in my former sentiments; but I believe on second thoughts you were right, for I can assure you I think better and better of the person you mentioned; and the account I wrote to my brother and sister has given them no small interest in her welfare. On the shores of Windermere I found Sir James Mackintosh, who was indeed the first to recommend Little's Poems to my serious perusal. I found him again at Keswick; and my Journal, could I send it to you, would be a tissue of voyagings and clamberings, and hair-breadth escapes. In two or three days I shall remove to Lowther. * * * I have nothing to add but a few *craggy* lines; and, indeed, to get your opinion of them is one great reason for my inflicting on your patience this unprofitable and expensive epistle. The first eight will stand as you tolerated them.

"Oh, I was there, one of that gallant crew; *
And saw, and wonder'd whence his power He drew;
Nor then of his great Adversaries knew,
Then uninstructed.— But my sand is run,
And the night coming . . . and my task not done!

"You will remember that my Monk is in *articulo*

* "Voyage of Columbus," canto iii.

*mortis*, and may, therefore, when thinking of his situation, be allowed to stammer a little. By the night, I mean that 'in which no man can work.' I thought these lines would serve pretty well to introduce their excellencies, the Devils, in the third Canto; and as Sharp and Wordsworth particularly like the last couplet, I have, though I don't quite like it, retained it, not finding a better. This change of person, from your humble servant to the monk, will, I think, render the poem a little more dramatic, and occasion the following alterations:—

"Canto I. — Sung ere his coming, and by Heav'n designed.
"Canto VI., last page. — At length among *us* came an unknown Voice!
"Canto VIII., second page. — Slowly to land the sacred cross *we* bore.
"Canto X. — Who now danc'd forth to strew *His* path with flowers,
And hymn *His* welcome, &c.

"'Then uninstructed' is a pause I rather like; 'my task not done' is, I will confess, not in my manner, though, I think, rather Miltonic, and such as would please me in blank verse. I am afraid I should have written, 'ere my task is done.' But those critics are so decided against me, I have knocked under.

"I am delighted to hear that your Muse is not daunted by the discouragement she thought she met with. I can assure you I am as much in love with her as I can be with a lady without flesh and blood. Pray remember me very affectionately to the two ladies of your house, and believe me to be,

"Ever yours, most truly,
"SAMUEL ROGERS."

*To his Mother.*

"Friday, 1812.

"My dearest Mother,

"I am very anxious indeed at not hearing from home. *You* were ill when Ellen wrote last, and our dear Kate was on the eve of her trouble; on both of which accounts I am very solicitous about hearing from you. Bessy is getting, I think, a good deal better, and very much, I believe, by the means of milk and chocolate. I know milk does not agree with you, darling Mother; but I should suppose *chocolate* would, and it is very strengthening.

"Did you see the account of the 'Religious Liberty' Dinner at Kilkenny, where they gave, 'Thomas Moore, and the Union of Patriotism and Poetry?' They so seldom do me justice in Ireland, that I rather suspect I was indebted to a man from London, who was there, for this compliment.

"Make Ellen write immediately, with full particulars both about yourself and Kate; and believe me, my dearest Mother,

"Ever your own,

"Tom."

*To his Mother.*

"Tuesday, 1812.

"My dearest Mother,

"I went and dined at the Park yesterday. Lord Moira seems to think that this late victory, instead of confirming the Ministers in their seats, will rather undermine them by tending to *increase* the power of Lord Wel-

lesley, who goes hand in hand with *him;* but I fear he is too sanguine. He has set about *retrenching* at last most manfully, and has dismissed no less than *twenty servants.* There is no doubt but in a few years this system will set him on his legs again.

"I am going to dine with the Stories of Lockington. They offered to send their carriage for Bessy if she would come; but her back gets so weak and painful after dinner, that it is uncomfortable to her to go into society.

"I am beginning to be anxious about a letter from home, and hope, my darling Mother, that you have no returns of your summer illness. Yesterday and to-day are, at last, *true warm* summer with us.

"Ever your own,

"TOM."

*To Miss Dalby.*

"Oakhanger, Wednesday, 1812.

"My dear Mary,

"I arrived here the latter end of last week, and immediately set out upon a *cottage hunt* to Wales, 'the cheapest country in England!' How much people are deceived at a distance! — its cheapness is all a flim-flam, and nothing remains as it used to be, but its glorious scenery.

"We are now packing up to retrace our old steps home towards Derbyshire, &c. &c., and if we are not stopped short by some pretty resting-place near Ashbourn, you may perhaps see us back among the Kegworthies once more. At all events, I think, we shall be very near you.

* * * * * *

"I write this, by command of Bessy, who is buried in

trunks, packing-cases, &c. I fear she has been a sad truant in the way of letter-writing since I left her.

"Ever yours,

T. MOORE."

*To his Mother.*

"Kegworth, 1812.

"My dearest Mother,

"Lord Moira is appointed Governor-General of India, and he and Lady Loudoun, with the three eldest children, are to sail in January next. I cannot possibly tell at present what effect this very important event will have on my destinies, but it appears to me the worst way in the world that he could be provided for for my interests, though the only way by which *his own* could be served in the present state of politics, and the ruined condition of his finances. What he will propose to me I cannot imagine, but they are coming down here in a fortnight, and then I shall know all. I wrote a letter from Cheslyn's to you by Friday's post, and I hope you received it; it was to say that my dearest Father might depend upon my assisting him through his December difficulties. I only want to know the sum he will require, and the time.

"We passed five days at the High Sheriff's very gaily, eating turtle, playing, singing, and dancing.

"I am quite in a fidget about Lord Moira's intentions, and shall be till I see him.

"Ever my darling Mother,

"Your own

"TOM.

"I hope soon to hear that dear Kate is well over her crisis."

*From James Corry, Esq.*

"Lurgan Street, May 16. 1812.

"My dearest Moore,

"I received your letter the day before yesterday, and have been till this hour so much occupied in bustling through the arrear of business that had accumulated in my absence, as to be unable to devote an earlier hour to the duties of friendship. Other men may talk of *their* papers, but *mine* presented such a heap, that had they taken a frolic in *their head* to make an attack upon *my own, another* great man would have been lost to the country.

"I participate most fully and most warmly in *almost* all the feelings which seem to have had possession of you while writing your last letter. I say *almost* all your feelings, for I will not pain you in thinking that either your *honour* or your *happiness* were, or can ever be, in danger. No, my friend; you have done too much to advance and establish *both* to have any fears about *either;* and unless you be the most severe and unreasonable observer of yourself, you must ever have in your own heart a rich and most abundant source of happy, enviable, honourable feeling. *Macte tuâ virtute.*

"I have seen nothing yet of the bill, but don't make yourself uneasy about the provision for it; above all, my dear friend, consider thatt his bill is only to get quit of a debt, which you very properly would not suffer to remain due to a cold and taunting creditor, the language of whose *condescending acquiescence* in your request is infinitely more insulting than he could have possibly rendered a *refusal;* whereas, my proposition to you was to make me your banker, when you wanted money in *advance,* instead of

unprofitably anticipating the fruits of your talents among these *tradesmen*. But let us not be too angry with your correspondent: the magnitude of an offence is only to be measured by its *motive*, and this man, perhaps, instead of *thinking* that his letter was calculated to offend you, *thought*, perhaps, he was writing a kind one; so let it pass. Some one told me that *Carpenter* was considered among the literary men not to be very liberal in money matters, which made me glad that you had formed another connection with one who was thought to be more *friendly*. But 'call you this backing your friends?' I could have wished that your *musical* publisher (if Power's personal kindness had not naturally attached you to him) were a man of more extensive dealing. I may be very hard to please, but the spring of my fastidiousness is a desire to see your talents a source of the greatest profit as well as honour to you, and to see them, too, introduced into the world under the best possible advantages.

"It occurs to me that I could render your future drafts on me most acceptable in England, by opening some correspondence (through La Souche's bank) with a London house, where I could make them payable. If this be necessary, tell me. If you shall have occasion, as I trust you will, to write to me about our book, or Carden, or politics, or what will be infinitely more acceptable to me, about Mrs. Moore or yourself, don't say anything about money in your letters, but put that subject into a separate bit of paper; for the interest which your friends here take in everything that happens to you would make them anxious to hear this and see that, and there is no third person in the world has any right to know anything of our private arrangements. By the by, our dear friend Richard Power and I had much conversation on our journey home

about you; and in every word he said his friendship was apparent. I thought I saw an anxiety in him to open a conversation with me about our both speaking to you, in the honest freedom of friendship, upon this same cursed subject of money,—this '*bane* and *antidote*.' But my own feelings taught me (long before I received your instructions to that effect) the necessity of preserving what we had said to each other *sub mille rosis*, even from *him*; and I only mention the circumstance now to prevent your thinking *my* attachment to you capable of *any* extent, to which *his own* love for you would not lead him.

"We are all looking upon each other here in speechless and horrible surprise at the late occurrence in London. The *private* virtues of the late Mr. Perceval will insure to his memory the most lively and sincere respect, even among those who most condemned his measures.

"Mrs. Corry entreats that Mrs. Moore will accept the assurance of her warmest respect; and she unites with me, my dear friend, in wishing you both many years of health and happiness.

"JAMES CORRY.

"P. S.—The letter is inclosed."

*To James Corry, Esq.*

"Kegworth, Leicestershire, Friday, May 19. 1812.

"My dear Corry,

"We have at last got down to our country retreat, where I have no doubt of surmounting all my difficulties. If we had staid much longer in town, the curiosity to see 'Moore's wife,' combining with the kindness of my friends, would have ruined us. She was asked to the three most

splendid assemblies in London, and Lady Lansdowne's disappointment at her not going to hers was quite diverting. I know all this will give you pleasure, my dearest Corry. What are we to expect next after the late horrors in London? Some change may take place in politics now, but I build no longer upon such phantasies. Ever yours, with best regards,

" T. MOORE.

"Mr. Corry."

*To William Gardiner, Esq.*

"Kegworth, June 24. 1812.

" Dear Sir,

" The more you do me the honour of *valuing* the assistance you expect from me, the more I lament my thoughtlessness in offering it; for I ought to have recollected (when Miss Dalby told me that you wished some verses of mine) that I am no longer a free agent in the disposal of my writings,—at least of those *connected with music*,—having given, by a regular deed, the *monopoly* of all such productions of mine to the Messrs. *Powers* of London and Dublin. These legal trammels were so new to my muse, that she has more than once forgotten herself, and been near wandering into infidelity, very much, I assure you, from the habit of setting no price upon her favours; but I think you will agree with me that it is worth while keeping her within bounds, when I tell you that the reward of her constancy is no less than *five hundred* a year during the time stipulated in the deed. For not complying with your request I need offer no better apology; but for inconsiderately promising what I could not perform I

know not what I can say to excuse myself, except that (and believe me I speak sincerely) the strong wish I felt to show my sense of your merits made me consult my *inclination* rather than my *power;* and it was not till I had actually begun words to one of your airs that I recollected the *faux pas* I was about to commit.

"I thank you very much for the sermons*, which I am reading with great pleasure, and I beg you to believe me, very sincerely yours,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*To James Corry, Esq.*

"Monday, June 29. 1812.

"My dear Corry,

"I have waited for your *post-liminious* letter till I am out of patience, and though I doubt whether this will catch you in Dublin, yet it shall take its chance; and the first thing I feel impatient to express is my very sincere sorrow at the account which you give me of Mrs. Corry's health. I was not a little glad to hear, however, that Cheltenham was recommended to her, as it gives us some faint chance of seeing you both in our humble mansion at Kegworth. Pray bring her. I think it would do her good to see us so happy; and Bessy shall be her handmaid and nurse, and smile her into health again.

"I am afraid your plan of a short season at Kilkenny will not do. So few of your *staunch sitters-out* will think it worth while to go for that short period; and, then, it is too narrow a mark also for your *chance* visitors to hit:

* Sermons by Robert Hall.

when they had the space of three weeks they were sure to make some part of it convenient to them, the least intervention of business now will make them give it up as hopeless; however, you may try, it will add a few pages more to my book, and if I have to record a failure (*quod Deus avertet!*) it will produce a *variety* which I did not expect.

"Politics are, as you say, going to the Devil. I don't know what to make of my friend Lord Moira's conduct. A sword when put into the water will look crooked, and the weak medium of Carlton House may produce an *appearance* of *obliquity* even in Lord M——. But both the sword and he, I trust, are as bright and straight as ever. God bless you.

"Ever yours,
"T. MOORE."

*From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"July 3. 1812.

"My dear Moore,

"Your letters, as full of happiness as kindness, give me great pleasure. I received your last when I was sitting here after dinner in a quartett with Jekyll, Lord Byron, and Sir George Beaumont. Oh! that she and yourself could have made the four six. But somehow or other I would rather have you both to myself under a green hedge, or by a brook-side, where one might talk nonsense, and such nonsense as one likes best. Pray tell her I would not deprive her of her amusement for the world—only tell her she must not be too happy at it. I myself mean to figure as an angler, sooner or later, though I dislike the definition not a little,—a rod with a worm at one

end, and a fool at the other. Your couplet is sanctified by high authority — Eloisa to Abelard — and is not only pardonable, but most beautiful! As for me, I am just finishing the out-set of Columbus; in a few days he and I are to be on the great ocean. To-morrow night I shall be tossed literally, in a mail coach to Glasgow. So pray, pray for me. I hope to visit the Dunmores, and look at the Scotch mountains, from the highest of which I shall pen an epistle to you, my dear Moore. Lord Byron was to have gone part of the way with me, but, alas, his occupations are very different just now. Last night I opened the street door to a knock, between 12 and 1, the servants being in bed. It was a message from him, to offer to take me to a masquerade. Lord Moira, in the kindest manner, had asked me to Donnington, and I had accepted it, — my motive I need not mention to you; but Knight, with whom I am to travel in the north, is now on the road to Glasgow, and I have no alternative but to fly.

" Ever yours,

" SAMUEL ROGERS.

" Here I am still, my dear Moore, and last night I heard Lady Hamilton sing ' Friend of my Soul,' and ' Go where Glory,' to the Regent. He asked ' whose the last was,' and she answered, ' Moore's,' breaking out into a eulogy on the ' Irish Melodies.' Well, now I have changed my plans. You may thank yourself for it, for you are the cause. On Saturday I leave town, and on Sunday evening I hope to raise the dust at Kegworth, and raise a dish of tea (remember I eat no suppers). So pray provide a bed for me at the inn, or under your own roof, as may be most convenient. I mean to stay six and thirty hours with you, my dear Moore, and I must, I

suppose, make my bow at Donnington. Pray go with me there.

"Lord Byron complains bitterly of your silence to him."

### *To Lady Donegal.*

"Kegworth, 1812.

"I went over and dined with the Moiras yesterday, and saw poor Lord M. in his Star and Garter, which he sat down to dinner in, with a couple of parsons and myself, to celebrate the Prince's birth-day! They leave this, I believe, next week, and it is a fine thing to see at last the manly resignation with which he is disbanding whole regiments of servants and horses, and reducing his expenditure to a scale which can hardly exceed two or three thousand a year. I feel most deeply interested about him; and both he and she have given me new cause for the warmest gratitude by their kind attentions to Bessy. Rogers and I had a very pleasant tour of it, though I felt throughout it all, as I always feel with him, that the fear of *losing* his good opinion almost embitters the *possession* of it, and that though, in his society, one *walks upon roses*, it is with constant apprehension of the *thorns* that are among them.

* * * * * *

He left me rather out of conceit with my poem, 'Lalla Rookh' (as his fastidious criticism generally does), and I have returned to it with rather an humbled spirit; but I have already once altered my whole plan to please him, and I will do so no more, for I should make as long a voyage of it as his own 'Columbus' if I attended to all his objections. His *general* opinion, however, of what I have done is very flattering; he only finds fault with

*every part* of it in detail; and this you know is the style of his criticism of characters—'an *excellent* person, *but* ——'

"I find my hour draws near, and I have talked so much of Rogers that I have only time to say I hope Tunbridge has made you both as stout as in our best days of Tunbridge happiness.

"Best love to dear Mary, and believe me,

"Ever yours,

T. MOORE."

*From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Thursday, Aug. 5. 1812.

"My dear Moore,

"I hope you came safe to your own door on the wings of the wind, and found B. and N. well and happy. Pray remember me kindly to both, as well as to the Magpie, and tell me how the first is. As for me, I set off at twelve in a stage, with an old man in a night-cap, — slept four hours at Manchester in a horrible inn, and proceeded at one in the morning by the mail to Kendal and Windermere Lake, where I now am among mountains. Here are Sharp, and Wordsworth, and Mackintosh, who desire to be remembered to you. I have had little leisure, but here are the verses, as I threatened. Pray give me your opinion *forthwith* in a *day or two*, directing to me under cover, to Richard Sharp, Esq., Low Wood Inn, near Kendal, Cumberland.

"In a week I shall go to Keswick, where I hope to see Southey, and remember you to him. I will write again. All you have done, and all you think of doing, rises every hour in my mind.

"CANTO III.

AN ASSEMBLY OF EVIL SPIRITS.

Tho' chang'd my cloth of gold for amice grey—
In my spring-time, when every month was May,
With hawk and hound I cours'd away the hour,
Or sung my roundelay in Lady's bower.
And though my world be now a narrow cell,*
(Renounc'd for ever all I love so well,)
Tho' now my head be bald, my feet be bare,
And scarce my knees sustain my book of prayer,
Oh! I was there — one of that gallant crew †—
Nor of His great, great adversaries knew,
Then uninstructed. But my sand is run —
And the night coming — and my task not done.

'Twas in the deep, immeasurable cave

VARIATIONS.

Oh! I was there among the gallant crew —
Nor his great Foe, his great Preserver knew,
Then uninstructed.

Nor then of his great adversaries knew —

my task undone
ere my task is done"

*From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Keswick, Aug. 21. 1812.

"My dear Moore,

"I have now spent a week alone at this place, walking for the most part of the time in a place so wild and solitary and awful that I think you would have knelt in your devotions. It was among some old oaks in a crevice of the great mountain of Skiddaw, a cataract leaping with

* Many of the first discoverers ended their lives in a cloister. See Bernal Diaz, and other contemporary writers.

† "Voyage of Columbus."

fury from rock to rock by my side. Only two little girls did I ever see there, and they stopped at the sight of me, and made me such long and low reverences, with looks so full of awe, that I began to think myself the deity of the place.

"There it occurred that something was necessary at the beginning of the poem; and as you are now my Magnus Apollo, I must inflict my effusion, as before, upon you. I have two or three readings, and you must tell me your opinion, under cover to the Earl of Lonsdale, Lowther, near Penrith, where I hope to find an answer to my last *affliction* or infliction. Horner passing through Keswick, in his way to Edinburgh, I have procured a frank, so that I am now not drawing upon you for pelf as well as patience.

"By the way, it strikes me that introducing the pronouns 'us' and 'we,' as I suggested in my last, will clash with the lyrical style of the poem, and give the abruptnesses a pompous and unnatural air. Perhaps I had better compound by letting my monk only appear in these introductory passages. *Que pensez vous?*

"Pray forgive me, and pray give my love to the two ladies under your roof, though I have not quite forgiven them, the one for breaking her promise (of going to Matlock), and the other for being the cause of it.

"Yours ever,

"SAMUEL ROGERS.

"I am sorry I have no better paper, but my stock is exhausted, and the stationer of Keswick has shut up shop and gone to the sea for a little bathing.

"Say, who first pass'd the portals of the West,
And the great Secret of the Deep possess'd?

Who first the standard of His Faith unfurl'd
On the dread confines of an unknown world?
Sung ere his coming—and by Heav'n design'd
To lift the veil that cover'd half mankind.
Oh! I would tell of Him!—My hour draws near—
And He will prompt me when I faint with fear.
—Alas! He hears me not! He cannot hear!

VARIATION.

Him would I now invoke! My hour draws near—
And he will strengthen me when faint with fear."

*From Lady Donegal.*

"Tunbridge Wells, August 28. 1812.

"I can never sufficiently admire the reformation that something has wrought in you; for, instead of scolding and reproaching you for never writing to us, I have to make my excuses, as well as I can, for having let two letters of yours remain so long unanswered. Bessy, I conclude, is the reformer, and good luck to her in the undertaking. Your description of Rogers is too like him. How vexatious it is that a man who has so much the power of pleasing and attaching people to him should mar the gifts of nature so entirely by giving way to that sickly and discontented turn of mind, which makes him dissatisfied with every thing, and disappointed in all his views of life. Yet he can feel for others; and, notwithstanding this unfortunate habit he has given himself of dwelling upon the faults and follies of his friends, he really can feel attachment; and to you I am certain he is attached, though I acknowledge that the thorns sometimes make one wish to throw away the roses, and forego the pleasure to avoid the pain. But with all his faults I

like him, though I know he spares me no more than any of his other dear friends. I feel great compassion for Lord Moira, yet wonder how he could ever have expected any thing from the Prince but what he has met with from him, for he knew him; and, in knowing him, how could he hope any good from such a head and heart? He was, however, so gracious as to ask me a second time to Carlton House, though he was not so gracious as to speak to me when he saw me there; this, however, for particular reasons, must rest *entre nous*. We staid in London till the 17th of August, when the workmen turned us out of the house; for we are making great alterations, and I grieve to say that you will hardly know your old haunts again. The house is to be painted and papered from head to foot, and the old crimson couch is to change its colour. So you must come to town this winter, or you can no longer see us in your mind's eye; and I would not give a fig for a friend, or a poet, who could rest satisfied with mere imagination. But I am afraid you are both so horridly comfortable, and so much pleased with the country and with each other, that our chance of seeing you is but small. On our first arrival here we had all sorts of disasters. We have, however, got the better of them by degrees, and we are comfortably settled in a bow-window house on the top of Mount Sion, where we lead quiet sober lives, and scandalise our neighbours by our early hours. The knowing ones say, with a significant look, that 'people do not go to bed at ten o'clock for nothing.' And they are right, for we walk ourselves off our legs all day, and are very glad to go to sleep as early as we can at night. The pantiles were put into an uproar last Tuesday by the arrival of the Princess of Wales on a visit to the Berrys. She brought Lady C.

Campbell and Mrs. and Miss Rawdon with her, but not a man did she bring, or could she get here for love or money, except Sir Philip Francis and old Berry, who, egad, liked the fun of gallanting her about, and enjoyed himself more than the fair daughters did, who were in a grand fuss, and were forsaken in their utmost need by Beaux their former suppers fed, and had to amuse her, as well as they could, with the assistance of a few women that she did not care about.

"Charles Moore is to come here next week, for our consolation. In the mean time there is not a soul in the place that we care about except the Berrys, and now and then thorns are to be met with in that quarter too, but with them many amiable and friendly feelings. But I hardly know where one can turn without meeting with thorns, except to you; and this is no compliment, for it is what Mary and myself often say; and I think, if it were possible for us ever to feel disappointed in you, that we should hang our harp upon a tree, and sing the song of friendship no more.

"Now write to us soon, and tell us how you are both going on in this wicked world. You say that you are about something, and that Rogers has discouraged you with his ifs and his buts; but pray trust to your own judgment, and do not fine and refine your work away to please him. What is the subject? and when is it likely to see light? Mary's love, Philly's, and mine to you, and kindest remembrances to Psyche.

*From Leigh Hunt, Esq.*

"37. Portland Street, Oxford Road, Sept. 13. 1812.

"My dear Sir,

"I am sure you will pardon my delay in answering your very kind and acceptable letter, when I tell you that I have scarcely been able to put pen to paper, notwithstanding what my public duties forced from me occasionally. My disorder has been a bilious one, of a most annoying and hypochondriac description, so that for weeks together I suffered a kind of waking nightmare,—looking on life, at times, even with a sort of horror, though I knew very well all the while (and this made it worse) that I had nothing to make me unhappy. If I had had a bad conscience to boot, or a sorry taste, or an irresistible appetite for cutlets and noyau, the prince might have concluded himself revenged; but I was not quite so far gone; though of such strange materials are we and our philosophy composed, that a potato or a glass of milk would cause me more trouble than all the princes and attorney-generals put together. However, I am now, thank Heaven, getting better and returning heartily to my books; and one of the first pleasures, which I hasten to seize, is to thank you for your inquiries, and return (if you will allow me) all the cordiality which suggested them.

"You gratify me much by liking my verses in the 'Reflector,' and infinitely more (highly as I value your praise) by ratifying, with your own mouth, the conclusions they had drawn from the character of your later poetry. In this world, where Providence appears to be at work with certain stubborn materials in order to ex-

tract eventual good out of evil—perhaps eventual perfection out of an original fatality of frailty—it is of the last importance that all those who can draw to them the delighted attention of their fellow-creatures should be on the best side of things; but I will not trouble you with metaphysics, or throw a sermonising air upon that cause, which you will so well know how to recommend with all its natural graces. I recognised your hand in the 'Insurrection of the Papers,' in the 'Plumassier,' too, and in several other little pieces since, if I am not mistaken, not excepting a parody of Horace the other day. In pieces like the last, the musical flow of the composition would betray you, even if you could get rid of your lightsomeness of wit and felicity of adaptation. You rejoice me by the promise you have thrown out to the 'Examiner' on this head. During the vacation of Parliament, and in the absence of better original matter, I have been rummaging my portfolio myself, and shall have a succession of little effusions, poetical and otherwise, as well as the 'Chronicle;' so I give you fair warning. This morning I have published an imitation of Catullus's 'Acme and Septimius,'* as a sort of *amende honorable* for a common-place parody which I made when a youngster; and next Sunday there will be an improved republication of a version which I made of another delicious little thing of his, the 'Return Home to Sirmio.'† I choose these felicitous originals—whether I succeed in them or no—as studies of expression, having been over head and ears for some time in styles, and rhythms, and structures of verse, on account of a poem which I am now writing, and which, I hope, may possess a more serious claim on your approbation

* Carmen 45. † Carmen 31.

than anything which has hitherto had the good fortune to please you.

"But I am talking here most ungallantly of myself. Allow me sincerely to congratulate you on your marriage, the blessings of which state I have experienced and respected, without losing a jot of my proper feeling for what is amatory. I had heard of it before, as you guess; but I have so been in the habit, for years past, of hearing all sorts of reports, and finding them untrue, that I neither believed nor disbelieved it. I am contented to wait for these matters till the parties, who know most on the subject, choose to tell me themselves. However, since you have raised my curiosity, I hope you think yourself bound to satisfy it. I see so much heart in you (which has indeed encouraged me to use this freedom of language), that I am persuaded, the more I know of it, the more I shall wish to know. Pray offer my respects and good wishes to Mrs. Moore, and tell her that we shall look to her in future for a proper account of you in the literary world. To be a father must be a delight as great as it is new to you, if I can judge from what my own feelings were when my first was born; for you must no longer talk of my child, since I have two boys now instead of one. You say you can furnish a 'companion picture' for one of them, but can you furnish a wife? for you do not say whether it is a boy or girl, and this is a great oversight in matters of grave family communication. I envy your library, and should envy your rural retirement, were I not upon the look-out for some such place myself in the neighbourhood of Hampstead,—a spot of which I am particularly fond. Pray write to me when you have an hour to spare. Mrs. Hunt desires her best

respects and congratulations, and she is quite as sincere on these occasions as, dear Sir, yours very truly,

" LEIGH HUNT."

*From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Hamilton, Oct. 22. 1812.

" My dear Moore,

" Letters being once more free (would that all mankind were) I seize the first moment to beg you will accept as many thanks as there are miles between us at this moment for your ready compliance with my request, when I troubled you with my rhymes from Keswick vale. Your criticisms were as just as they were friendly, and like yourself; and, though from being obliged to do something I was led to venture in the face of your verdict in one instance, I shall not rest till I have satisfied you and myself too with something better.

" Poor Byron! what I hear and read of his prologue makes me very angry. Of such value is public favour! So a man is to be tried by a copy of verses thrown off perhaps at hazard, and *invitâ Minervâ*. The same injustice, probably, awaits 'Rokeby' if it proves a flash in the pan.

" I was rejoiced to hear you were again at work. I hope you are still so, and as happy as you can be in this world. Happy, indeed, you must be, circumstanced as you are. Pray remember me very affectionately to Psyche. She may say what she will, I must still love her, and I hope you, my dear Moore, will forgive me if I do. 'Tisn't my fault, but hers. My sister wants to know whether she is still as interesting as we all thought her in

town. With regard to your verses, if you like them, you may rely upon it we shall, and I am very sure we shall. To tell you the truth, I had no conception that anybody in so short a time could have so imbued his mind with Eastern literature. Your garments could not have been more fragrant if you had just left a cinnamon grove.

"As for me, I have led a vagabond life since we parted, among lochs and mountains, tartain-plaids, and Erse-songs. Had I found Mary and her little court in Holy-Rood, and had I supped now and then with her and Rizzio in her little chamber there — any night but one — I could scarcely have been better pleased, for no where could I have been received with more kindness than in Scotland. I wrote a letter some time ago to Lady Donegal, but have had no answer; I will hope, however, she and her sister are well. I wait here a day or two in the expectation of seeing Jeffrey, who is coming, as he says, on purpose to see me. He brings Dugald Stewart; and when they go I shall take my flight homewards. Farewell, my dearest Moore, and believe me to be, as ever, yours very affectionately,

"SAMUEL ROGERS.

"Poor Mrs. Pigou! There never was a finer mind, or a more feeling heart. No day has passed away since without my thinking of her."

### *To Lord Moira.*

(Extract.)

"Kegworth, Nov. 4. 1812.

"My Lord,

"I had the pleasure of hearing of your lordship's appointment near a week ago from those friends in this

neighbourhood to whom it was communicated; but I did not feel myself authorised to address you upon the subject till I had received the intelligence from those public sources through which it is now known to every one.

"Though I read the fate of Ireland in your government being withheld from her, and though I think her last, last hope is now leaving her, yet I cannot but congratulate your lordship on being removed to so honourable an appointment, far away from the contemplation of evils which you are not suffered to remedy or even alleviate.

"THOMAS MOORE.

"To the Earl of Moira."

*From Lady Donegal.*

"Tunbridge Wells, Dec. 3. 1812.

"I believe I ought not to rejoice on hearing that you are *not* going to India with Lord Moira. Yet I cannot, if I was to die for it, look grave upon the occasion. I should look much graver if I were to hear that you were packing and preparing for your departure; and as the newspapers say that you have been at Donnington lately, I wish you would *stir yourself*, and tell us if anything upon this subject passed between you and Lord M——, or if he means to negotiate any place for you at home, which he might do, and which would answer much better for you than any appointment he could give you in India, where the expenses are more than adequate to the pay; and you are such a thoughtless fellow, that, with all Bessy's preaching and praying, she would never be able to keep you within bounds, where all was extravagance and profusion around you.

"I am, for all these reasons, quite sure that even a small place at home would be more desirable for you; and I do not think, exclusive of everything else, that you have health for the East Indies; and I am selfish enough not to be satisfied with *hearing* that my friends are happy, I must see it, and enjoy it with them. Now for all these wise and good reasons I sincerely hope to hear that you are not thinking of leaving England.

"Did you see Rogers when you were in Town? and is it true that he has at last published his 'Columbiad?' If he has, I hope it will be well received, and kindly treated by the reviewers; for I have a sneaking kindness for him, which gives me an interest in all his little affairs.

"The gallant gay Lothario of the day has been here also. He is now gone to attend his duty in Parliament and elsewhere, and his family remain here, as does Lady Wellington and her brothers; but we see nothing of them all, except in our walks, and live very quiet retired sort of lives, such as you would have thought dull enough once; but Bessy has taught you another story, and you now think that *home* is a very pretty place, and that one may pass one's time very agreeably there without the *turmoils* of a large society. Our kindest remembrances to Bessy. She will think us very free and easy for calling her so familiarly, but we cannot help it; and I have not time now to make fine speeches on the occasion. Both sisters beg to be affectionately remembered to you. Ever yours most truly and sincerely, &c.

"B. D."

*From James Perry, Esq.*

"Strand, Dec. 4. 1812.

"My dear Sir,

"I am, I must own, extremely surprised at the conduct of the noble Earl (Lord Moira); for I had concluded that his vanity, if not his feeling of necessity, would have led him to importune you to accompany him as his sheet anchor and his standard—as his security and his fame. Your judgment, I think, would have made you decline the invitation, but I had no doubt that it would have been made. Console yourself with the reflection that may be for the best: it will be for the best if it shall make you resolve to draw on the resources and energies of your own mind for treasure and renown. You have only to resolve to be rich, and you will be so. You see the taste is for poetry, and a work from your pen would be seized on at your own price. And, *en attendant*, I feel infinitely obliged to you for giving me leave to speak to you frankly on this topic. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to have your most cordial and assiduous aid in my paper in a conspicuous department; but that I am aware would not be suitable to your views nor agreeable to your taste. But in the way that you yourself suggest—your occasional contribution of whatever strikes you—will be most acceptable, and shall be held in the strictest confidence, as I do assure you I have hitherto kept your secret most inviolably; and I shall be happy to honour your drafts for 200*l.* a year as an inadequate recompense, but from the enormous expense of the disgusting, though necessary, reports of Parliamentary chattering, I am forced to limit myself to this offer. Of course I can

hope only for your *égaremens de l'esprit*, for the fruits of idleness, the alteratives from severer thought. I am mortified at the idea of your having been suspected as the writer of any of the delectable effusions with which you favoured me; but I can answer for it that it is only surmise, and not information. If I had seen the same morsels in another paper, I should have drawn the same inference—for the delicacy of the *tournure*, the music of the versification, the fancy of the thoughts, could only be the offspring of your Muse. I do assure you that I have done everything that depended on me for concealment, and the secret of Junius has not been more closely kept than yours. By the by, you know I am under engagement for Lord Eldon's costume. Pray enable me to pay my debt.

"You think of coming nearer Town. I think from every consideration,—of society, of books, of the incitement of Town, as well as of economy,—it would be better. And if you resolve on it, pray honour Mrs. Perry and me with your company, by making Tavistock House your home in the interval of your settlement. Make our best respects to Mrs. Moore, and believe me to be,

"My dear Sir,

"Most faithfully yours,

"JA. PERRY.

"P. S. We have great news to-day. Bulletins stating that Bonaparte has suffered almost irreparable losses near Smolensko. I inclose the 'Sun.'

"I have got a frank through the messenger at the House of Commons, from a stranger to us both."

*To James Corry, Esq.*

"Monday, Dec. 30. 1812.

"My dear Corry,

"A right merry Christmas to you and yours! You have contributed not a little to enliven mine by the inclosure which accompanied your last letter, amounting to 181*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.*, as well as I can recollect, for the sum is wonderfully '*mutatus ab illo*' since the day before yesterday.

"And now to return to our editorial labours, — first premising to you that you are the treasure of treasures in this line of industry, and that you would be worth any money to an *omne-editing* man like Walter Scott. Indeed, if the linen trade could spare you to literature (where you certainly would be much more at *home*), I think you and I together might set up such a book manufactory as would leave the Stephenses and Gronoviuses quite behind us. Never was anything so clear and convenient as the arrangement you have made of the papers for me. There are, however, two, I think, wanting (beside those which you marked down as deficient), and I have the memorandum of them among my papers, but not just at hand now, to tell them to you. I wish we could get rid of the prologues and epilogues altogether. I dare say there are not six lines 'nantes in *gurgite vasto*' which are worth saving. I include my own in this denunciation, for they are both *very bad*, and I think it is much better to let our posterity *imagine* what sallies of wit and fancy must have been struck out during the Institution, than to embody such a mass of evidence against ourselves *to the*

*contrary.* In my opinion a slight sketch of the progress of private theatricals in Ireland, a list of the company of Kilkenny for each season, with the plays acted, and the casts of the principal characters; a series of portraits of those chiefly concerned, with brief notices of their talents, &c., would comprise all that could be in the least degree interesting, and would be a much more tasteful monument of our establishment than this ponderous load of play-bills, and this swarm of 'wounded snakes,' that 'drag their slow lengths along' in the form of prologues and epilogues. This, however, is merely my opinion; it makes not the least difference in *my* part of the business, only that I feel I should be deficient in proper zeal for this undertaking if I did not both *think* of what would be *best,* and *tell* what I think fairly. At the same time I by no means expect that any one of you will agree with me; and indeed, as perhaps the feelings of some of our oldest members might be hurt by the sacrifice of so large a portion of the materials, I by no means press it. All, therefore, I shall suggest is, that as there *must* be a *canister* at the *tail* of the book, it ought to be of as *light construction,* and as little of a *trumpery canister* as possible. Selections, perhaps, might be made, and you would find me a true *Brutus* in this task, for my own children should be the first to go to the block. Talking of my own children, there is a very awkward error of the press in the answer to the Charitable Institutions which I wrote. I do not quite remember the words of the sentence, but it is something like 'whatever difficulties, &c. &c., by your co-operation we were enabled to surmount *them,*' where the word 'them' is omitted, to the no small mutilation of the grammar and construction. I suppose the same error was in the Kilkenny paper.

"When you first mentioned the idea of an 'author's night,' I thought it was merely one of those momentary speculations which flash before one's eyes and vanish; but as you seem to be, with true friendly feeling, following up the intention, I think it but fair to tell you that I would by no means accept of it. If Dublin had many such ingredients in its mixture as you, Power, Dalton, and a *very* few more, I would look upon a tribute of this kind as not only advantageous, but honourable, and should reckon up the '*golden* opinions' of *such* 'sorts of men' with great pleasure; but alas, alas! to lay myself under an obligation to —— and ——, and to have tickets, ostensibly for my benefit, circulating among the low, illiberal, puddle-headed, and gross-hearted herd of Dublin (that 'palavering, slanderous set,' as Curran once so well described them to me), — this, my dear Corry, would never do. No, no! a man must indeed think with the often-quoted *night-man* of antiquity, 'bonus odor nummi ex *re quâlibet.*' Who would receive it reeking from such uncleanly sources? I love Ireland, but I despise Dublin; nor has it one claim on my gratitude (speaking of it as a public) to prevent my doing so. I have never been valued by them as I am here, and I question whether, even in a *lucrative* point of view, you would not be grievously disappointed in your hopes of making a house for me. My 'Melologue' (which is good writing compared to such a thing as 'M. P.') never, that I know of, drew a soul to the theatre in Dublin. Therefore, pray put it out of your head, my dear friend, and tell Dalton and Power my reasons, at the same time assuring them that I feel as I ought all their goodness in proposing it.

"I am truly happy to hear that Dalton has got such a comfortable addition to his income. If anything could spoil

such a good fellow as Dalton, I think accepting a place from the hands of Wellesley Pole would go near to effect it; but I am convinced his *heart* is place-proof, which, in these times, is saying a good deal for it. Your description of the *Pole's* turning towards the *milky way* is highly amusing.

"Well, I have written enough, God knows! so good bye, my dearest Corry, and believe me,

"Ever sincerely yours,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"I dined with a party of statesmen yesterday,—Tierney, Ponsonby, Erskine, &c. They all look very *blue*, and not the *Prince's blue*, I assure you.

"I wish you would frank the enclosed letter to Joe Atkinson, *Atanna, Ballynakill.* He wouldn't thank the angel Gabriel for a letter, if it was not franked."

*To Miss Godfrey.*

"Mayfield Cottage, Thursday night, 1813.

"We slept in our cottage, for the first time, last night, after having served an ejectment on the *ghosts*, who have been its only occupants for some time past. We have the luck of getting into haunted houses; for our Kegworth mansion, though as matter-of-fact a *barn* as ever existed, must needs affect the *spirituel*, and had actually the reputation of being *troubled.* There is certainly every conveniency *here* that a ghost could require, and we see nothing like a habitation from our windows, except just the upper part of an old church, which stands at half-a-mile distance among the trees; so that we really are (as our landlord pronounces it) as *lural* as possible, and I feel quite happy

at my emancipation from the methodists and manufacturers that swarmed about us at Kegworth. We are, however, as yet, but very imperfectly settled, and, till I can get my little library up comfortably, the fields are my study; my 'books in the running brooks, sermons in stones,' &c. &c. We have had an exceeding good riddance of our widow, who is about the most trumpery person I ever met with, and the more tiresome and oppressive to us, as we were obliged to seem grateful to her for a vast deal of really very good-natured but, at the same time, very disagreeable civilities. She is romancing about coming to live near us! but I sincerely hope some captain or other may lay hold of her and her jointure, and spare us the pain of *cutting* so very dear a friend.

"We walked this evening into Ashbourne, and brought back some peas for our supper, which Bessy carried in a little basket upon her arm, as happily and prettily as any market-girl in Derbyshire.

"One of the very few pleasures I look forward to, that do not depend upon *myself*, is that of hearing frequently from you and dear Mary; so mind you do not disappoint me, and let me hear all the gossip you can collect for me.

"Ever yours.

"Best remembrances to sister Philly.

"T. M.

"Do not tell Rogers you have heard from me till I have time to write to him, which will be in a day or two."

*To Miss Godfrey.*

"Mayfield, 1813.

"I was a good deal relieved from my apprehensions about Lady Donegal by your letter, for though you mention colds, &c., I was afraid, from what Rogers said in his letter, that her old complaint had returned with more violence than usual, as he mentioned that she was obliged to consult Baillie, and I always couple his name with something serious and *clinical*. But indeed, Rogers himself, in the next line to this intelligence, mentioned having met her at Gloucester House the Saturday preceding; which (unless *aqua regalis* or *royal wish-wash* was among the doses prescribed by Baillie), I did not think looked like very serious indisposition. If *wishing* you both well and happy, and free from all the ills of this life, could in any way bring it about, I should be as good a physician for both your bodies and souls as you could find anywhere. So you insist upon my taking my poem to Town with me? I will, if I can, you may be sure; but I confess I feel rather down-hearted about it. Never was anything more unlucky for me than Byron's invasion of this region, which when I entered it, was as yet untrodden, and whose chief charm consisted in the gloss and novelty of its features; but it will now be over-run with clumsy adventurers, and when I make my appearance, instead of being a leader as I looked to be, I must dwindle into an humble follower—a Byronian. This is disheartening, and I sometimes doubt whether I shall publish it at all; though at the same time, if I may trust my own judgment, I think I never wrote so well before. But (as King Arthur, in 'Tom Thumb,' says) 'Time will tell;' and in the mean

time, I am leading a life which but for these anxieties of fame, and a few ghosts of debt that sometimes haunt me, is as rationally happy as any man can ask for. You want to know something of our little girls. Barbara is stout and healthy, not at all pretty, but very sensible-looking, and is, of course, to be everything that's clever. The other little thing was very ill-treated by the nurse we left her with in that abominable Cheshire, but she is getting much better, and promises to be the prettier of the two. Bessy's heart is wrapped up in them, and the only pain they ever give me is the thought of the precariousness of such treasures, and the way I see that *her* life depends upon *theirs*. She is the same affectionate, sensible, and unaffected creature as a mother that she is as a wife, and devotes every thought and moment to them and me. I pass the day in my study or in the fields; after dinner I read to Bessy for a couple of hours, and we are in this way, at present, going through Miss Edgeworth's works, and then after tea I go to my study again. We are not without the distractions of society, for this is a very gay place, and *some* of the distractions I could dispense with; but being far out of the regular road, I am as little interrupted as I could possibly expect in so very thick a neighbourhood. Thus you have a little panorama of me and mine, and I hope you will like it.

"Good-bye. Ever yours,

"T. MOORE."

*To Lady Donegal.*

"Mayfield, 1813.

"You may be assured that I was anything but angry on reading your kind lecture: the only thing is that I

think you *quite* mistook me, for, as far as I can recollect, my feelings were by no means those of *levity* when I wrote that letter, and if they wore that air, it was only from the habit one has got of giving a light turn to everything, the present age being so very anti-sentimental that every one is obliged to go in gay masquerade, and 'no black dominos are admitted' on any account. As for the rest, I believe you and I differ a little in our opinion of virtue — at least if you think, as you seem to do, that there would be more merit in having *lost* one's former propensities than in *conquering* them: in *my* mind the struggle makes all the virtue.

"'When the sea is calm
All boats alike show mastership in floating.'

It is he that steers steadily onward, in spite of the surge of passion beneath, and the songs of Sirens around, who deserves the praise of resolution and virtue; and I cannot help thinking that I, poor Scaramouche, here, with all my love of pleasure and of folly as fresh on me as ever, yet leading a life of patriarchal purity, and *happy* in it, am a much greater hero in virtue than if all my said propensities were gone to sleep, and I had nothing to do but put on my night-cap and snooze quietly by their side. I know you will say that this is a very ticklish situation for poor virtue to be placed in; — but no matter, the more danger the more honour; and bad as it is to go wrong from *too much* feeling, it is, at least, a duller thing to go right only from the *want* of it. I have a lovely, pure, and attached wife, and a smiling, rosy, pug-nosed child, one look from whom, if I were in the very claws of Old Nick, would loosen his grasp and restore me to heaven again. And now, having given you one of those open confessions that are as good for the soul, they say, as other aperients

are for the body, I must tell you that my book, such as it will be (for various calamities of criticism, anticipation, forestalment, &c., have made it very unlike what it was intended), shall most certainly come out in the course of this spring. What a nice opportunity it would be *now*, while Jeffrey's in America! When some savage French reviewer died, Bensarade wrote an epigram, which ended,

"'Dieu merci!—Je vais faire imprimer mon livre.'

"What you tell me about Mackintosh is very delightful, if the compliment does not die, under the editor's bow-string, before it meets the light. So many pretty things have been lately *going* to happen to me! I was *going* to be very rich from the American war, and Lord Byron tells me he was *going* to dedicate the 'Bride of Abydos' to me. If you come to that, 'how do *you* like the "Bride of Abydos?"' In the country we never know *how* we like things till we hear how you like them in London.

"I have not time for more now. Best love to Mary.

"Ever yours,

"T. M.

"We had a grand ball here the other night, and you cannot imagine the sensation that Bessy excited; her dress was very pretty, and 'beautiful,' 'beautiful,' was echoed on all sides. I was (as the poet says) as pleased as Punch!

"The note to Longmans is of some consequence, so pray let it go soon: the twopenny-post will do."

*From Miss Godfrey.*

"London, Feb. 22. 1813.

"It is a certain fact, that since I heard from you I have, in my own mind, written you five or six letters, as excellent as ever were penned, though penned they never were. How should they, when I never had a pen in my hand since I sent you off my last little flying reproach? And how could I have a pen in a hand that was never divested of a needle, thread, and thimble, except when I was nursing the sick or conversing with carpenters and upholsterers? This is all as much as to say that I have been very busy; first, preparing to go to Brighton with Lady Shaftesbury; secondly, taking care of Bab, whose illness prevented my leaving town; thirdly, helping to make the furniture, and assisting in putting our house in proper order fit for people to live in. I have still too much to do to allow me to write a long letter, which is so much the better for you, but a short one I must write in answer to yours. Your first letter, after wandering about the world, reached us long after your second. As to Lord M.'s conduct to you, one can have but one opinion of it; and it is better for him that that opinion should not be expressed — it would be only uselessly adding to the weight of censure that he has lately drawn upon himself, for the friend and the statesman appear to be pretty nearly made up of the same weak, miserable materials. All the good points of his character are mined by his weaknesses. And there is something very melancholy in seeing how completely he has outlived all the visionary splendour that so long surrounded his name. We were

heartily sorry, however, that you let him off so easily. Why did you not accept his offers, such as they were? it was still keeping up a claim on him. Your answer he will take as a discharge in full; and he satisfies his *honour*, I dare say, in the reflection that he has made the offer. And, my dear Moore, as to your political opinions, it was very fine to indulge in them and act up to them while there was a distant perspective in so doing of fame or emolument, and at the same time a feeling that the triumph of such opinions, and the success of the party you belonged to, might be conducive to the prosperity of your country. But now when those opinions have less and less influence, and that party less and less consideration, — when your family is increasing, and your wants of course increasing with it, — don't you think prudence should have its turn? Would not your love for your wife, and anxiety for the welfare of your children, reconcile you to some little sacrifice of political opinions? I have a great deal of good reasoning upon this subject in my own mind for you, but there it must remain at present, lest I should tire you without convincing you. I wish we could see you and talk the matter over with you; I should not then despair of sending you back a complete rat. The time of Roman virtue, if such a thing ever existed, is gone by; and why will you remain bolt upright, talking of systems and opinions to people who are only thinking of places and pensions, and only trying to get into power that they may have the full enjoyment of them? Get into place and power whenever you can, and tell a plausible story how a sudden light from heaven shone upon you and convinced you. Your wife and children will be all the better for it, and yourself and your country not a bit the worse. Now that you see what a state of depravity

my politics are in, I shall answer your questions regularly. First, we are not both quite well: Bab has been very ill with a very severe epidemic cold and cough. She is now much better, though not yet quite well. Secondly, we retain the kindest remembrance, and the warmest interest, for you and Bessy, of whose confinement we beg you will inform us. We shall be most happy to hear that she gets over it well. We see Rogers often in the morning, but he does not dine here, as we have only one room that we can inhabit at present, and we have not yet dined with him. I sometimes like him very much, and sometimes I think him so given up, body and soul, to the world, and such a worshipper of my Lords and my Ladies that I think it a great waste of any of my little spare kind feelings to bestow them upon him. Love without a coronet over it goes for nothing in his eyes. However, he amuses me, and I had rather be upon kind terms with him than not. Bab is more his than I am; she sees him with kinder eyes, and shuts them oftener to his follies. Her affairs in Ireland are all settled for the future, but the arrears come in very slowly, which is a great inconvenience, as she has a considerable fine for the renewal of this house to pay off, beside great expense for the repairs, &c.; but patience and economy will at last, I hope, set her affairs right, and they are now so far settled as not to worry her, which is a great point gained. The secret about the Princess Charlotte and Lady De Clifford was only that the Prince chose she should have another governess, and the Princess Charlotte chose to keep her good old snuffy woman, who had always let her do as she liked. She resisted the new appointment stoutly, but at last yielded. Bab never thought of applying for the place, and to you and one or two more friends she owns,

without scruple, she would never have accepted it had it been offered; but, from her intimacy with the Queen and Princesses, she does not volunteer this declaration. The Princess of Wales has made a fine uproar: they say, however, there are no proofs for a divorce, and so things are to remain just as they are. Lady A. Hamilton is her favourite lady of the bedchamber, and the honour of writing the letter lies between her and Mr. Brougham. He denies it, but rather faintly; and as he asked Rogers what Ward thought about it, it looks as if he had a little hand in it. Sir F. Burdett, they say, repents his promised motion, and is coming round to the Prince. 'Rokeby' is cried down. The bell rings; so with kindest love to you and Bessy from us all, believe me,

"Ever yours,

"M. G.

"Bab will soon write, but says you are too lazy, and you put her out of patience.

"After writing at full gallop to catch the post, John brings me back my letter to say that it was wrong dated. I am glad he found out the mistake, as I am sure it is not worth postage. If I had time I'd write you a better, but I have not, so this shall go as it is to-morrow."

*To Miss Dalby.*

"Oakhanger Hall, April 8. 1813.

"My dear Mary,

"Bessy is so occupied with Mrs. ——, that she has not a moment to spare for writing to you, and therefore has deputed the very agreeable but hasty task to me. What do you think? On our arrival within four miles of

this place, we heard (what I had often strongly anticipated) that poor old —— was dead! He died the day but one before we came. You may imagine the perplexity this threw us into, for I regarded our visit as completely frustrated, and I passed a miserable night at the miserable inn of Sandbach, turning over in my mind, with an anxiety I have seldom felt, the extreme awkwardness of our situation, and the difficulty I should find in disposing of myself and the dear little group along with me, after our abandonment of house, furniture, and everything like a home. The morning, however, soon dissipated all this gloom; for, in answer to a note which I sent Mrs. ——, there arrived a gay barouche, and two smiling servants, who conveyed us and our baggage hither, and, if there was not such a thing as a *corpse* still in the house, you would scarcely suppose that Death had ever showed his ugly face within the walls. The son-in-law and daughter are expected every hour, and after the will-reading and funeral are over, I think we shall all be as if nothing had happened. Mrs. —— takes most violently to Bessy, and as dispossession from Oakhanger (if at all) will not be enforced for at least a year, we shall get on for three or four months quite as pleasantly as we expected. The place is beautiful. We have a suite of delightful rooms that open into each other;—a bedroom, my study, and a room for the maid and Barbara; and I write to you now at a window that looks over a sweet little lake and a glorious country. Your little daughter was very ill indeed on our arrival, but we have got a wet-nurse for her, and she already begins to recover and revive.

"Bessy sends her best love,—she is always talking to

them about you. Ever, my dear Mary, your sincere friend,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*To James Corry, Esq.*

"Abergeley, Sunday, June, 1813.

"My dear Corry,

"I seize the very first quiet moment I have had for two months to give you some little account of myself, and ask pardons innumerable for my long and most criminal silence; but, if you know the way (or rather the million ways) I was pulled about in Town, and the difficulty I found in snatching a minute for my *daily* letters to Bessy, you would forgive me without hesitation, and only think of congratulating me on being released from a bustle and dissolution, always so bewildering, and now become so very uninteresting to me. I went through it, indeed, quite as a task, for I thought it a good thing to see and be seen a little, and to put the springs of my town friendships in play again, lest they should grow rusty from disuse. You will be glad, I am sure, to hear that, in this point of view, I have every reason to be delighted with my visit; I never met with more kindness, and certainly never with half so much deference, or half so many flattering tributes to me both as a man and an author. My conduct with Lord Moira is known to all those whom one is anxious to please, and I find it has got me indeed much more credit than I deserve for it. You will be surprised, too, to hear that the *Post-bag* has done me infinite service,—so differently do things sometimes turn out from what their tendency, at the first cursory glance, appears

to be! Whether it be from any talent shown in it, or its courage, or the general dislike towards the Prince, nothing I ever wrote has gained me so much *pleasant* fame.

I am here *cottage-hunting*, but with so little success that I believe I shall try back towards my old ground in Derbyshire, or thereabouts. Wales is certainly so far from everything civilised, that nothing but its scenery and its cheapness could recommend it to one. The former, of course, remains always beautiful; but as to *cheapness*, it is become quite a humbug: if I may parody a line of my friend Byron's,—

"'Beef, mutton, poultry fails, but Nature still is fair.'

Your letter, inclosing the draft, travelled to Kegworth, Cheshire; and at length, after these easy stages, reached me in town, from whence it returned, both letter and draft, unanswered, unaccepted, unannealed, to Cheshire again, where it now lies; but the moment I get back again you shall have the valuable instrument you enclosed, with all the validity that a poet's name can give it. A bill like this resembles those animals that lie in a torpid state for months together, and I shall be but too happy if I am able to *waken* it into *cash* in November.

"Give my best regards to Mrs. Corry, and believe me, my dear Corry, ever your very attached friend,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*To James Corry, Esq.*

"Ashbourne, July 1. 1813.

"My dear Corry,

"At last I have found a resting place, and you may now direct to me, in the true poetic style, to 'Mayfield

Cottage, Ashbourne, Derbyshire.' I have got a pretty little stone-built cottage, in the fields by itself, about a mile and a half from the very sweetly situated town of Ashbourne, for which I am to pay twenty pounds a-year rent, and the taxes come to three or four pounds more; but though this sounds so cheap, yet the expenses of furnishing, and the beautiful capabilities of the place, which tempt one into improvement so irresistibly, will make it, I fear, rather a dear little spot to me. Once done, however, to my mind (if the supplies will enable me to do it so), I think I shall not be easily induced to quit it, but shall keep it on still as a *scribbling retreat*, even though I should, in a year or two, find it more to my purpose to live in London; but certainly until my *Grande Opus* is finished, I could not possibly have a more rural or secluded corner to court the Muses in. We are fitting up a little room for a friend; and though it has but a low ceiling and cottage windows to it, yet I flatter myself we could make you and Mrs. Corry comfortable in it, if you would take us in your way to Matlock, Buxton, or any other given gay place you may be bound to. We are within four miles of that most poetical of all spots, Dovedale.

"At length, my dear good fellow, after my long, long incubation, I have hatched your draft into something like an acceptance; and all I ask is, if it passes out of your own hands, that you will give me timely notice, that I may be fully prepared to ward off the '*irrevocabile* telum.'

"I do not remember whether I told you that I was solicited very flatteringly, while I was in town, to lecture at the Royal Institution next year. Campbell has just concluded his lectures. I should not have disliked it, but

by Rogers's advice and that of some other friends (who thought it *infra dig.*) I declined it. A day or two since I received a very cordial letter from Whitbread, containing a most urgent entreaty that I should undertake something for Drury Lane. This, however, I shall not think of till after my poem.

"Write soon, my dear Corry, and tell me all about the health and happiness of yourself and your dear Maria.

"Ever yours, faithfully,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"My Bessy and babes are quite well, and would *all* jump with joy to see you."

*From James Perry, Esq.*

"Strand, July 2. 1813.

"My dear Sir,

"Your letter came to my hand seasonably, as I am going out of town to-morrow. I sincerely hope that you have made a happy choice of a retreat, though I cannot avoid thinking, that for every purpose of retirement and economy, you might have been as fortunate in your selection within an hour's walk of London. I have ordered your paper to be forwarded to your new address. I dare say that you have a bank at Ashbourne (for what village is without one?) and if so, they will give you money for a draft on me. In the meantime I enclose you 30*l.* in part of the 75*l.* bill transmitted to me, and you will please to draw on me for the remainder. Do not talk of balances. It will give me very sincere pleasure, as you may believe, to hear from you and to know that you are pro-

ceeding in your great work. With kind respects to Mrs. Moore,

"Faithfully yours,
"JAS. PERRY."

*From James Corry, Esq.*

"Lurgan Street, Dublin, July 9. 1813.

"Everything, my dear Moore, that contributes to your fame, your interests, or your happiness, must be most gratifying to us, and therefore your *two* last letters (strange you should have *two* unanswered) have been the occasion of most sincere congratulation and comfort to Maria and me.

"You have indeed, my dearest Moore, in this *remote part* of this *remote town*, two very warm and very faithful friends; two, who, believe me, Moore, will yield to none of the many great ones in the gay world you have lately left, in affectionate attachment to you.

"It were vain to tell you, therefore, with what joy I read your account of your reception in London. That it was *everything* it *ought* to have been is very evident, because you were satisfied with it *yourself;* for if statesmen, warriors, and poets are not hard to please in these particulars, then are they a class of gentlemen very cruelly calumniated by the rest of the world.

"Of the prodigious sale and popularity of your *Post-bag* I had heard from various quarters; our latest account was through Lord Ormonde, who arrived a few days before your letter; and though its success must only make my poor judgment in these matters appear more humble to you than it ever was before, yet I think I

could rejoice in your happiness, though it were only procurable by a greater sacrifice to myself than that. No, Moore; the qualities which *I* possess to entitle me (if anything can entitle me) to an occasional letter from your pen, or render one of mine worth opening, are not those of the *head,* and therefore in the truest freedom of my heart you must let me tell you what I think of the offspring of your muse; and when my opinion fails in appealing to your judgment, it may at least have a favourable influence on your *spirits*—*utrumq. paratus.*

"The respect paid to your name at the University dinner had been previously communicated to me in a very circumstantial account of that day's proceedings by our worthy friend Power. From *his* letters, as well as from former letters from *yourself,* I am well aware of the unfavourable opinion you have of the estimation in which you are held by your own country. You think it is not as *kind* and as *partial* as it *might* be, nor even as *just* as it *ought* to be; and you rest that opinion, I know, among other things, upon the circumstance of your health being omitted at a public meeting at Belfast, where the name of every one, however remotely connected with the literary fame of the country, was toasted. I am reluctantly obliged to agree with you in the most of what you feel: the public mind of Ireland, if ever it had any, *is gone;* some of its best days were from 1770 to 1790. There did exist in those days a band of men who would have done honour to any country,—Malone—Daly—Burgh—Flood—Grattan—Charlemont, &c., and something like a love of literature and of literary men prevailed; but I fancy they were respected only *among themselves,* for Ireland never was, in *the general,* a *literary* country; even the *political* changes of the times have

none, or, if any, a very transient influence on her feelings. A single* county, town, or city could not lately be found to raise its voice of condolence upon the sufferings of our much-injured Princess. I went myself to the theatre not two months since, to see 'Henry VIII.' (Kemble's Wolsey), with some *hope* (I own it) that the pathetic pleadings of Queen Catherine would, from the application of the scene to the events that were passing, have *struck fire* into the hearts of the audience; but *not a hand was raised.* So help me God, I do believe the *million* of this country never knew the impulse of any other public feeling but a *love of Popery* and a hatred of the *English name.* In the tumultuous agitations which these two topics have occasioned, wonder not if *the sighs of the bard are unheard.*

"But still, my dear Moore, in justice to my country, give me a word about Belfast.

"I well remember that meeting, and the circumstances of it, and I can assure you that you are not to regard the events of that day as in anywise expressive of the *public* feeling towards *yourself.* It was a meeting convened by the friends of a Mr. Buntin, who had published about that time at Belfast, of which he is a native, a collection of *Irish Melodies. In the spirit of trade* they bumpered to Mr. Buntin and *his* Melodies; and then, affecting to give a literary character to the meeting, they drank a list of literary men, from which they carefully excluded the name of every one connected with *certain other Melodies* that had made their appearance about the same time. This, I *believe*,—I almost *know*,—was the fact.

To that same town of Belfast, Maria and I set out *to-*

* The address of the Catholics was the policy of a *party*, not the honest expression of *national* feeling.

*morrow* on our way to the '*land of brown heath.*' Thither we go, alike *unknowing* and *unknown*, with a map of the roads, and Providence for our guide. And *where are you going, Corry?* Upon my soul, Moore, I can't well tell you. Some little longing to tread on ground immortalised by the muse is the only impelling motive, I know of, that we have. This is the *quo animo* of our journey. Onward we shall go, therefore, careless though we may be

> " 'Catched wi' warlocks in the mirk,
> By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.'

Thence we mean to move towards Edinburgh, '*romantic town;*' perhaps stretch northward far enough to see the place where Birnam Wood *was* before it moved to Dunsinane; and from thence, turning southward, we must go to '*view fair Melrose aright,*' and so home by the Lakes. Such is the plan of our intended tour; and the only objection I have to it is, that our path does not lead us near the '*little stone-built cottage in the fields, a mile and a half from Ashbourne.*' Now, I should like to put on my working jacket there, and, under the direction of *Bessy*, set about whitening the building, cocked up on the kitchen stool, or nail up the curtains to the little cottage windows; and should the noise of our hammering make you lift up your head from the *grande opus* on your table, and smile at us both for the fuss we were making, I'd chide you (*and not the first time*) for laughing at the attentions paid to the lovely *Lady Godiva* by the *worshipful Mayor of Coventry.*

" All the world is gone to-day to a public breakfast at Carton. The Duke of Leinster honoured us with a card; but everything being fixed for our departure to-morrow,

Maria had some little domestic troubles on her hands to-day. So, while she is locking up plates, spoons, and dishes, I am occupied, you see, in settling *your house*, instead of *my own*.

"I hope you will have leisure to ruminate upon the Whitbreads' requests after your more important work is finished. I can't help thinking that you possess every quality in the world for succeeding in dramatic writing. In political satire you have no equal.

"You did not, I hope, make a *present* of the *Post-Bag* to the bookseller. Would to heaven that you had but a fair proportion of the wealth you have created for others! But you'll have enough, please God.

"Oh! how I should like to see one good edition of *all* your works (your song poetry included) undertaken by yourself. But I crave, perhaps, about what I do not understand; 'tis under such circumstances, however, that our wishes are most fervid.

"God bless you, my dear Moore; and with Maria's and my kindest regards to Mrs. Moore,

"Believe me

"Your most faithful friend,

"JAMES CORRY.

"P. S. *If* you should happen to feel disposed to give us the happiness of hearing from you while we are out on our rambles, direct as usual to Dublin, and your letter will be forwarded."

*To Miss Dalby.*

"Mayfield, 1813.

"My dear Mary,

"Bessy leaves the *literary* part of your letter for me to answer. Lord Byron's last poem *did give* me (I am sorry to tell you) a deep wound in a very vital part—my story; and it is singular enough, for he could not know anything about it. Your brother and Mary Matchett are both in extremes on the subject of his bride. He *could not* write anything bad, but it would have been much finer if he had taken more time about it. He is half-way or more through *another* poem, 'The Corsair.'

"Bessy would have written more if she had not been so ill, and so would I if I were not so busy.

"What does Sir C. Hastings mean by saying Bonaparte is not a great man? I almost agree with him about the Ministers; though, if they have not come round to the good cause, the good cause has certainly come round to them.

"Ever yours,
"T. M."

*From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"July 28. 1813.

"My dear Moore,

"I cannot tell you the pleasure I felt when I received your letter from Fairy-land. You are now where you ought to be; and I hope you have already initiated Psyche into all the mysteries of Dove Dale. If you see the Kingfisher I saw there, pray let me know. How far

are you from Thorp-cloud, and Ilam Churchyard, and Oak-over Hall,—names consecrated in my imagination before I was fifteen? I can assure you I wander with you both very often, and flatter myself I sometimes hear *myself* mentioned in those regions of enchantment. My dear Moore, if you don't now write better verses than any of us, I shall disown you as a friend. Byron has made some additions to 'The Giaour,' that exceed everything. The passage, 'He who hath bent him o'er the dead,' will thrill you through and through. I longed for you, but in vain, in my boat to Richmond the other day. The ladies were innumerable; and the slow airs on the water came as *thro' the gates of Paradise ajar.* I met Madame de Staël in Kent, the other day, and she was always reading the Irish Melodies. It was at Lord Darnley's, and she asked for them again and again. London is breaking up very fast; but I have not ventured farther at present than Holland House. Here I am writing, and I wish you were with me. Frere, Mackintosh, and Luttrell slept here last night. As Lord B. and Lady D. are your correspondents, I have little to tell you.

"August 1.

"I have now to thank you for two very kind letters; the last enclosing what I shall highly value: if it was written with pain, it was read with pleasure; and I can truly say that I think myself MUCH OBLIGED to her for her acceptance of what I sent her. I know her friendship will strike her blind to all the faults in the world. So you have been in Dove Dale? I fear it is not within reach of an evening walk. How I should have enjoyed it with you; and how I wished for you at Vauxhall! My sister mentioned you more than once. It was one blaze

of light; and one thing affected me not a little, to see the name of a schoolfellow, whom I remember a little dirty boy, and who toiled with me (we worked by ourselves) through Simpson's Euclid, written there in letters of fire! Many thanks for the kind things you say of the review. I have heard, but I hope not, that it was the work of my friend, J. W. W. One person, Lord Wellesley, has expressed his indignation to me in a most friendly manner, as well as to others. It is certainly done with no great goodwill to the author, as many things are said which the reviewer knows are not true. Lady Donegal is just now with Lady Glenbervie*, at the Pheasantry. 'Is Moore arrived?' said Madame de Staël to me, at a dinner last week; 'I have a passion for his poetry.' She complains that she cannot understand Lord Byron's; but I believe he has not been very attentive to her. Strong feeling delights her most. The death of Clarissa, she says, comes to her constantly as one of the events of her life. Her daughter† you would like; she is very pleasing, and dances a shawl-dance beautifully. The mother, too, you would like, — very good-natured, very lively, and eloquent. She speaks English well, but not fluently. Pray come and meet her, and bring Psyche. She dines with me next Friday, and chairs shall be reserved for you both — so I shall expect you. Sheridan dined with me last Wednesday. He says he has found a cottage for you at Fetcham, and seems quite astonished at your having settled elsewhere. By the by, I have not seen yours, that I remember. He says if you and I and himself would but be neighbours, we might scorn the world; and Lord Byron says, in that case, he will give up his restlessness, and settle there

* Daughter of Lord North (the Minister).
† Duchesse de Broglie.

too. Pray say everything you can think of to Psyche I would have written to her, but it is on a subject I am ashamed to touch upon; by and by I will. I am rejoiced to think she is well, and beg she will keep so. A kiss to each of your babes. The allusion to the days of Homer I think I have seen before.

"Ever yours,

"S. R."

*From Miss Godfrey.*

"London, Aug. 5. 1813.

"Rogers gave me the enclosed to get franked to you. I can't resist taking the opportunity to ask after you and Bessy, and little Barbara, and the other little animal;—are you all flourishing in health and happiness? and do your absent friends ever by any accident occupy a stray thought? The worst of love in a cottage is, that it lives all for itself, and the rest of the poor dear world may go to the dogs for anything it cares about it. By the by, I think it right to inform you that by the time you and Bessy come to live amongst us Christians again, I flatter myself I shall be well qualified to assist in teaching Miss Barbara Moore how to read, for I make daily progress in the art of educating young ladies. We are just come back from visiting the Glenbervies and the Berrys, at Strawberry Hill. The weather was beautiful, the country ditto, and we had some pleasant society; so we passed our time much to our satisfaction, and found London on our return in a galloping consumption, and just expiring, to our great joy.

"Farewell,

"M. G.

"I see your eleventh edition advertised."

*From Leigh Hunt, Esq.*

"Surrey Jail, Sept. 20. 1813.

"My dear Moore,

"I know not what conclusions you have made with respect to my politeness, and am afraid to think about them; but you will forgive much, I know, to bad habits and to worse health, and will be sorry to hear that I have had so many relapses of ill health lately, as, conspiring with the natural indolence of my disorder, have rendered me almost unfit for anything. I have got better, however, within these few days, still reckoning myself stouter than when I first came here; and I sit down, this fine morning, to say how much obliged to you I am for thinking of me and my verses in your new scenery of enjoyment. If ever I can prevail with myself to write a batch of them over again, I shall be truly happy to send them you; and at any rate, I trust that when I have the pleasure of another visit, you will tell me all that you think concerning them in the way of criticism, both verbal and otherwise; — but at present, I have advanced only thirty-four lines beyond the place you saw last, and have found it necessary to relieve myself from that intentness of thinking which grave composition requires, by falling in with an old plea, 'the request of friends,' and busying myself in preparing for re-publication the 'Feast of the Poets,' with additional verses and notes. To these are to be added some little pieces I have lately written, such as translations from Horace, Sonnets, &c., in order to make up a decent volume; and as I have retouched the verses and written additional ones, I hope very shortly to have the pleasure of sending a copy into Derbyshire.

"I shall anxiously keep in mind what you say about unusual words, and beg that when you look at my lines, you will have no mercy in pointing them out, for I assure you I will turn them out if they have no business there. A writer may get a trick of using some words of this kind, before he is aware of it; but if they are merely unusual, and not such as a man in a natural mood would utter from the impulse of some powerful abstract feeling or reflection, they have nothing to do with poetry. The *ahas* and *afars*, you know, I have already delivered over to your secular arm; and am much afraid that you will not let a heterodox couplet pass in the 'Feast of the Poets:'— it is where I have introduced Coleridge and Wordsworth, —

> 'When one began spouting the cream of orations,
> In praise of bombarding one's friends and relations*,
> And t' other some lines he had made on a straw,
> Showing how he had found it, and what it was for,' &c.

But will not the ballad humility of the lines excuse it? — By the way, I have taken the opportunity of this re-publication to make peace with my conscience and speak much more highly of Wordsworth than at first. I do not pass over his puerilities; they only make me, if possible, still more indignant; but then I do not suffer my indignation to run away with itself; and certainly in the better parts of Wordsworth there appear to me all the elements, not only of a good, but of a great poet, — strong intellect, strong feeling, and dignified consciousness, and a command of the very identical words which he requires.

* An article in the "Friend," in defence of the Copenhagen business.

"May I, in return for the disclosure of all my frailties, request at least a taste of your poem, — the first paragraph, for instance? I will promise to keep the lines quite to myself; they shall be enjoyed by me in a corner; as a boy takes his solitary apple; — but pray, if the thing is inconvenient, think of it no further. — Make my best respects, if you please, to Mrs. Moore, with whom, in consequence of her sympathies with imprisonment, I reckon myself acquainted already, — in heart if not in person.

"Yours, my dear Moore, very sincerely,

"LEIGH HUNT.

"P. S. I have not again had the pleasure of a visit from Lord B.; and have sometimes endeavoured to flatter myself that he was waiting to be invited. — Should you be generous enough to write me another letter before long, I shall be eager to show my proper sense of it and answer it immediately."

*To James Corry, Esq.*

"Ashbourne, Oct. 25. 1813.

"My dear Corry,

"I did not like to risk writing to you while you were away, as I was afraid my letters might have to follow you from place to place, as Lord Moira's venison followed Joe Atkinson; and whereas the latter was quite *alive*, when it caught Joe, my letters, I fear, would have lost even the little life they had at setting out, in the chace: but now that the cold winds of the North have, I presume, sent you home again, I feel most happy in returning to fresh communion with you, and in asking how the

journey has agreed with you, as well *spiritually* as *corporeally*. Mrs. Corry too,—I hope most sincerely she is all the better for it, and I again renew my claims upon a little postscript from her own hand, when next you write to me: now, mind, she must not forget this.

"We have got into rather a gayer neighbourhood here than I bargained for, but I am determined to go into a torpid state for the winter, and suck my paws, like the bears; as indeed, if I do not work hard, I shall have little else to live upon;—after all, however, it is better than turning Poet Laureat. What do you think of Southey? Is it not *quite* a pity that such a Pegasus as his should be turned into a royal 'cream-coloured horse' for state occasions? I heartily mourn over him.—You will be sorry, I am sure, to hear, that my Island of Bermuda is far from being a *Cucagna* to me, no island of dainties, but barren of money, as its rocks are of vegetables. I am sure I am cheated, and yet I do not know how to help myself. Bessy and I have been lately on a visit to Derby, and found a nest of young poetesses in a family there that amused and interested me a good deal, particularly as some of them were pretty and natural.

* * * * *

They are daughters of the *Strutts* (with one of whom we were for a week), three brothers in the cotton trade, who have more than forty thousand a year between them, and, what is much better, love literature, music, and everything else that cotton manufacturers are not likely to love. The Edgworths were our predecessors at their house.

"I wish, my dear Corry, you would write to me often: your letters are always the pleasantest I receive, and Bessy quite claps her hands with joy at the sight of a

letter from 'dear Mr. Corry:' so, do gratify us with long, very long ones. The only very faithful and voluminous correspondent I have is Lord Byron, which is exceedingly delightful to me, as he is just as gay a companion and correspondent as he is a sombre and horrific poet.

"Best regards to Mrs. Corry, and believe me most truly your very attached friend,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"I inclose a postscript, or rather inscript."

*From James Corry, Esq.*

"Lurgan Street, Nov. 1. 1813.

"My dear Moore,

"Your last letter must have sailed from Holyhead much about the same time that I embarked from Portpatrick, both bound for the same place; but as *I* had further to travel to our capital, *it* reached Dublin before me.

"I left Maria at my sister's on our way through the North, about thirty miles from town, a little jaded from her journey, but very well; and am here once more, my dear Moore, after the most delightful tour that I believe the United Kingdom, at least, is capable of affording. Scotland is to be sure one of the most romantic countries in the world; it is a region of mountains, lakes, and waterfalls; but its river scenery surpasses all. In the principal glens along the western and northern coast, the *road* and the *bridge* (particularly the *bridge*) exhibit a great deal of beauty. The bed of the river in those mountainous districts lies, of course, very low down, and the road is half-way up the side of the hill, and whenever

it becomes necessary to cross the valley, they wisely choose some narrow part of the glen, that affords two opposing rocks to support their arch: the highest rocks are always preferred, as coming nearer to the level of the road; from whence it follows, that a bridge in the Highlands is everywhere the seat of romantic beauty, for then you have always *a high arch,* and a torrent tumbling between rocks, at a great depth below. But we did not confine ourselves to the *Continent* of Scotland; we visited some of the principal *Islands* of the Hebrides. We spent a week in *Mull, Ulva,* &c. and from thence embarked for *Iona* and *Staffa,* which latter place I was anxious to see, because Fingal's Cave is the *basaltic boast* of Scotland; and we had seen the Giants' Causeway in the Irish part of our tour; but, unfortunately, the surf among the rocks was too high to let us land.

"Our *poetical* and *theatrical reveries* gave us a great deal to do in the course of our journey. We visited the cottage in Ayrshire where poor Burns was born; peeped into Kirk Alloway with him; and traced him to his last home in the churchyard of Dumfries. I was delighted to hear that his three sons were all provided for in the public service, and his widow enjoying a neat mansion, and a comfortable competence in the town of Dumfries,—the fruits of his labours. But we did not neglect living poets in our respect for the dead; the *Minstrel's last Lay* was not forgotten, nor was any part of the scenery of the Lady of the Lake left unexplored. We set out for Loch Katrine, of course, and

> "'In the deep Trossach's wildest nook,
> Our solitary refuge took.'

From the glen of the Trossachs we embarked on the lake, and landed at the '*Goblin Cave*,'—

> " 'A wild and strange retreat,
> As e'er was trod by human feet.'

From which we crossed to Ellen's Isle, and climbing up

> " 'From underneath an aged oak
> That slanted from the islet rock,'

we reached her supposed habitation. From this part of the world the muse of Walter Scott sent us to the banks of the Teviot and the Tweed, along which we travelled with William of Deloraine, from Branksome Castle to Melrose Abbey, which, of course, in obedience to the poet's instructions, we took care to visit by the 'pale moonlight.' Our labours did not end here; we traced the whole *topography of Macbeth*, though the different places connected with his history lay some hundred miles asunder. We visited *all* his castles, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, *Inverness*,—the scene of Duncan's murder, and travelled along the *blasted heath*, uninterrupted, however, as Johnson says, in his own dry way,—'uninterrupted by the promises of crowns or kingdoms;'—inquiring as we went of every lonely traveller we could venture the *quiz* on, in our best tragic voices, 'How far is't called to Forres?' On we travelled to Forres, and saw the stone erected in memory of the defeat of 'Sueno, Norway's king,' for licking whom Macbeth got his second title: from thence we traced the tyrant to the southward, to Birnam Wood and Dunsinane, and did not part from him till we came to the field where he fell by the hands of Macduff; from which we attended his successor, Malcolm, 'to see him crowned at *Scone*.' In short we travelled near 1,500 miles, and saw *everything interesting* in Scotland. An extraordinary

and very pleasant adventure happened to us at the commencement of our tour. We fell in with two of the most delightful young men I ever saw—two brothers—the elder a young Templar, the younger an under-graduate of Oxford; and after half an hour's conversation in one of the most romantic passes on the Western Coast, we liked each other so well that we became companions for the rest of the journey: they lived with us for *six weeks!* Our mode of travelling was the same,—each a chariot and post-horses,—so that by changing with each other we had a constant variety of company. I think I see you heartily tired of my gossiping account of our adventures; but after *Pat* has seen anything new or wonderful, you know he always meets his friend open-mouthed, and without even waiting to ask him how he does, begins and tells him his story all at once, without stopping.

"It's high time to ask you, my dear fellow, how you are, and how '*my dear Mrs. Moore*' is, whom, by all the rules of the *Lex Talionis*, I am entitled to call by that name; but I'll not tell you the half of what I feel *in this letter*, because I'll send it to Maria to add—not her *post-script* (for the best of reasons), but her *inscript*—you might else have *two tours* through Scotland, so this shall go to Madam to-night; and before to-morrow's post goes out I'll give you a line or two on business,—till when Heaven bless *you and yours.*

"JAMES CORRY."

*From James Corry, Esq.*

"Lurgan Street, Nov. 8. 1813.

"Pray forgive me, my dear Moore, for my delay in sending you this promised *supplement* to my Scotch

Rhapsodies, but in faith the arrears of business that accumulate in the course of so long an absence from the shop, has been the means of keeping me so busy since my return, that I have been often obliged to throw myself on the indulgence of my friends, and few I know are more disposed to forgive than you.

"If I thought you would allow me to say one word more of Scotland, it would be this. I spent some time with Lord and Lady Kinnaird*, at their beautiful seat in Perthshire, Rossie Priory, and it was no small addition to our happiness there to hear them speak in a way of you that was delightful. Whenever I hear you flattered I always hold up my head the higher, as if part of the praise belonged to myself. Maria and I often wished for you both, although I am not sure whether Mrs. Moore would have liked to have heard so lovely a woman as Lady Kinnaird say so many pretty things of you. We had Mr. and Mrs. Henry Siddons there for two days. * * * * Lord K.'s kindness to us was not confined to his *hospitalities*. My way was towards Edinburgh on leaving him. Had your *friend Jeffrey* been there he would have given me a letter to him; but Jeffrey is gone to America, it seems, upon some matrimonial speculation. He gave me an introduction, however, to a most able and intelligent man, a Mr. Murray, who is at the Scotch Bar;† — I believe a *literary* ally of Jeffrey's in his review — so at least they told me. He spoke to me of you as a poet, in the kindest manner, and before I said I knew you, he told me he considered your 'Twopenny Post Bag' the cleverest thing you had

* Olivia, daughter of William Robert, second Duke of Leinster.

† The present Lord Murray,—one of the best, kindest, and most generous men living.

written. The *Dinner* he said he preferred to everything else, even to the *Insurrection of the Papers.* I thought, as the conversation proceeded, it would have been uncandid in me (for a week's residence in Edinburgh made us very intimate) not to tell him how far I had presumed upon my friendship for you, in writing to you when that work came out. 'You were *right*,' says he, 'if you bottomed your opinion on the impolicy of such a man's *spending* himself in *detached* writing, for detached writing will never convey that portion of fame which the talents *necessary* for compositions of that nature would bestow on a writer who succeeded in a greater work; but you were *wrong* if you thought it unworthy of his talents; for I must repeat to you, that I think it the *cleverest* thing he ever wrote.' Our two young English companions, whom I mentioned in my last, told me they thought it was more generally read in London than any book they had ever seen, and everywhere as generally admired. I know you will regard all this as *atonement for my errors of judgment.* But no, Moore, upon my *honour* I am only telling you, and *truly* too, what *others* have said. Those two young Englishmen—Messrs. Rickets (their father was Attorney-General in Jamaica for many years)—said they would give the world to know you. I gave them a letter of introduction to you when we parted, but I have learnt from their letters since, that they met letters at Edinburgh, which obliged them to abandon their carriage and hurry in the mail to London; one of them said, that somewhere in Derbyshire he travelled for a while on the roof, and there met a young lady who was going to your cottage.

"Dublin is now pretty full. Poor Miss Grattan! You know of course of her death. Her nephew, Gervas

Bushe, succeeds to most of her property. Mr. Grattan and his wife, and Henry and the two girls, have been, I may say, *living* at Richard Power's for these ten days past. And I (being a *bachelor*) have been living with them. The elder girl is to be immediately married to Blackford. I meet the Daltons there every day, both looking very well, but poor Dalton appears to me more lame every day. You know Mr. Grattan's peculiar way of thinking and talking. I can't help telling you what he said of the Catholics, speaking of their conduct to the Prince. 'They have abused him in every possible shape; for *first* they have abused his *person*, of which he is very vain; and *secondly* they have abused his *mistress*, of whom he is very fond; and *thirdly*, not content with all that, *they have praised his own wife.* Poor gentleman, he is sadly used.'— I expect *my* wife home to-morrow. She tells me that she has made a request of you — to accept, whenever you revisit Ireland, a bed in this house; —is there the most remote chance of our ever having such a happiness as that? Such an arrangement would make us too proud. A thousand *loves* to Mrs. Moore. Farewell my dearest friend, and ever believe me, Moore,

"Yours most faithfully and fondly,

"JAMES CORRY."

*From Miss Godfrey.*

"(Probably Feb.) 1814.

"We were rejoicing in the thoughts of seeing you again, and just going to tell you so, when Rogers informed us your plans were all changed, and that you had put off coming to Town for the present. We felt quite disappointed, and very earnestly hope you will come up in

the spring. We rather wish, however, that you may be able to keep clear of Lord Ellenborough's wig; it cannot be a very pleasant sight to you, who have never treated it with the smallest respect. But pray bring your poem with you. The time you have been about it is quite absurd in the nineteenth century, when poets produce something new at least once a month. 'The Corsair' is very much liked; and it certainly has many beauties but surely the dedication might have been done with as kind a feeling and yet with better taste and better judgment. Lord Byron never ought to write prose,—don't you think so? Is there not a sort of inelegant pertness in his style? I give him credit for kind feelings towards you, but we are both very angry that he did not express them better. Perhaps you may think us unreasonable and unjust, and so I shall say no more upon the subject. Madame de Staël never ceases expressing her desire to know you, and always asks when you are coming. She is a great admirer of your talents. About a fortnight since, we met her at dinner at the Duke of Gloucester's, and his band played 'Lady fair' twice in the course of the evening, to her great delight, and her son and daughter, who, I believe, set up for a sort of musical geniuses, were quite in raptures. This dinner was given to bring about a meeting between her and Mr. Wilberforce, which was very interesting. But I have given you so much of her in my letters of late, and she is so much talked of, and occupies so considerable a place in the society of London at present, that I am almost tired of her name. I shall, therefore, send her off with Lord Byron. You have no idea of the very great anxiety that every soul feels about the affairs of the Continent. People tell us we are to have peace immediately, and alas, with Bonaparte! for which thank

to the shabby Austrians, who preserve him to trample upon mankind a little longer. And to say the truth, mankind well deserves it, for it has a wonderful respect for tyrants. * * * How have you all got through the winter? Such a winter never was felt before in this country. We have all been invalids in one way or another, and are still plagued by coughs and colds, which will probably see the winter out. We have been extremely quiet, seeing only a few friends in a very quiet way, and going on just as you have seen us go on for years. Rogers says you have sent up your Epilogue. I dare say it is very good, and will succeed well. Give our love to Bessy. What sort of little girls are yours—are they like father or mother? Are they strong and healthy? A thousand kind things to you from us both.

"M. G."

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Jan. 13. 1814.

"My dear Rogers,

"Living in the fields, as we do, we cannot stir a step without pioneers and shovels, and I cannot find it in my heart to send a servant into Ashbourne through the waste, so that I am obliged to lay hold on any unfortunate person who brings me a message, and make him useful to me by taking ten times as many messages back again. Just such a *return*-courier is now in the house, and I take the opportunity of writing by him a very few lines, lest you should leave Lord Spencer's before you receive at least an acknowledgment of your very, very kind letter from Althorpe. I can hardly wish you where *I* am in this very *anti*-cottage weather, but I wish heartily we were to-

gether somewhere, for I want you, *selfishly* want you often; and the glimpses I get at you through letters, i something like what we have of the sun at this season —very bright, but distant and cheerless: yet not cheerless either, except in comparison with the same kind things said *à quattr' occhi* over a good fire, with one of your bes smiles illustrating every word. That's what I want, an that is what, for some months to come, I fear I shall no have. Lord Byron dedicates his 'Corsair' to me, whic I look upon as a very high niche in the Temple indeed,— to be placed so near *you*, too! Between you and Lor Holland I fear I shall have applied to me the *reverse* o the famous epigram,—

"'Wisdom and Wit full-sized were seen,
And Folly, at *small length*, between.'

I think there are few more *generous* spirits than Lor Byron's, and the overflowing praise he has lavished on m in his dedication (if he preserves that of which he has sen me a copy) is just such as might be expected from a pro fuse, magnificent-minded fellow, who does not wait for th scales to weigh what he says, but gives praise, as sailor lend money, by 'handfuls.' Let others think what the will of it, he has made *me* very proud and happy; and th more he commits his judgment for my sake, the mor grateful, of course, I must feel for his goodnature.

"My *return* post-boy is clamouring below stairs, so I must have done, and shall write to you a longer lette next week, directed to St. James's Place.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*To James Corry, Esq.*

"Tuesday, Feb. 28. 1814.

"My dear Corry,

"I have been very slow in thanking you for your kind panegyric, which had all the features of the warm heart and sound head it came from. I suppose you have before this seen Lord Byron's overflowing eulogium. He has got into a tremendous scrape with the Carlton House faction by the avowal of his 'Lines to the Young Princess.' 'The Courier,' 'Morning Post,' &c. &c. have been all, as he says himself, 'in hysterics' since their appearance; and I have come in for my full share of the bespatterment. When scavengers become assailants, there is no coming very clean out of their hands. Indeed, 'The Courier' has taken the only method such dull dogs could hit upon for annoying Byron, by raking up all his past and *suppressed* abuse of those he is now friends with; and they have quoted the very passage upon which I called him to account (and from which sprung our intimacy), to contrast it with his present praise of me. Byron tells me that till his avowal of those formidable lines to the young Royalty, the Regent always thought they were *mine*.

"What has *Bryan* been doing? I have seen some severe strictures upon his conduct; and as I am a good deal interested about him, you will oblige me very much by telling me frankly, and, of course, in perfect confidence, what is the general impression his conduct has made, as I have only seen 'The Dublin Evening Post,' and that paper is naturally under much irritation against him.

"The spring is beginning to shine out upon our cottage very deliciously, and my only alloy is that Bessy is not as

well and strong for the enjoyment of her garden and flowers as I could wish.

"I believe I told you that I had been requested to write an Epilogue for Mrs. Wilmot's forthcoming tragedy. Were *you* of the party with Power to hear her read when you were in London?—if not, ask Power whether the play she read was 'Ina of Sigiswold,' for that is the name of the tragedy to which I have written the Epilogue. I hope it may be done but half the justice to in the speaking that my Kilkenny one was.

"I am getting on with my poem, though I begin to tremble about its appearance this season; this, however, shall not interfere with my Grand Memoir—as once over the fit period for publication, I have a long summer for all my jobs before me.

"Still in debt to Mrs. Corry! If warm and frequent remembrances are a satisfactory *interest* upon the *debt*, I pay them faithfully; and am, dear Corry,

"Hers and yours, very truly,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"I have a copy of 'The Corsair' lying by me for you ever since it was published; but I have been startled by the idea that it would be too heavy for your franking privilege. I feel your pulse in that way with an inclosure now, which I must beg you to forward for me immediately."

*From Leigh Hunt, Esq.*

"Surrey Jail, March 4. 1814.

"My dear Moore,

"I do not see why you should have had the 'unquiet

conscience' of which you speak. I took your criticism upon critics in the very best part, I assure you,—and for more than one reason. In the first place, you are inclined, after all, to agree with me on the subject of the dews and flowers,—at least to *a certain extent*, and that is all which your admirers would demand. I protest, therefore, against performing the part of a Derbyshire blight, and being considered as an interferer with your floral enjoyments,—enjoyments, which I would riot in if I could, as well as yourself. In the next place, I am very much inclined to agree with *you* on the subject of critics in general, considered as *mere* critics; but you must know, I make a modest exception on this point with regard to myself, for nobody has the free and unfettered interests of poetry more closely at heart; and one of the main objects of my notes on the Feast, was to give another finishing blow to the cold critical French school that established itself on the neck of our better literature. Let us return to our old fancy and feeling, and our fine, various, pregnant language, and my criticism will be nothing but panegyric; or, rather, I shall lay down my critical pen for ever, and try to be a poet as well as the rest of you. Yourself I have always considered, in the general cast of your genius, as opposed to the school of poetry that has now existed for a hundred years back. Your fancy belongs to the former age; and what I have ventured to object to your style in any respect, was for fear you should be considered by those who did not know you as well as I do, as countenancing the monotony and confined sphere of inferior spirits. You are capable of enjoying *all* nature, and are bound to do so.

"The author of the criticism upon you in 'The Champion' I know. He is, as you handsomely acknowledge, a very

clever fellow, but he is apt, also, to go to extremes both in his censure and his praise, and is aware how much I differ with him in the present instance. He has no ill motives, however, of any kind; and I think I can undertake to say for him, that he will be ready to acknowledge his mistake in his very warmest manner, when he discovers it, as he must do in the course of your future writings. He shall be acquainted with such facts of your letter as are necessary for him to know, with the caveat, of course, that you mention. By the way, I must not forget to tell you, that I saw Brougham yesterday, who is one of your admirers, political as well as poetical, and who expressed his regret upon this occasion.

"The 'Missionary,' I suppose, is my brother editor, poor Montgomery. I have not heard of the circumstance, but I guess him to be the man. Talking of poets and their destinies, pray do you know anything of Lucien Bonaparte and his epic? * I am curious to know what is thought of him by those who have seen his verses. You are bound to gratify my curiosity in some way, as you have excited it in speaking of your own poem. Why did you not send me a paragraph,—a single paragraph? It would have come upon me like the glimpse of a spring day; and I assure you I could not pay you a better compliment in my anticipations, for never was sick prisoner more heartily tired of a winter than I have been; and yet the fellow seems resolved to hold it out to the last, with his chills and blusterings. Unfortunately, my two oldest friends and companions have been compelled to be much away from me for the last six months,—one of them, indeed, in the country during the whole time; and as I

* "Charlemagne."

am not fond of ordinary acquaintances, and have rather avoided them, I have had the least portion of society at the very season when I most wanted it. By this you may guess how much I regret your non-appearance in Town this March. The other day I had a visit from two handsome young ladies, and had scarcely sat down with them, when I was interrupted by some members of a Lancasterian institution. You will allow that, under all the circumstances, this was a hard trial of my philanthropy at the expense of my *philoguny*.

"Yours, my dear Moore, most sincerely,

"LEIGH HUNT."

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Mayfield, April 10. 1814.

"My dear Rogers,

"Though I owe many letters to many people, and don't owe *you* one at all, yet you see, like Charles Surface, I let my generosity outstrip my justice, and write to you. The last time I heard of you, you were at Hope's with the Donegals; but I dare say, long before now, you have bid him and his magnificence farewell (*Spes et Fortuna, valete!*) and are now preparing to take flight somewhere for the Easter. I wish I had Cornelius Agrippa's glass to trace you through your rambles; though it would not do if I could not *hear* as well as *see* you in it; and when *shall* I either see or hear you? I suppose the Donegals have told you that I think of making my next move near to London, and then, what delight I have in anticipating, my dear Rogers, that we shall go on seeing each other every day, perhaps, till the end of our lives. This is a pleasant

prospect, and what chiefly determines me to the step, for there are many considerations against it, of sober and shadowy hue, economy, prudence, &c. &c., all which are best consulted in the country; but then I flatter myself I am become steady enough (with Bessy's aid, who is a very Minerva of economy) to resist all the Town's temptations to expense; and then the times are getting cheaper, and I shall, I hope, be getting richer, and to crown all, I shall see you and the Donegals — shall hear music — go laugh at Liston — go walk in Hyde Park, and a thousand other intellectual amusements. Here, I really am in a desert; if I go to a dinner, the dulness of the good people is like suffocation, — I can hardly draw my breath under it. I have hopes, too, that the change of scene may do poor Bessy service, who has fallen off in everything but her sweetness of heart, most sadly; but *you'll* take her by the hand kindly, and *that*, too, will do her good. *Au reste*, I am going on as usual, at the easy rate of ten lines a day, with but little interruption. I made a figure at Derby the other day, at a Lancasterian dinner, where I spoke about fifteen speeches, which astonished not only the company but myself. I have got half entangled with my Derby friend Strutt (you know my unlucky facilities in this way) to accompany him for a fortnight to Paris, in a month or two hence. I am certainly most anxious to take a peep at it before another Revolution, perhaps, lays it in ashes; and as Strutt, I believe, gives me a seat in his carriage, I may not find the opportunity amiss. My ambition has long been to see it with a very different sort of companion, namely, yourself; and who knows but even this may happen some fine spring or other? but the Louvre! — the pictures! — 'and echo answers, where are they?' Oh, what a pity I wasn't with you last summer!

"Give my best regards to your sister, who I hope does not forget Bessy, but will let her come to Highbury with us sometimes.

"Ever, my dear Rogers, most truly yours,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Tuesday, April 12. 1814.

"My dear Moore,

"I have indeed thought it long since you received my last letter, but I am glad you have not quite forgot me. You must now be growing more and more an object of envy every day, with your woods and your meadows, and your rural neighbours. Have the scarlet cloaks yet made their appearance before your windows? You live in the fields, you say; pray what are you doing there? Lord Byron, as you know, has removed into Albany, and lives in an apartment, I should think thirty by forty feet. He is satisfied with the 'Quarterly Review,' and I am glad G. Ellis has let him off so gently, for I suspect they have no good will towards us. Some years ago I delivered a message to you from those said Reviewers, which you answered as I knew you would do. I have now a commission of a much pleasanter kind, and I hope it will meet with more success. I send you Jeffrey's letter *in confidence;* it was not, perhaps, intended to be seen; but it will speak best for itself. Perhaps you had better write such an answer to it, addressed to me, as I can send to Jeffrey; not, however, discovering in it that you have seen the very letter itself. I must say I think it would be a respectable thing at least to have written

two or three articles in the 'Review.' Your name will be studiously circulated by Mackintosh, Brougham, Horner, Playfair, and Jeffrey, and they may be such as may afterwards, with slight alteration, be re-published in another form. Campbell wrote one article,—'A General Review of English Poetry;'—and I have often heard it mentioned with praise. What a dream have we had lately! A man a fortnight ago disdained to accept the throne of Louis XIV., and now retires to a little island in the Mediterranean on a pension of 250,000*l.* per annum. How could he overlook Caprea? I am glad you like the 'Wanderer.' I have not read it, but here it is not liked. Mr. P—— of Iona is to me unknown.

"SAMUEL ROGERS."

*From James Perry, Esq.*

"Strand, July 25. 1814.

"My dear Sir,

"I have had a friendly conversation with Mr. Longman. I told him, of course, that I had no authority to enter into any negotiation with him; but that, as your friend, I should be happy to communicate to you any proposal that he might wish to make to you on the subject of your poem. He said that he was most desirous to treat for it,—that he understood from Mr. Orme I had mentioned the sum of 3000 guineas as the price that I thought you should fix upon it,—and that this sum was so large as to make him desirous of seeing the copy of the poem before he made up his mind. He begged to be understood that he felt the most perfect confidence in you, and was ready to own that no one but yourself could

be entitled to ask such a price; but that from long experience he conceived himself capable of judging of the probable demand that there would be for the work, and it would satisfy his mind if he could have an opportunity of forming this judgment. At the same time he said he would pledge himself to you that no other human being should see it, for he wanted no advice on the matter.

" This is, in short, the substance of our conversation; it run into some length, and he spoke with the greatest admiration of your talents. His anxiety as to previously looking into the poem arose simply from the experience, that so much depended on the catching nature of the subject, as to the popularity and rapidity of its run. He was sure of the intrinsic poetical beauty, of the strength and harmony of the versification, the warmth of the passion, and the brilliancy of the images, &c. All that he wished to ascertain was the character and design of the fable. You will be the only judge of your conduct on this proposal. I did no more than say that I should faithfully consult you, and let him know your feeling on the matter. I think him quite in earnest as to his wish to treat. Of his judgment in the way of anticipating the popularity of a poem I can form no estimate. There may be a bookseller's knack; but I foresee an obvious inconvenience in this mode of treating. If after seeing the copy he should hesitate in giving the sum, or attempt to chaffer, he might wound your delicacy, and even injure the character of the work, by saying that he had refused it. I am not sure, therefore, my dear sir, whether I ought not to tell you my own sentiment on the matter, which is frankly to decline the previous communication. If you agree to show it, I shall say that it is not merely a proof of the high confidence you have in his honour, but of your own

most liberal and generous nature, since you thereby incur a risk which you might safely avoid.

"I need not tell you that I shall execute your commands literally; and I shall have great pleasure if I can do it to your satisfaction. I envy you the enjoyment of fresh air this delightful weather. I have as yet no news from Mrs. Perry, and I am sick with anxiety, as it is a month since she sailed from Lisbon for Bourdeaux.

"With respects to Mrs. Moore, believe me to be,

"My dear Sir,

"Your faithful Servant,

"JA. PERRY."

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Mayfield, Sunday night, 1814.

"My dear Rogers,

"I have taken it for granted that you have all been too occupied with your sovereigns, &c., to give one thought to an humble cottager like myself, and have accordingly refrained from interrupting your 'emperatorial' (as the Myronian Gallery has it) delirium, till the fever had been well sweated off in balls and processions. From what I read in the papers, I conclude that, mad as London has often been, it never was so gloriously mad before; and if I could have known with certainty that another week would have brought on the fit, I should have been very glad to have waited to witness it, though, as it is, I feel so happy and quiet once more with my cottage, and my Bessy, and my books, and my Barbara, that I cannot say I much regret the loss; and I shall the less care about it, if you will write me a long account of

all that has been *ridiculous* (for *that* is the best part, after all) in these shows and ceremonies. How does 'our fat friend' go on? among all these fighting chieftains, he seems particularly to distinguish himself in what is called *fighting shy*. *Is* he or is he *not* hissed wherever he goes? and is the Princess of W. likely to survive Paul Methuen's speeches in her favour? Tell me all these important points, and likewise, whether you faced the sovereigns in full dress anywhere, and whether they expressed curiosity to see any of *us Authors*, or were merely contented with the Prince Regent, and such food as their worthy chamberlain catered for them? Were they civil to the Opposition, and did Lady Jersey tell them, as she told Prince Paul and many others, that the Regent was a '*bête?*' I *hope* she did.—You see I leave you no excuse for withholding news from me, for I put all the questions that I wish to have answered, and as the Sovereigns leave town on Tuesday, you will have time to attend a little to *me*.

"Poor Bessy is beginning to cry out a little, and I should hope in my next letter I shall have to announce the dear girl's safe recovery; her delight at my return, and her gratitude for my hastening it, more than repaid me for a hundred such sacrifices. I have written but sixty lines of my work since I came down; it really required some time to recall my emigrant thoughts, and establish order in the capital again; but I shall now go on vigorously.

"Where is Jacqueline?* *she* too, I fear, has suffered in this bustle of royalty. Do send her down here as soon as possible out of such company. Ever yours,

"T. MOORE.

* Jacqueline, published with Lara, and called by Lord Byron "Larry and Jacky."

"Pray remember me to your sister. One of the things I have thought of since I came away is, how *very* little I saw of your brother Henry while I was in town."

*From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Brighton, Aug. 19. 1814.

"My dear Moore,

"I hope by this time you are relieved from all your anxieties, and Psyche from her miscalculations, and that in your next, addressed to me at the *Poste Restante*, Geneva, I shall hear that all is as you wish. I am here on the sea-shore with my sister and Mackintosh, who both desire to be most kindly remembered to you. We have secured a cabin in the 'Nautilus,' and in three hours shall be on the great ocean. To-morrow we hope to breakfast at Dieppe, and to arrive in Paris on Tuesday. There we propose to spend three or four days, and then press on to the Ice-Mountains in Switzerland. I wish with all my heart that you were with us, my dear Moore, and so do we all; but as that is impossible (a human soul with all your intelligence, in a human frame with all her sensibilities, being bound hither, from what pre-existent state I know not), all I can do is to tell you of my regret, and to send you the last bit of paper I shall scrawl upon before I leave England. Lord B. has been at Hastings; he is now in London, and I had a glimpse of him in his *vis-a-vis* the day I left Town, but his sister was with him, — so much did not pass between us. He talks of instantly setting off for Paris. Murray, I hear, has sold 10,000 copies of 'Lara.' Jeffrey's review of him has delighted him much. I am

happy to hear of your prose, though I could wish you had overlooked poor Lord T. I hope your verse is as flourishing. An Epistle the other day in the 'Chronicle' I could not mistake; but, I will confess to you, exquisite as it is, I wish you would take up your satirical pen and throw it into the bottomless pit. Write a Lutrin, a Vert-vert, a Rape of the Lock, though, if you will; and I flatter myself, when the Peris have ceased to be your nightly visitants, that you will do some such thing. Lady Donegal and Miss G. are now, as you know, at Tunbridge. Your friend, the Regent, is here, and probably in the arms of Morpheus at this moment; though the god must envy Atlas himself this weather. How long we shall remain abroad I cannot say—set a beggar on horseback, &c. &c.; —but I hope to see you, or your annual Revelation of yourself, in May next. Pray give my love to the Madonna della Sedia—for such she is by this time again, I hope—with her babes about her; and believe me to be,

"Ever yours,

"S. R."

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Donnington, Monday, Aug. 29. 1814.

"My dear Rogers,

"This is by way of answer to a letter of yours which I have *not* received; for I left home on Tuesday last, and Bessy tells me there is a letter from you waiting me there. I am come for a few days' rummage of the Library, on the subject of the *Fathers*, which is to form one of my articles for Jeffrey. People will be a little surprised, I think, at

my leaving the mothers and daughters, to take to the *Fathers;* but, heaven knows! it is time for me — a third child! only think. My dear Bessy got over it very safely and stoutly, and I left her coming on as well as possible. I took the Derby Races and Ball in my way hither, and met a very tolerable cluster of London stars there: your old friend Miss Fawkener in the character of Mrs. Henry Cavendish; which connection I was so totally ignorant of, that I told her I was quite surprised to meet her in Derbyshire! The Duke of Devonshire has given me a very kind invitation to Chatsworth for next Thursday, to meet the Harringtons, and stay a week; but I do not think I shall go. I have no servant to take with me, and my hat is shabby, and the seams of my best coat are beginning to look white, and — in short, if a man cannot step upon equal ground with these people, he had much better keep out of their way. I can meet them on pretty fair terms at a dinner or a ball; but a whole week in the same house with them detects the poverty of a man's ammunition deplorably; to which, if we add that *I* should detect the poverty of *theirs* in *another way*, I think the obvious conclusion is, that we ought to have nothing to do with each other. At the same time, I think the Duke one of the civilest persons in the whole Peerage; and he took every opportunity of speaking kindly and familiarly to me at Derby.

"Are you thinking of France? I have put it out of my head for some time, upon many accounts. This reviewing, and my Sixth Number of 'Melodies,' has thrown me back considerably in my work; and if I let pass this next season without producing it, I fear it will turn out a *fausse couche* entirely. I am more anxious than ever that you should keep my secret about the *plan* and the

*title*, as I really am so nervous upon the matter, that I have serious thoughts of passing off a pious fraud upon the public, and saying, when I publish these Tales, that they have merely sprung out of the poem I have been employed upon, and that I reserve *that* for publication at some future period. This will not only take away all air of pretension from the Tales, but it will keep indulgence alive by giving a hope of something better unproduced. Don't betray me;—no one but yourself and Bessy knows the truth; and I will not venture to ask your opinion upon the *morality* of the step, lest you should say something to scare me out of it. For my own part, I think every possible trick fair with that animal *feræ naturæ*, the Public.

"How do 'Lara' and 'Jacqueline' get on? I see them on every table; so I suppose they prosper. There are some of our fair neighbours who read 'Jacqueline' much oftener than their prayer-books.

"Ever, my dear Rogers, yours most truly,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"I shall not get your letter (to which this is an answer) before Wednesday evening."

*From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Venice, Oct. 17. 1814.

"My dear Moore,

"Last night in my gondola I made a vow I would write you a letter if it was only to beg you would write to me at Rome. Like the great Marco Polo, however, whose tomb I saw to-day, I have a secret wish to astonish

you with my travels, and would take you with me, as you would not go willingly, from London to Paris, and from Paris to the Lake of Geneva, and so on to this city of romantic adventure, the place from which he started. I set out in August last, with my sister and Mackintosh. He parted with us in Switzerland, since which time we have travelled on together; and happy should we have been could you and Psyche have made a quartett of it. I hope all her predictions have long ago been fulfilled to your mind, and that she, and you, and the bambini are all as snug and as happy as you can wish to be. By the way, I forgot one of your family, who, I hope, is still under your roof. I mean one of nine sisters — the one I have more than once made love to. With another of them, too, all the world knows your *good fortune*. Apropos of love, and such things, is Lord Byron to be married to Miss Milbanke, at last? I have heard it. But to proceed to business; Chamouny, and the Mer de Glace, Voltaire's chamber at Ferney, Gibbon's terrace at Lausanne, Rousseau's Isle of St. Pierre, the Lake of Lucerne, and the little Cantons, the passage over the Alps, the Lago Maggiore, Milan, Verona, Padua, Venice, — what shall I begin with? but I believe I must refer you to my three Quartos on the subject, whenever they choose to appear. The most wonderful thing we have seen is Bonaparte's road over the Alps — as smooth as that in Hyde Park, and not steeper than St. James's Street. We left Savoy at seven in the morning, and slept at Domo Dossola in Italy that night. For twenty miles we descended through a mountain-pass, as rocky, and often narrower, than the *narrowest* part of Dovedale; the road being sometimes cut out of the mountain, and three times carried through it, leaving the torrent (and such a torrent!) to work its

way by itself. The passages or galleries, as I believe the French engineers call them, were so long as to require large openings here and there for light; and the roof was hung with icicles, which the carriage shattered as it passed along, and which fell to the ground with a shrill sound. We were eight hours in climbing to the top, and only three in descending. Our wheel was never locked, and our horses were almost always in a gallop. But I must talk to you a little about Venice. I cannot tell you what I felt, when the postillion turned gaily round, and, pointing with his whip, cried out, 'Venezia!' For there it was, sure enough, with its long line of domes and turrets glittering in the sun. I walk about here all day long in a dream. Is that the Rialto, I say to myself? Is this St. Mark's Place? Do I see the Adriatic? I think if you and I were together here, my dear Moore, we might manufacture something from the ponte dei sospiri, the scala dei giganti, the piombi, the pozzi, and the thousand ingredients of mystery and terror that are here at every turn. Nothing can be more luxurious than a gondola and its little black cabin, in which you can fly about unseen, the gondoliers so silent all the while. They dip their oars as if they were afraid of disturbing you; yet you fly. As you are rowed through one of the narrow streets, often do you catch the notes of a guitar, accompanied by a female voice, through some open window; and at night, on the Grand Canal, how amusing is it to observe the moving lights (every gondola has its light), one now and then shooting across at a little distance, and vanishing into a smaller canal. Oh, if you had any pursuit of love or pleasure, how nervous would they make you, not knowing their contents or their destination! and how infinitely more interesting, as more mysterious, their silence, than

the noise of carriage-wheels! Before the steps of the Opera-house, they are drawn up in array, with their shining prows of white metal, waiting for the company. One man remains in your boat, while the other stands at the door of your loge. When you come out, he attends you down, and calling 'Pietro,' or 'Giacomo,' is answered from the water, and away you go. The gliding motion is delightful, and would calm you after any scene in a casino. The gondolas of the Foreign Ministers carry the national flag. I think you would be pleased with an Italian theatre. It is lighted only from the stage, and the soft shadows that are thrown over it produce a very visionary effect. Here and there the figures in a box are illuminated from within, and glimmering and partial lights are almost magical. Sometimes the curtains are drawn, and you may conceive what you please. This is indeed a fairy land, and Venice particularly so. If at Naples you see most with the eye, and at Rome with the memory, surely at Venice you see most with the imagination. But enough of Venice. To-morrow we bid adieu to it,—most probably I shall never see it again. We shall pass through Ferrara to Bologna, then cross the Apennines to Florence, and so on to Rome, where I shall look for a line from you.

"Pray, have you sermonized the discordant brothers? I hope you have, and not forgotten yourself on the occasion. When you write to Tunbridge, pray remember me. Tell Lady D. I passed the little Lake of Lowertz, and saw the melancholy effects of the downfall. It is now a scene of desolation, and the little town of Goldau is buried many fathom deep. It is a sad story, and you shall have it when we meet. I received a very kind letter from her at Tunbridge, and mean to answer it. I hope to meet you in London-town, when you visit it next; at least I shall

endeavour to do so. My sister unites with me in kindest remembrance to Mrs. Moore; and pray, pray believe me, to be,

"Yours ever,
"S. R.

"At Verona we were shown Juliet's tomb in a Convent garden! In the evening we went to the play, but saw neither Mercutio, nor 'the two Gentlemen' there."

*To Miss Godfrey.*

"Oct. 29. 1814.

"I ought to have written much oftener lately (I mean much oftener than—not at all), but that I have been most overwhelmingly busy, making up for a whole month's idleness, which was inflicted on me by a visit from my musical friend, Sir John Stevenson. We did something, however, in Power's way, with whom I am again to start, as before, next March. This was my own wish, as I am anxious to keep the rest of this year unencumbered by any more jobs for him, and free for the final completion of my never-long-enough-to-be-expected poem. I suppose you have, before this, seen my *début* as a reviewer. I have heard nothing of it but from Jeffrey and Byron; the former of whom says 'nothing can be more entertaining or more cleverly written;' and the latter, 'There is wit, taste, and learning in every line of that critique, and by G—— I think you can do anything.' My article upon Mr. Boyd's Translations from the Fathers is to be in the next number; and then, I think, I have done.

"I am sorry, very sorry, to hear that dear Lady Donegal still suffers from those attacks, and I really think

the sooner she tries other air and other scenes, the better. It is a sad thing to think that there is such sweet sunshine going on in France and Italy, which we might all be enjoying instead of coughing and shivering through the fogs of this most unamiable climate. How *nice* it would be (you recollect my old word) if you should be starting next year at the same time that I set out on my experimental or pioneer visit to prepare the way there for the transportation of my whole family. This is a wicked trick of Mr. Vansittart's, if true, to send the income-tax riding double after all travellers. He sticks to one like the little old man in the 'Arabian Nights.'

"My good Bessy is very well, and getting up her looks again; but I am sorry to see this last little one has increased her figure a good deal; and I very much fear she will grow large. She does not like the idea of going to France, and has hopes that I shall be disappointed and give up my resolution, when I have seen it myself; but she makes no difficulties about anything I wish, and I know she would soon get reconciled to the change; but still it is very possible that what she looks to may happen, and that I shall not like the country well enough, upon trial, to make it my residence. The moment I mention its cheapness all her objections vanish. Tell me a little of what you hear about it in this respect when you write.

"I agree with you that a great part of 'Lara' is very prosy and somnific; but it has many striking parts, and the death is very fine. 'Lara's' waiting-maid, poor 'Jacqueline,' is in general, I find, thought rather *niaise* than otherwise; which I am sorry for, as Rogers sets his heart upon fame, and his heart is a good one, that deserves what it wishes.

"You must not mind the blunders and blots in this

letter, as I write it after dinner, with Barbara on my back.

"Ever affectionately, with love to Lady D., and kindest remembrances to *Philly*,

"Yours,

"T. M."

*From Miss Godfrey.*

"Tunbridge Wells, Nov. 12. 1814.

"You should have heard long since how pleased we were with your *Petit Tableau de Famille.* If we had not been so very much occupied in restoring the Bourbons to the throne of their ancestors—that job being performed to the astonishment of all mankind—one may now quietly sit down and ask oneself whether one is really awake, or only in a sort of extraordinary dream; and as I am at present pretty sure of being awake, I just civilly beg to know what you think of it all? Have you no ode, satire, or ballad ready for the occasion, and will you let that greatest of tyrants make his exit without hissing him off the stage? Have you seen Lord Byron's ode? They say it was written in five minutes. I think it was a pity he did not take a quarter of an hour, and make it more perfect. It is not a bad outline; at least one rejoices so in the subject, that one is disposed to judge favourably of the poem. You will rejoice to hear that our Most Gracious Regent is in the third heaven, and attributes every wonderful event now passing in the world to his own great talents. To say the truth, I am not surprised at his delight, for he has been in a most glorious run of luck. Bab was presented to Louis XVIII. and the

Duchess d'Angoulême at their drawing-rooms, and was very much pleased with them both. The King has a happy talent of expressing himself, and has gratified several people by *àpropos* compliments. Among others, the Grattans. He said to James Grattan, that he must congratulate him upon being the son of such a father. It is said to be an absolute fact, that Bonaparte expressed a wish to be let live in this country, as he felt a reliance upon the generosity of the English character. I think it was a great compliment. When do you think of coming to town? Pray come soon, and look on a little at the wonders of the day. The Emperor of Russia is to be here in a fortnight, and the Duchess of Oldenburg is established here for the present. They say she inherits all the talents of Catherine, with a pleasing appearance and very captivating manners. If you get a cheap little lodging, it will be your only expense; for as to breakfast, dinner, and supper, you know you have always more waiting for you in every corner of the town than you can possibly eat. If Bessy comes with you, she will always find us too happy to have her, and only regretting that we have no bed to offer her. So pray, dear Moore, let us hear that you have arranged all your plans to pay us a visit very soon. Bring your poem with you, and publish it; for it really is time to send it forth to seek its fortune. Rogers' friendship for us has all oozed out, like Acres', and we are here waiting till that happy moment arrives. We have outlived everybody at Tunbridge except the Fincastles, Hopes, Rogers, and Lady Ellenborough. The Fincastles grow upon me; I am always pleased in their society. * * * William Spencer has been here from time to time for a week, but never longer. He wrote a prologue for Lady Susan's play, and

another little thing, that I will copy for you in this letter if I can. It was written upon seeing a rose-tree between two willows.

"Yon lonely rose, that climbs the eaves,
How bright its dew-dropp'd tint appears!
As if Aurora on its leaves
Had left her blushes with her tears.

"And see two drooping willows nigh,
What heat their sickly foliage blanches!
As if a lover's burning sigh
Won all the gale that fann'd their branches.

"Ah! wish ye not, pale plants of woe,
Yon rose's blooming state your own?
Methinks I hear them murmur, 'No;
Yon rose is blooming—but alone!

"'Know'st thou two hearts by love subdued?
Ask them which fate they covet, whether
Health, joy, and life in solitude,
Or sickness, grief, and death together.'"

"I suppose no woman in her sound mind ever wrote any man so long a letter before. Well, I shall be more moderate the next time. Philly desires her compliments to your sister (why should not I do the same?), and her love to you. Yours, very truly and sincerely,

"M. G.

"Say kind things for us to Lady Charlotte Rawdon. Do you see her much?"

*To Miss Dalby.*

"1815.

"My dear Mary,

"You will, I am sure, be sorry at the news Bessy has given you; and I assure you, *you* and the sweet fields

about us are the *only* regrets we have in the place ourselves; but what can we do? *Shaw* will not let me have *this* house, and you will not make Mr. Milward let me have his, and with those children in this nutshell I should get crazy (or rather *cracked*, as it's a nutshell); but come see us you *must* as soon as the weather grows fine, and we will then arrange about 'annihilating both space and time' for our meetings hereafter.

"I am writing away hard and fast, both at my Poem and the 'Sacred Melodies.' My week at Chatsworth was very delightful. You cannot imagine what a sensation my 'Song to the Prince' produced (which is now four verses): copies were sent off in all directions to all possible Whig lords and ladies.

"Bessy is very indignant at Lady Loudon's calling her 'little.' She says it is all owing to *me* that she is supposed to be little.

"Yours ever,

"T. MOORE."

### *To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Mayfield Cottage, Monday, May 22. 1815.

"Welcome, my dear Rogers, most welcome back again. I was beginning to feel seriously anxious about you, and feared very much I should not hear any tidings of you before my departure — yes, my departure. You have caught me upon the wing for Ireland: this very evening we set off. I have long, you know, been promising my dear mother a sight of her new relations; and, anxious as I was myself to see them altogether, I would willingly have still deferred it a little longer; but the declining

health of my mother, and poor Bessy's very delicate state, both in spirits and health, since the loss of our last little child (Olivia Byron), have altogether determined me to sacrifice my own convenience to their gratification. The sight of her little grandchildren will be new life to my mother, and the change of scene and air will be sure to do Bessy service. You will hear from our friends in town that I had determined upon a trip thither, and I now more than ever regret my inability to achieve it, as I should have had at least one shake of the hand from you; but the exchequer was not adequate to the two journeys, and I was obliged to sacrifice London to Dublin. I shall return myself in August; but if the sea-bathing agrees with Bessy, I shall prevail upon her to stay behind me as long as she can take advantage of it.

"I *have* sold my *Poem* (for so it must be called still) for three thousand pounds! There will of course be a revision of the contract, and perhaps a retractation, when I disclose the real nature of the work; but I have gained at least the tribute to my reputation, and I do not much fear any *considerable* diminution of the sum, when they find the same quantum of poetry they have bargained for (5000 lines!), but divided into tales instead of one continued poem. Pray keep my secret about it with your accustomed fidelity. Your calling it 'my tales' in your letter quite startled me—I felt as if the whole thing were known,—for I never call it anything but my poem.

"I cannot write any more now, for we are in the very agonies of packing; but you shall hear from me from Dublin.

"Your letter from Venice I received, but not till the end of March, when I knew it would be useless to answer it. It made me unhappy for days. How I envy you!

" Best regards to your sister. The next time we meet, my dear Rogers, it will be, I hope, for a *long spell.*

" Ever, ever yours most affectionately,

" THOMAS MOORE."

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

" June 7. 1815.

" My dear Rogers,

" I snatch one moment from the bustle of greetings and visitings that assail us here, to tell you of our safe arrival and the thousand hearty welcomes we have met with. If we had as many hands as Briareus, they would be all nearly shaken off. My friend Richard Power, who is now in England, has lent us his house (one of the best in Dublin, with an excellent library,) during our stay, and all Dublin is at our doors, in carriages, cars, tilburies, and jingles, from morning till night, to the no small astonishment of a Derbyshire maid we have brought with us to take care of the little ones. The sight of us has been quite a renewal of the lease of life to my dear good mother and father, and I had the happiest dinner among them all on my birthday,—*far* the happiest I have enjoyed for a long time. They loved Bessy *upon trust*, before they saw her, and the little children are never out of their arms. We are going to pay some visits at country-houses next week, amongst others to Lord Granard's, and altogether I shall have but little breathing-time till my return to the dear cottage, which I hope to achieve before the end of August, and to which (in spite of all the cordial chaos about me) I look forward with a feeling most ungratefully impatient.

"I have seen Curran once; he talked of the 'intensity' of your attachment to me, and, for once, I hoped his style was not exaggerative. Of Lord Moira, too, he spoke much, but in a far different strain:—'I have mourned over him; I have held an inquest upon the carcase of his dead fame, &c. &c.;' and then finished by a climax quite characteristic of his eloquence,—'that, in short, it was but too true he (Lord M——) had a great dash of the Piper about him!' Notwithstanding all this bad taste, there is nothing like him for fancy.

"Do, my dear Rogers, let me hear from you as soon as possible, and direct, 7. Kildare Street, Dublin. Bessy, I hope, is somewhat better, though she hardly knows how she is in this eternal bustle. She has this instant looked over me, and bid me not forget 'her love.'

"Best remembrances to your sister, from,

"Ever faithfully yours,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*To Lady Donegal.*

"Kilfane, July 3. 1815.

"Your letter, which Arthur gave me in Dublin, found me so whirled about in visitings, dinnerings, hand-shakings, &c., that I had not a moment to myself, and I knew you would forgive my deferring my answer till I got a little out of the bustle. Our reception, indeed, has been highly flattering and gratifying, and the attention every one has paid to Bessy is as creditable to themselves as it is pleasant to her and me. We are now with Richard Power's brother, who has a most beautiful place here, and gives us a very hospitable welcome. We have been with the

Bryans for a week or ten days, and a few days with Joe Atkinson's daughter, Mrs. T. Kearney. Next week we return to Dublin, that Bessy may get a little sea-bathing, which has been ordered as quite necessary for her; and thence we have two more visits to make, to the Duke of Leinster and Lord Granard, if the latter family shall have sufficiently recovered their grief for poor Hastings* to admit us. What fearful and wonderful things are happening! Tragedy and farce come so mixed up together, that to do justice to the world, we ought to be like the grimacier at Astley's, and cry at one side of the face while we laugh with the other. I suppose it is all over with the Great Nation, and with the Napoleons, both great and small. His Imperial Majesty, I perceive, is coming quietly to England, and you will perhaps have an opportunity of letting your house in Davies Street to him; though I rather think you would burn it to the ground after such profanement, as the gentleman did with his mansion after the Constable Bourbon had slept in it. I am afraid you and I would have some little squabbles about the poor Bourbons if we were together just now; and I hope, for the sake of your repose in this very hot weather, that all the persons around you are thorough coinciding, sympathising, and never-ceasing Tories. Reprobate as I am, I am sure you will give credit to my prudence and good-taste in declining the grand public dinner that was about to be given me upon my arrival in Dublin. I found there were too many of your favourites, the Catholic orators, at the bottom of the design,—that the fountain of honour was too much of a *holy-water* fount for me to dabble in it with either safety or pleasure; and, though I should have

* Honourable Hastings Forbes, killed at Waterloo.

liked mightily the opportunity of making a treasonable speech or two after dinner, I thought the wisest thing I could do was to decline the honour. Being thus disappointed in *me*, they have given a grand public dinner to an eminent toll-gatherer, whose patriotic and *elegant* method of collecting the tolls entitles him, I have no doubt, to the glory of such a celebration. Alas! alas! it must be confessed that our poor country, altogether, is a most wretched concern; and as for the Catholics (as I have just said in a letter written within these five minutes) one would heartily wish them all in their own Purgatory, if it were not for their adversaries, whom one wishes *still further*.

"I have written to Lord Byron about your Tunbridge friend, though I fear the application will have but little success. Did you hear that *I* was applied to to join the Committee?

"Bessy, as you may collect from what I have already said, is not very strong; but the little ones are quite well, and go about with us everywhere.

"Best love to dear Mary, and believe me, ever

"Most affectionately yours,

"T. MOORE."

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Dublin, Aug. 9. 1815.

"My dear Rogers,

"I am most anxious to hear something about you. I'm sure you do not like me *in Ireland*, for you never write to me here. There are now two able and full-grown epistles of mine unanswered near three months. However, on matter for that, I do seriously believe that they who *bottle up* their remembrance of each other have it in much

higher order and effervescence when they meet, than they who let it out, drop by drop, through the post-office; and I can answer at least for my own being at this moment as strong, cordial, and *racy* as ever, my dear Rogers.

"We have made two country tours since I wrote to you, and are now just returned from a three weeks' visit to my married sister in Tipperary. Alas! it would be but a poor return for your delicious pictures of Italy—your 'thoughts that breathed' of the sweet air in which they were born, and your 'words that burned' with the pure sunshine which they described, to give you any account of what I either felt or saw in the foggy, boggy regions of Tipperary. The only thing I could match you in is *banditti;* and if you can imagine groups of ragged Shanavests (as they are called) going about in noonday, armed and painted over like Catabaw Indians, to murder tithe-proctors, land-valuers, &c., you have the most stimulant specimen of the sublime that Tipperary affords. The country, indeed, is in a frightful state; and rational remedies have been delayed so long, that nothing but the sword will answer now. We lost a visit to the Grattans by this barbarous trip—a sort of sacrifice which I am often obliged to make, but which *your sçavoir-faire* so happily always extricates you from. On our return to town last week, in high spirits at the prospect of sailing immediately for England, and getting back to our dear, *doubly* dear cabin once more, poor Bessy had to encounter the shock of finding our darling Barbara (whom we left at my father's) dangerously ill of a bilious fever. Nothing could be more unseasonably distressing. She is now, however, recovering rapidly; and if in a week after the receipt of this you will sit down, like a good fellow, and answer it, your letter may find me, I trust, at Mayfield Cottage.

"Persia, of course, has suffered by Tipperary; but I shall work double tides to make it up again.

"Best regards to your sister from hers and yours, faithfully,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*To Mary Godfrey.*

"Mayfield Cottage, Thursday night, Oct. 19. 1815.

"There is nothing like demanding an answer by return of post. It is the only way with such correspondents as I am, and I wish you always had some baron or other to put me in requisition, for many is the self-reproach it would save me; but I know no more of said baron than of the man in the moon, nor has William Spencer (who will be 'responsible,' poor fellow! for any thing but his debts) ever written me a single line on the subject; you know, however, I cannot give words for music to any one but Power. I am bound hand and foot,—at least my lyrical *feet*,—and you may tell the Baron it would cost me five hundred a year to give him even so much as a 'Down derry down' of my own composition. Strange that such penalty should be on Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee, but so it is, and you can swear to it, for you read the deed. We arrived here two or three weeks since, after the most anxious journey I ever had to encounter. Poor Bessy (who was by no means well when we embarked) suffered so much on a long and sickening passage, from her own illness and attention to the children, that on our arrival at Holyhead, she was most alarmingly indisposed, and it was with great delay and many difficulties that I was able to get her along the road at all. The sight of her own

little home, however, and the comfort of being there after the very bothering bustle of our Irish visit, was like magic in restoring her, and though she is still very weak, I have great hopes that rest and care will bring her about again.—Among other welcome things that greeted me at home, was your *thrice*-welcome letter from Tunbridge, and if yours were but 'generous letters that no answer wait,' or if there were any way in which you could know how thoroughly they delight me, and how warmly I remember you both every hour of my existence, without my taking a dirty pen in my hand to tell you so, the whole pleasure of the thing would be as unalloyed as it is delightful; but since it is impossible, I suppose, for me to enjoy that perfection of friendly correspondence, where (as Sir Boyle Roche says) 'the reciprocity would be all on one side,' and where you alone should write and I should read, I must only endeavour to muster up as *much* reciprocity as possible, and if you will even give me two letters for one, I shall be satisfied.

"I am returning to work again, but the idleness of our Irish trip, and the necessity of completing my year's job for Power, make sad havoc in my time and thoughts. How unlucky I have been in not seeing Paris before it was 'shorn of its beams!' Often do I think with regret of the opportunity, the golden one, you gave me and I missed. It is a proof perhaps that my life has not been *very* miserable, when I say that the loss of that opportunity is one of the things I *most* regret in the course of it. How do you like the way your friends, the legitimates, are disposing of the world? At all events, the ball is completely at their feet, and we shall see whether old women priests and fat regents, assisted by French renegades and drunken corporals, are, after all, the best

agents of Providence for the welfare of mankind. I suppose they are, at least it is but loyal to think so. The boxing epistle *is* mine, the only thing of the kind I have done for a long time.

"I have written often to Byron about your Tunbridge friend; but he seems to say, like King Arthur, 'petition me no petitions,' and will not mind me; I will try Kinnaird next.

"Love and regards from both to both.

"Ever yours,

"T. M."

*From Mary Godfrey.*

"Nov. 6. 1815.

"As I have the happy talent of believing everything I wish to believe from those that I like, I take *au pied de la lettre* all the kind and flattering things you say to us in your last letter; and being very willing to pay any price for the pleasure of hearing from you, we agree to the proposal of sending you two letters for your one; and, I assure you, if you knew the aversion I have taken to writing and Bab's idleness upon that subject, you would understand in some degree how much we value your letters. We were quite amused at the way William Spencer had done the honours of you to the poor Baron, who was in despair at his disappointment. It seems Mazinghi (I really don't know how to spell the man's name, if I were to die for it) told him that he knew you could not assist him on account of your engagement with Power. But William Spencer said that was all fudge; he would settle that with you. Bab is very busy preparing for a

visit to Windsor to-morrow. She is to be in the Castle and to spend a few days there. She implores you, for her sake, to spare all the females of that family and the Duke of York. The Princesses are the greatest admirers of your Melodies, and even of the last. The Princess Augusta has composed very pretty variations to 'Love's Young Dream.' And these are the Princess Elizabeth's own words in a letter written about a month ago: 'My music goes on ill without I am tempted to sing an Irish Melody. I hear that your friend Anacreon Moore is bringing or has brought out another set. How lovely is his taste!' Bab trembles lest anything in this Cumberland* business should tempt your wicked pen; but she knows for her sake you will resist temptation this once. As to our fat and gracious Regent, he is very much at your service to do whatever you like with him, though, to say the truth, you have done pretty well for him already. I wish Bessy would copy your boxing epistle and send it to us. We are sincerely glad to hear she is recovering. Alas! I fear the air of Ireland is good for none but rebels. When is your poem to be ready for the press; and when shall we see you again? Walter Scott's 'Waterloo' is not the Duke of Wellington's Waterloo. It is by all accounts a very poor performance. I have not seen it yet, nor am I very impatient about it, as I have read the gazette of that grand battle, in which it is better described, and just as poetically, as I am told. Money, however, is his object; and besides what he makes by this poem, he is to publish his 'Travels to the Netherlands,' the price agreed on, before he set out, five

* The suicide of Sellis, the Duke of Cumberland's butler, which caused great scandal at the time.

hundred pounds. Rogers is just returned from Paris, and in the very extreme of agreeableness.

"The post bell rings; so farewell. Very kind remembrances to Bessy.

"Truly and sincerely yours,

"M. G."

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Mayfield Cottage, Dec. 26. 1815.

"My dear Rogers,

"As this is about the time you said you should be on your return to London, from your bright course through that noble Zodiac you've been moving in, I hasten to welcome you thither, not alas! with my hand, as I could wish,—*that* joy must not be for a few months longer,—but with my warmest congratulations on your safe and sound return from the Continent, and hearty thanks for your kind recollections of me—recollections, which I never want the outward and visible sign of letter-writing to assure me of, however delightful and welcome it may be, in addition to *knowing* that there's sweet music in the instrument, to *hear* a little of its melody now and then. This image will not stand your criticism, but you know its *meaning*, and that's enough—much more indeed than we Irish image-makers can in general achieve. My desire to see you for *yourself alone*, is still more whetted by all I hear of the exquisite gleanings you have made on your tour. The Donegals say you have seen so much, seen everything so well, and describe it all so picturesquely, that there is nothing like the treat of hearing you talk of your travels—how I long for that treat!

You are a happy fellow, my dear Rogers; I know no one more *nourri des fleurs* of life, no one who lives so much 'apis matinæ more' as yourself. The great regret of my future days (and I hope the *greatest*) will be my loss of the opportunity of seeing that glorious gallery, which, like those 'domes of Shadukiam and Amberabad,' that Nourmahal saw in the 'gorgeous clouds of the west,' is now dispersed and gone for ever. It is a loss that never can be remedied; but still perhaps our sacrifices are among our pleasantest recollections, and I ought not to feel sorry that the time and money, which would have procured for myself this great gratification, have been employed in making other hearts happy,—better hearts than mine, and better happiness than *that* would have been. With respect to my *Peris*, thus stands the case, and remember that they are still to remain (where Peris best like to be) *under the rose*. I have nearly finished three tales, making, in all, about three thousand five hundred lines, but my plan is to have *five tales*, the stories of all which are arranged, and which I am *determined* to finish before I publish—no urgings nor wonderings nor tauntings shall induce me to lift the curtain till I have grouped these five subjects in the way I think best for variety and effect. I have already suffered enough by premature publication. I have formidable favourites to contend with, and must try to make up my deficiencies in *dash* and vigour by a greater degree, if possible, of versatility and polish. Now it will take, at the least, six thousand lines to complete this plan, *i. e.* between two and three thousand more than I have yet done. By May next I expect to have five thousand finished. This is the number for which the Longmans stipulated, and accordingly in May I mean to appear in London, and *nomi-*

*nally* deliver the work into their hands. It would be then too late (even if all were finished) to think of going to press; so that I shall thus enjoy the credit with the Literary Quidnuncs of having completed my task, together with the advantage of the whole summer before me to extend it to the length I purpose. Such is the statement of my thousands, &c., which I am afraid you will find as puzzling as a speech of Mr. Vansittart's; but it is now near twelve o'clock at night, which being an hour later than our cottage rules allow, I feel it impossible to be luminous any longer—in which tendency to eclipse, my candle sympathises most gloomily.

"Your poor friend Psyche is by no means well. I was in hopes that our Irish trip would have benefited her; but her weakness and want of appetite continue most distressingly, and our cold habitation in the fields has now given her a violent cough, which if it does not soon get better, will alarm me exceedingly. I never love her so well as when she is ill, which is perhaps the best proof how *really* I love her. How do Byron and my Lady go on? there are strange rumours in the country about them.

"Ever yours, my dear Rogers,
"THOMAS MOORE."

*From Lady Donegal.*

"Jan. 7. 1816.

"A thousand happy Christmases to you and yours, and a hundred thanks for your two little notes, particularly for the last, which announces your intention of trusting yourself in this wicked town early in February; and so determined are we to have you all to ourselves, that we

shall not name this intention to any one. And if we should be asked about you we intend to look very grave, and to lament over your love of the country, your never coming to town, &c. &c.; and so to reward us for this pious fraud you must breakfast, dine, and sup with us every day you are in London.

"Barbara sends you lines written by William Spencer on her names, which are many. He passed six weeks at Tunbridge this autumn, and was a great acquisition; at times, however, his spirits failed him, and one could not help feeling the greatest compassion for him. Then they would return again, and he would become the life and soul of the party. Rogers we have seen but twice since our return. Jekyll is become a dear friend of ours; and, as I have not yet heard the same story twice, he amuses me very much. He talks of you with great regard for yourself, and admiration for your talents; besides which, he loves music passionately, and is delighted (if there is truth in man) with Barbara's playing. But, what is more to the purpose, Cramer, who is now giving her lessons, says that she plays 'charmingly.' We are anxious that you should hear her, and we intend to bore you to death about her music when you come.

"Do you know anything of St. Michan's Church in Dublin? Lord Clifden tells miraculous stories of the wonderful things lately discovered in the vaults, such as — I have not time to tell you now, for I am later than I thought I was. Our loves to Bessy. Mary says she will not have her little Thomas forgotten for your John Russell. Barbara says she should like to join in the practical jokes very much.

"Ever yours,

"B. D."

*From Miss Godfrey.*

"Monday, 1816.

"I have nothing to say for myself. With regard to my promise, I have broke it as gallantly as any French marshal could do. I think I shall behave better for the future — at least it is my intention, for I know I promise myself a great pleasure when I provoke a letter from you, and therefore I think I shall act no more *à la Françoise*, but adhere honourably to my engagements. I like Longman's gallantry to Bessy prodigiously, and I hope you will reward it without loss of time, by giving him an immediate opportunity of publishing your poem, which all the world is expecting with impatience. Bab, who is the most heroic and loyal of women, wants you to celebrate Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington, ditto of York, &c. &c. As to Walter Scott, he ought to be shot upon the field of battle as a peace offering to the manes of the illustrious dead whose deeds he has so ill recorded. Charity, that covers a multitude of sins, and does many other kind and good acts, certainly does not produce good poems. 'Waterloo' was written for the benefit of the subscription for the soldiers, as 'Don Roderick' was for the Portuguese; they are both the worst things he has written, and not half so much to the purpose as a charity sermon. Rogers is wandering in the troubadour style from one great baron's castle to another, recounting his adventures. Whether the ladies of the castles reward him with their smiles or not I have not heard, but I am sure he tells his story admirably well. He has seen everything so well, and tells it all so distinctly, and is so

picturesque and so sentimental, that I think it a very great pleasure to listen to him when he is put upon the subject of his travels. He has been at Woburn, and is now at Bowood. I am surprised he has not written to you. London is very quiet, which suits us very much. The Berrys give parties; nobody else does; so they pick up all the curiosities they can lay their hands on. They are going to show off to-morrow evening Generals Sebastiani and Flahaut; they are come here for safety while the trials are going on at Paris. Sebastiani, by way of being very correct and proper, went to consult the French ambassador upon the propriety of going to the houses of the Opposition: he asked whether he might do it without giving offence to the English Government. The ambassador said he might certainly, for though the French Opposition were all traitors, in this country the Opposition was made up of loyal and respectable men. He then asked whether there would be any impropriety in going to the Miss Berrys. I suppose he was told not as he has been there three or four times since. How do you like the peace we have given the French? I am afraid, as it was you who wrote the boxing epistle, that you will not like it. You think those tigers and monkeys should be still left at large to worry their fellow-creatures. But you who love liberty, why don't you rejoice that its greatest enemies are punished and tied up? Don't be so inconsistent as to lament over the fall of a tyrant and his most willing and obedient slaves. I love freedom too well not to rejoice at the present prospect of things. That poor wretch, Ferdinand, is serving the cause in Spain; and Louis is much more ready to give a free constitution to France than France is to take it.

"And so farewell till the next time. With kindest

remembrances to Bessy, earnest prayers for the speedy appearance of your poem, a warm wish for something about Waterloo,

" I remain, ever,

" Yours sincerely,

" M. G.

" I did not receive your letter till Saturday, and intended to send you this to-day, but I find my frank is for to-morrow."

*From Leigh Hunt, Esq.*

" Vale of Health, Hampstead, Feb. 1816.

" My dear Moore,

" I believe I have owed you a letter for some time; — I have tried to believe otherwise, — I was going to say I *flattered* myself you did not expect one, but this would have been a very erroneous phrase; for the fact is, I have flattered myself that you did, and yet I have sent none. I preferred a bad conscience before a twinge to my self-love. Sticking fast, therefore, to the latter quality, I have hastened to make an author's amends by sending you my poem *the moment it is out.* You will receive in company with it a second edition of the Feast, which you ought to have had sooner; but why do I stand making appeals to the forgiving part of you? At all events you will see what I think of the said part, and will allow that I have not been making my court to an Edinburgh Reviewer. By the way, my recognition of you in that quality was just the reverse of what you seem to have

imagined, for I did not detect you as the critic of Lord Thurlow, and did as the 'orthodox reviewer of the Fathers.' Do you think I have read *Abelard and Eloisa* for nothing? And yet I did not see why you should have escaped me in the other criticism. The touch about 'that eternal old gentleman Tithonus' was taking exquisite advantage of a common phrase, and haunted me like a tune long before I knew whose it was. I have never mentioned Tithonus since under any other cognomen.

"And now you must not think me coxcombical, if I say a word respecting an incident in my poem. It is about the book the lovers were reading when their passion overpowered them. You know *you* have written books which appear to me somewhat dangerous on this score, though it is a theory of mine that works of that description, upon the whole, do not do injury, otherwise (see my Pangloss Philosophy) Providence would not have suffered them. But I carry this theory, or whim, still farther, — or at least undertake to analyse it still farther; and it appears to me that those only are wrong in writing them who have a sense upon them of the injury they may be doing in some respects. In *that* case, the consciousness should outweigh the eventual excusability. Thus I should think you culpable now, if you have the suspicion that it would be wrong; but for the rest, I can only compare works of this nature to fuel which Providence seems to think it necessary occasionally to administer to such as are of dull natures, and *counter*-works to an equally judicious application of water when the fire threatens to be too great. Pray admire, at all events, the depth of my speculations. I was going to say something to this effect in my Preface, but thought

that the public would not understand me. Indeed I profess to have no moral, as it is, in my poem, except perhaps *charity;* and a hint about the danger of *progressiveness* in love-matters; and some persons, I find, think me rather lax than otherwise.

"If you see the Examiner here, as I hope you do, it may not be disagreeable to you to know that my chief coadjutor in the Round Table, and the writer of the theatrical criticism, is a brother reviewer of yours, and author of the articles on Novels and Romances, Sismondi's Helicon Literature, and, I believe, a forthcoming one, on Schlegel's Dramatic Essays. Pray encourage me, at your leisure, to write you another letter, and believe me, my dear Moore,

"Ever sincerely yours,
"LEIGH HUNT.

"You must know I demand, as a poet, a right to interest myself in all ladies and their proceedings, and therefore give you plain notice of my regard for Mrs. T. M. on the score of her maternal affections. Mrs. H. wishes to know her, if it is only on that account."

*From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"April, 1816.

"Many, many thanks, my dear Moore, for your very kind letter. I can assure you in everything I shall rejoice to meet you two-thirds of the way; and happy indeed shall I be to realise with your assistance all the delightful castles we have been building and furnishing so long. In six weeks I shall hope to see you. Though I have not

pelted you with my correspondence, I have not thought of you the less; and if you had received every letter I have begun to you, you might have perished *under the* papers. But pray, pray dine with me to-day, and bring Psyche and her babes,— the last shall be the ornaments of the dessert. You will meet the Dunmores, Spencer, and our friends from Davies Street, whose eyes twinkle whenever they talk of you. There are a thousand things I should like to say to you, a thousand very near my heart I should like to ask you about, but I dare not trust myself on paper, for I should never end.

"Lord B.'s farewell, have you seen? It is very beautiful. He goes to Italy in a few days. I see him now as he looked when I was leaving him one day, and as he cried out after me, with a gay face and a melancholy accent, 'Moore is coming, and you and he will be together, and I shall *not* be with you.' It went to my heart, for he loves you dearly; but I hope his feelings are as transient as they are acute. More of these things and of many others hereafter. My sister was with me when I received your letter yesterday morning, and desires to be remembered very affectionately to you. The oftener you and yours knock at her door at Highbury, the warmer, if possible, will be the welcome. If you had seen the tears she shed, poor thing, the day she left Italy, thinking I should never return with her, and knowing my brother never would, you would have liked her better than ever. Little Barbara is very anxious to see your little ones. She is a very engaging child, and grows more and more so every day. The Dunmores are the same as ever. Spencer I have not seen for many months.

"Ever yours,

"S. R."

*From Leigh Hunt, Esq.*

"Hampstead, May 21. 1816.

"My dear Moore,

"I left my card in Duke Street, after receiving your first kind note. I intended to catch you there, if possible, some morning early; but a world of unexpected and unpleasant business kept intercepting me day by day. I will, however, most assuredly be with you on Thursday morning, not indeed to breakfast,—which my health, though a great deal better upon the whole, will not allow,—but between 12 and 1 o'clock, when I shall perhaps catch you at yours; and will take a biscuit for my luncheon, whether I do or not. You see I give up all hope of seeing you here; not because I have not a great desire for it, as well as one or two other friends of mine who would give a great deal to meet you; but because I know how your time must be snatched out of your hands by all sorts of admirers, who have the advantage of me in point of situation; and I beg you will look upon this as one of the best and most generous proofs of my friendship I could give you. I shall therefore, as Montague Matthew* said in the House, when amidst calls for order, he contrived to mention all the horrors in Ireland, under pretence of waving the

* Montague Matthew, formerly M. P. for Tipperary; an eccentric character, but not without some native humour. Upon one occasion he was confounded (by some one in the House of Commons) with Mr. Matthew Montague (afterwards Lord Rokeby); on which Mr. Matthew very indignantly retorted, that there was as much difference between Matthew Montague and Montague Matthew, as between a horse chesnut and a chesnut horse.

detail,— say nothing about the absolute beauties of this place, neither shall I touch upon the hourly stages to and from London, nor make any suggestion of the pleasant association a certain visit would have left hereafter with me and my valley, nor stop to enter into any description of a study I have, commonly called a parlour, containing just room enough to hold a couple of us, together with a pianoforte, some pictures, a set of books, including the productions, poetical and musical, of one Thomas Moore. All this you will look upon as not having been said, in order to leave the generosity above-mentioned complete. Remember, therefore, between 12 and 1. Your shake of the hand is too good to lose at any time, especially after the experience of all sorts of meannesses and treacheries that I have witnessed and partly experienced lately. The cordiality of your last note told me more even than it usually does, and I said, 'he has seen the Quarterly Review.' One does not like to be the object of unpleasant criticism, whatever it is, especially if it tends for a while to hurt one's fortunes; but in *other* respects, I can venture to tell *you*, that the article in question is too bad in every way to annoy me. I was prepared, of course, for a reasonable carbanado from the Government quarters, and even for a good deal of stout objection perhaps from more friendly ones, as far as difference of theory was concerned; but this assault is mere foaming at the mouth. I cannot bring myself to believe that the author is either Southey or Gifford, with all their party passion; and though the latter must have sanctioned the article, I think the passage upon the two extracts describing† * * * * * * should alone exonerate them. But I

† MS. obliterated.

am chattering away here, as if I were already in Duke Street.

"Yours, my dear Moore, most heartily,
"LEIGH HUNT."

*To James Corry, Esq.*

"Mayfield, July 1. 1816.

"My dear Corry,

"It is not right that you and I, whatever may be our respective lazinesses, should continue so long without hearing from each other. I thought to provoke you into some signs of animation, by sending you, about a month or two since, a newspaper with some account of my oratorical proceedings at Derby. But you were silent, and though I know of old that your epistolary fountain can run as readily as it runs pleasantly, yet, somehow, for *me* it has dried up of late, and you seem resolved to join the ranks of those unreasonable friends of mine, who will not write to me for that worst of all possible reasons, because *I* do not write to *them*. I was in hopes, as our friend Sam says, that you were above such 'vulgar prejudices.' Rogers and I, with *quantities* to say to each other, exchange letters about once a quarter. The Donegals (the most generous of you all) give me by regular agreement three letters for every one of mine; but Joe Atkinson is the most *favoured* of my correspondents, for he receives two letters from me every week — for my mother, and answers them punctually.

"I heard from him, of your celebration of Richard Power's recovery, and I only wish, next to being there,

that I had had your own account of it. When does he return?

"Do you know, between ourselves, I think it not at all unlikely that I shall, after the publication of my poem, take to living for two or three years in or near Dublin? What do you say to this? Or will you still continue saying *nothing* to me? I have some thoughts of undertaking a very voluminous work about Ireland, (if properly encouraged by patres nostri — the Longmans,) and this will require my residence, for at least the time I have mentioned, in Dublin. I think I shall be free, quite free, for the *Kilkenny* work, by the time Richard Power returns; but really till I get this three-thousand pounder fired off, it is in vain to think of doing any thing else *well*, and well should that be done which is done for you and him.

"Sometimes Bessy and I have thought it possible we should receive a line from you to say that you were coming to England this summer, and would give us a sight of you and Mrs. Corry at the cottage,— now or never, 'tis our last summer here. I go to town in January; to *press* in February; and to the dogs (I mean the Critics) about the beginning of May.

"Best love to Mrs. Corry. I'm afraid she does not like me so well since my marriage. Women never do. But if I wrong her, let her say so stoutly; and at all events, remembrances as warm as ever to her and you, from

"Yours most faithfully,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"Bessy sends her kindest regards to you both."

*From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"London, Aug. 9. 1816.

"My dear Moore,

"Many thanks for the encouraging intimation that you will navigate a lake or two with me. To make my chance a certainty, I have given you time for preparation,—time which I am very sure you have transmuted into pure gold. I have taken my place, and shall start at five o'clock on Tuesday morning, and sleep away my weariness at Leicester. On Wednesday I shall proceed, and arrive to a late dish of tea at Mayfield. If you wish for a walk, and the sun shines, pray wander that way towards seven o'clock. I have just received a letter from Byron, dated Diodati, near Geneva. He has been a few times at Coppet; all there are well, except Rocca.* The Duchess† seems grown taller, but, as yet, no rounder — since her marriage. Schlegel is in high force, and Madame‡ as brilliant as ever. I have circumnavigated the lake, and shall go to Chamouni, but really we have had such stupid mists, fogs, rains, and perpetual density, that one would think Castlereagh had the foreign affairs of the kingdom of Heaven, also, upon his hands. I have read 'Glenarvon.'

"'From furious Sappho,' &c.

and have also seen Constant's novel.§

"There is a third canto of 'Childe Harold' (a longer than either of the former) finished, and some smaller things, among them a story on the 'Chateau de Chillon.' I only wait a good opportunity to transmit them to the grand Murray.

* Second husband of Madame de Staël.
† Of Broglie. ‡ De Staël. § Adolphe.

"'Where is Moore? Why ain't he out? My love to him.'

"In short, he writes cheerfully. Farewell, and believe me, though in haste, yours, as ever,

"S. ROGERS."

*From Lord Moira.*

"Calcutta, August 27. 1816.

"My dear Sir,

"Any circumstance must be grateful to me which occasions my receiving a letter from one whom I regard with so lively an interest as I cherish towards you. The name and character of Lieut. Cooper could not, therefore, have been introduced to me under better auspices. The becoming acquainted with them would have been more satisfactory could I have given you an encouraging answer; so far from it, I am forced to say to you at once, that I do not see the means of serving him. This must seem so extraordinary, under the notions entertained in Europe of a Governor-General's patronage, that I should be persuaded it never could be explained to you were you not likely to meet Lady Loudoun; to her I refer you for minuter information on what can be only stated generally by me. There is scarcely a situation of even moderate advantage to which the Governor-General can appoint any one but a servant of the Company. The very, very few which are at his disposal, require, I believe without exception, a ready command of the Hindostanee language; and scarcely any of them are of a function or estimated rate that would be reconcilable to the feelings of one who had appeared as an officer. In the military line, there are just three officers

in all India to which an officer in the King's service can be appointed. You may guess what priority of claim there must be upon them; and they are only Brigade-Majorships, most inadequately paid. The general officers in command at the other Presidencies always come upon me with solicitations (relative to those posts) which it would be difficult to resist, because the Brigade-Major has to transact business confidentially with them.

"This outline will suffice to show you that I could not encourage Lieut. Cooper's coming out hither, without the sense of leading him into inevitable disappointment. Should my position alter, of which I can have no expectation, I would apprise you.

"We are in great prosperity here. To our surprise, large remittances of money have been made to us from England, when our treasury was overflowing with cash. Every branch of the revenue has been increasing, and will continue to augment; and every native power is crouching to us.

"I smiled at what you have communicated about Lord Thurlow, not as referring to you, but to myself. Observe, however, that I had, at the time of my conceiving he *might have* a vigorous wing, read none of his poetry, but a compliment to myself, which I could not but deem exquisite.

"Adieu, my dear Sir. Offer my best remembrances to Mrs. Moore, and believe me, with sincere esteem and regard,

"Your faithful Servant,

"MOIRA.

"Thomas Moore, Esq."

*From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"August. 30. 1816.

"My dear Moore,

"*Many, many thanks* to you and yours, not forgetting the two personages at the second table. I can assure you I left you all with a heavy heart, as I went all along (faithless deserter!) and many and many a time in my rambles with Wordsworth have I lamented your absence, when the mists and sunbeams gave us revelations of Heaven. This is indeed a most enchanting country, and I shall leave it with a sigh, but leave it I must. I came here yesterday; and shall depart in two or three days. To the North? No, I think, but what will become of me I cannot say, till my foot is on the first step of my chaise.

"Believe me to be yours ever,

"SAMUEL ROGERS.

"I have spent some very delightful hours with Southey, and could you see the neatness of his house, the beauty of his girls, the cheerfulness of his fireside, and the order and completeness of his library, you would see (though some of the said ingredients are a little more matured by time — I allude to the second and the last) a reflection of your own, Signor Tomaso."

*From Mary Godfrey.*

"Dec. 24. 1816.

"What are you about? and why are you not come? and how are you all? and where is the poem? You said

in your last letter you would soon write again, to tell us when you were to come, and you have never written since. So pray do give us a line, or tell Bessy to do so, to let us know all about you. I am afraid she has suffered from this dreadful season, as you said your house was neither water-proof nor wind-proof. As to ourselves, we go on soberly. My sisters and Barbara have been visiting at Lady Kingston's and Lord Clifden's, and I established myself at Lady Shaftesbury's in their absence. I am sorry to say Bab returned from her last visit extremely ill, and continued so for some days with her old faintings. She has now got quite well again, but I am afraid we must expect returns of the complaint, it seems to have taken such complete possession of her constitution. All the physicians who have attended her declare there is no sort of danger in it, which is a great consolation. We have not seen Rogers for a great while; he called when we were out of town, and when we returned he was gone to Lord Spencer's. He has been very amiable to us since he came back from you, and has called here very often; he never hinted at the unfortunate journal. How do you like Lord Byron's last gloomy productions? He now comes out openly and fairly—the hero of his own tale. Some people say those pretty lines, from the banks of the Rhine, are addressed to his sister. Others will not allow that they can be addressed to a sister. He has written to Lady Byron to ask to be reconciled; and Madame de Stäel, not knowing Lady Byron, has written to Lady Romilly to beg she would use her good offices to second his wishes. To this letter Lady Byron returned an answer herself, saying, that Lord Byron well knew that they could never live together again. There is nothing to be seen or heard of but wretchedness and

poverty, which there is a general wish and effort to relieve. Everybody is doing their best to assist their fellow-creatures in distress; and it is a satisfaction to see how much good feeling and humanity there is to be found in time of need in this wicked world. The town is empty, and our only gaiety is the play, where we have been very often. It would grieve you to see Miss O'Neil in 'Volumnia,' and Kemble her 'dear boy.' They said she did Constance well; but, I own, I thought it a part quite out of her line. I liked her in Lady Townley; but I had never seen it acted before, and I thought she looked so pretty, and so like a woman of fashion, that I had much pleasure in the performance, though the critics said her gaiety was not gay enough. But critics are the very pests of society, and will not let one be pleased with anything. We heard yesterday—but I don't answer for the truth of it—that both playhouses were in so ruinous a state, that they would be obliged to act but three times a week. I can't think it is the case with regard to Covent Garden; but every one says the other is in a wretched way. The King of France is in very bad health, and then Chaos is to come again, for the discontent and divisions of that country are beyond all conception, according to every one's account.

"A thousand kind remembrances and good wishes to you and yours, from me and mine.

"God bless you all, and good bye.

"M. G."

*From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"London, Jan. 21. 1817.

"My dear Moore,

"You have done bravely, and I am rejoiced to think it has ended as it has done, to their credit and your comfort. By some chance, I have not been in Davies Street for a long time till yesterday, when she told me generally of your illness and your anxiety. The *removal*, she said, was owing to us *reformers;* but that it had ended in half-pay. Of her own exertions or yours she said nothing, nor shall I.

"But, my dear Moore, if I may judge from your silence, you are as yet undecided as to your dwelling. I have heard of your visitants, and now of vexations mental and corporal, no doubt productive of much mischief to the finer organs, to their operation in the goose-walking among the currant-bushes.—My sister wrote me word of your kind attentions at Derby. She said you were the king of the place, and that your notice made her *proud.* Bowles was in town in December, but I was at Petworth, and missed him. I came yesterday from Holland House, where I have been passing a few days with Luttrell, and where you were much wanted. I have been idling away my time in many castles of indolence, and to-day am going to my brother and sister for a week, before I establish myself finally to prepare for you, you false one! Though you make no mention of your wife and children dear, I shall not let them escape. Pray give my love to the first, and a kiss a-piece to the two last. To the first I dare not send one, even by proxy.

"Ever yours,

"Samuel Rogers.

"What a quiet spring is before us: the Lansdownes, Cowpers, Jerseys, Douglas's, &c. &c., on the *right* side of the Alps. The Hollands come to town to-day for the winter."

*From Lord Strangford.*

"Clifton, June 20. 1817.

"My dear Moore,

"I beseech you to make my excuse to the Irish *Wittenagemot,* which is to assemble to-morrow at the 'Thatched House.' My departure for Sweden takes place so much sooner than I expected, that I have found myself obliged to visit my *mamma* and sisters *this* week instead of the next. Pray, my dear Moore, do the *apologetic* for me in your prettiest style.

"I plucked up courage, two days ago, and called on Rogers, who was quite delightful. We *got on* famously together, and I have lost so much of my *terror* that I shall assault him with frequent visitations on my return to town.

"My mother is a bit of a saint; she is reading your book at the other end of the room. The following dialogue has just passed between us: —

"*Sinner.* 'I am writing to Moore.'

"*Saint.* 'I am reading Moore.'

"*Sinner.* 'What shall I say to Moore?'

"*Saint.* 'That I am shocked at my own wickedness in admiring anything in THIS *world* so much as I do his Poem!'

"God bless you.

"Ever most affectionately yours,

"STRANGFORD."

*From Miss Godfrey.*

"Sunday, Sept. 21. 1817.

"I will not attempt to say how much we all feel for you and poor Bessy. I merely write to implore you to stay on in Davies Street as long as ever it may be the least convenience to you to do so. And believe that it is a great gratification to us to hear that you find yourselves tolerably comfortable there, and that the servants attend to you as they ought to do. Mary wrote to you on Friday last, which letter you ought to have got yesterday; and you will see by that letter, that it immediately occurred to us that Davies Street was the only place for you to go to in your distress. We sincerely hope to have a better account of you both soon, though we can hardly expect it; but submission to the will of Heaven is our first duty.

"I have been very unwell with my old faintings; and though they have ceased, they have left me languid and uncomfortable, as they always do for some little time after they are over; but in a day or two I hope to be as well as usual.

"We are very sorry to hear the account you give of your own health, and earnestly beg of you to take great care of yourself, for a hurt in the leg is always a troublesome thing to get rid of, and requires great caution as to eating as well as drinking.

"This is all I can write, for my head is still far from well.

"Give our loves to poor Bessy.

"Bab forgot to add that whenever you can come down here we shall be delighted to see you. She repeats again

that she hopes you will consider yourselves at home in Davies Street, and make yourselves as comfortable as you can; but I am afraid you must want many things that cannot be got at in our absence—forks and spoons, &c. &c., which are always sent to Mr. Hoare's; but it is not when one is suffering real griefs that one thinks of such wants as these. Indeed, we feel for you both beyond what it is possible to say,—and particularly for poor Bessy, who must long miss that dear little child, and often feel a bitter pang when she sees Anastasia playing about without her little companion. We quite agree with you in what you say of all Bessy's amiable feelings, and cannot but lament that they have been destined to so severe a trial. Religion is the best and, I believe, the only consolation in severe affliction; and I am very sure she is a person who will feel that. Pray let us hear often how you are going on, and take very good care of yourself.

"Ever sincerely yours,

"M. G.

"Will you give the enclosed to Farrance?"

*To James Corry, Esq.*

"Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, Wilts, Dec. 8. 1817.

"My dear Corry,

"I owe you a letter, but I owe you much more for the kindness of that which you wrote, when you little knew to what extent we wanted such sympathy. Our loss* has indeed been severe, and we feel it much more than those who mingle again with the world, and forget themselves

* The death of his daughter Barbara.

in the distractions of society; for, in our quiet life, every little thing reminds us of the sad vacancy that has been left in it. However, 'time and the hour' cures all. We have got a very snug little thatched cottage here, which Lord Lansdowne most friendlily volunteered to find out for us. I pay for it furnished but forty pounds a year, and yet I think it promises to be by far the most comfortable dwelling we have had. Lord Lansdowne's library is within a moderate walk of me, and as most of my London friends come down to visit him in the course of the year, I shall have just those *glimpses* of society which throw a light over one's solitude, and enliven it.

"I have not time now to tell you any particulars of myself, but I shall enclose you one or two of my twin weekly letters to my mother, in the course of this month, and shall accompany them with a word or two each time, to let you know some things you may like to hear.

"Yours ever, with best regards to Mrs. Corry,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, Wilts, Dec. 9. 1817.

"My dear Rogers,

"I wrote you a little note the other day to go in a packet to Power, but it was left out by mistake, and was not worth sending alone. We find our cottage as yet very comfortable; even during these last and stormy days it has neither smoked nor let in water—*et c'est beaucoup pour Slopperton.* The Lansdownes have not yet made their appearance, so that I suppose neither of them has returned to Bowood. Bowles was very early in his wel-

come of us, and has since brought Mrs. Bowles; but I was out, and Bessy did not venture to encounter them alone. How are *you* going on? I long to hear that you have achieved those remaining lines, and that Spring is likely to number you among her family as 'madre de' fiori, &c. Alas! the 'gioventù dell' anno' is not *our* youth, and I begin to think that Spring is but a tantalising recurrence. I am sorry to say these thoughts come rather too thick upon me of late, and, notwithstanding the society of the Fudges, whom I endeavour to *make* as agreeable as I can, still I droop sometimes. I suppose it is natural that Death's first visit among those dear to us should leave this desolate feel behind it; and a little time, perhaps, will make all right again. I have just finished a long letter from Mr. Fudge to Lord Castlereagh, and am beginning young Bob Fudge's account of a gourmand day in Paris—excellent subjects, if I can but muster up gaiety of imagination enough to do them justice. You see the sixth edition of 'Lalla' is out, and (the Longmans tell me) a great many of it sold; so there I leave her—my paternal anxieties are over, and she will now, I think, be able to shift for herself.

"If you hear any comical anecdotes connected with French politics, or our own ministers, pray let me have them, or, if anything occurs to you in Miss Fudge's way, it will be but gallantry to communicate it for her, and, at all events, let me hear from you. Bessy has, for the first time, produced your beautiful book to stand in her bookcase; and, indeed, it is the first time, poor girl, she has had a sitting-room fit for it. She sends her best remembrances to your sister and yourself, with those of, my dear Rogers, yours very truly,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*From John Murray, Esq.*

"Albemarle Street, Dec. 31. 1817.

"My dear Sir,

"Although I had some doubts about writing to you respecting the critique, *before* I received your letter touching it, I certainly had no delicacy afterwards, and have been prevented from writing to you by eternal interruptions alone. I will fabricate a proper letter for the author of the 'Critique;' but I confess to you I was indignant — it is so completely unworthy of you — totally devoid of congeniality of thought, or power of composition, and I am glad that your inherent delicacy has not quitted you upon so trying an occasion.

"Respecting pounds, you may at once draw for sixty at two months, and it shall be placed either to Mr. Sheridan, or any other account, as we may hereafter find mutually convenient.

"The Fourth Canto is now on its way. I had a very long epistle yesterday from Mr. Hobhouse, who was then going to set out with it in three weeks, and report speaks goldenly of its merits.

"I am about to commence a Journal (monthly) to comprise all subjects of literature and its varieties, and to exclude totally, as will be stated in the advertisement — Politics. I am very anxious that you should do me the favour to take it into your thoughts; you can, I am sure, from floating materials write hundreds of little essays, or letters, or scraps — on society, manners, &c., which will not occupy, but rather relieve your mind from severer studies, which would be infinitely valuable to me. I will send you the first Number, which will be published next

month, and I shall consider your communications as a very peculiar act of kindness. I shall keep an account with you, and at the end of every three months its amount will not, I trust, prove unworthy of your acceptance. I entreat *you be forming memoranda for such a class of communications.*

"I am happy to find that I anticipated your desire to have Northanger Abbey, &c., by enclosing a copy for Mrs. Moore's acceptance, yesterday, with a copy which I got that day by mail, of the 'Edinburgh Review,' which is not yet published in London: but here I find I have been anticipated, as I rather expected.

"You say the 'Quarterly Review' is dull; did you read Joe Davis' article on Africa? You think nothing lively unless some poor devil be cut up, and then, *O shame!* if it be one of your friends; but, take out political articles, you will ever find a store of valuable information to be very interesting. It is a positive fact that I print as many as they do of the 'Edinburgh Review,' which really depends upon *Jeffrey*, in whose department we have no match.

"I sincerely wish you and your family many happy returns of the year. And remain, dear Sir,

"Your faithful servant,

"JOHN MURRAY."

*To James Corry, Esq.*

"Jan. 14. 1818.

"My dear Corry,

"If I did not feel a *craving* come over me now and then for a little intelligence from Lurgan Street I do not think you would ever receive a letter from me; so that it is

pure and downright selfishness makes me write. Besides, extracting one of your long, delightful letters, by means of such hurried little scraps of notes as mine, is like the trick they play in foreign parts, of throwing pebbles at monkeys, in order to be pelted back with pine-apples in return; and therefore, with all my aversion to the *private* use of the pen (being doomed, for my sins, to the cursed *public* employ of it) I cannot resist, now and then, the temptations which such double compound interest on my notes offers. I very much agree with you about your character for the next Kilkenny, except as to Falstaff, of which I think you could give the *orations* most successfully. Power is a shabby fellow not to write to me; particularly as he has a house of mine on his hands, in *an unfinished condition*, which I expected long before now to have restored to me. Tell him this.

"Lord Dandy *is* a good fellow; and I often remember with gratitude that he once condescended to call *me* a dandy. 'Laudari a Lord Dandies (laudandis) viris,' is something in this world.

"Give my best love and remembrance to Mrs. Corry, and believe me,

"Ever faithfully yours,
"THOMAS MOORE.

"In looking over this note, it strikes me that I have somewhere used the simile of the monkeys before: if to *you*, remember I am in your debt a new simile in place of it, which I shall take the first bright moment of discharging.

"I am *not* writing Fudges in London. But, believe me, *personal* satire is the only one that will ever make fools and rascals *feel*. Any thing else is fudge indeed.

"What is the story of Fanny Helsham?"

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Sloperton Cottage, Feb. 6. 1818.

"My dear Rogers,

"Though I think it not unlikely that I shall, in the course of next week, be shaking hands with you in St. James's Place (as those musical but inharmonious brothers, the Powers, who might well be called *brothers-in-law*, have given signal for combat on the 13th, and I fear I am to receive a subpœna on the occasion), yet I cannot help writing you a short letter, just to ask how you do in this very cold weather. March was the month I looked to for being ready with the Fudges, and at the same time devoting three or four weeks to a rummage in London on the subject of Sheridan, who must be my *next* victim; but this cursed *law* trip will disconcert my plans a good deal; still, however, I shall contrive to be ready for the press in March, as I have now about 1400 lines written, and there will not be more in all than 17 or 1800. I have done it, I think, pretty well; but, as usual, not half so well as I had *pre*-imagined it. The Lansdownes have been particularly amiable to us. The day that Bessy dined there was indeed a sad operation to her, for there were a good many people, not one of whom she knew; and among whom she sat, poor girl, in a state of dignified desolation; but before they went to town Lord and Lady L., with Pamela*, walked over one morning and lunched with us, and listened to music; and then we all rambled together to the church at the other side of the valley, and Lady Lansdowne was all heartiness and good-

* Daughter of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; married Sir Guy Campbell.

nature; and Bessy, whose element is home, was seen, I flatter myself, to much advantage; so that we shall get on with them, I have no doubt, most comfortably; and, as they will only come like comets now and then into our system, we shall enjoy a little of their light and warmth without being either dazzled or scorched by them. I have, indeed, got to like Lady L. exceedingly; she is frank and sensible, unaffected, and certainly very pretty; and altogether she has so won me over that I am going to dedicate a set of national airs to her,—there's my anti-aristocracy for you! *He* is delightful; and, if I could but once forget he is a Lord, I could shake his hand as heartily as that of any good fellow I know. We passed three or four days at Bowles's since I last wrote to you. What an odd fellow it is! and how narrowly, by being a *genius*, he has escaped being set down for a *fool!* Even as it is, there seem to be some doubts among his brother magistrates; but he is an excellent creature notwithstanding; and if it is not of Helicon that his spirit has drunk, it is at least of very sweet waters, and to my taste very delightful. Bessy has had a long letter from Crabbe, with 'Fair Lady!' in every page: he, too, is an odd fellow. Then there's Crowe, whom I like much. He sent me a message that he wished to meet me, and we dined together at an ex-attorney's in Devizes; much to my gratification, for he certainly is one of the few, and there is something very racy even in his lees.

"Tell the Donegals they are very lazy not to write to me; and, with best remembrances to your brother and sister, believe me,

"My dear Rogers, faithfully yours,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*From Leigh Hunt, Esq.*

"13. Lisson Grove North, near Paddington,
"March 24. 1818.

("Eheu, fugaces, Posthume! Posthume! — Alas! now when I am closing my letter, it is April 6.)

"My dear Moore,

"In sending you a copy of my new publication I must thank you very sincerely for being kind enough to remember me the other day when you wrote to my excellent friend, Mr. Shelley.* I had not forgotten you, believe me, — I neither could, nor ought; but we happened not to hear from each other for some time before your large poem came out, and then a most villanous habit of delay, which want of occupation in early youth, and sickness afterwards, conspired to fix into the very bones of me, made me so creep on from week to week without paying it the proper attention in the 'Examiner,' which I nevertheless used to swear to myself, week after week, to do, that at last I fairly became ashamed of noticing the book at all, much more of writing to yourself. One or two similar circumstances, which other real friends have tolerated in the kindest manner, but which have induced another of a more doubtful complexion, in spite of greater infirmities of his own of the same sort, to read me a very hot lecture upon, have made me think very seriously of this habit of mine. It is certainly very much against my theories of friendship, and, I think I may say, not at all compatible with the rest of my practice of it, which has ever been accounted somewhat romantic and over-zealous. I have been assaulted enough in my time for imaginary

* Percy Bysshe Shelley.

offences, and need not add real ones to them. You have seen or heard, perhaps, of this anonymous raf who attacked me in a Scotch magazine. My brother, in his over-zealousness for me, unfortunately inserted a paragraph about me in the paper, and then I was obliged to notice him in the same way. We have not succeeded in dragging or provoking him forth; and he has since, after a certain growling but always mean fashion, recanted, pretending he did not mean to attack me privately. He is supposed by most people to be a former acquaintance of mine, who has every reason in the world *not* to attack me, and whom they consider as a sort of moral phenomenon. But enough of this. I hope that you are setting about something fresh, and that now you have got all the experiences of your poetry, you will give us some story or other poem by itself. 'Lalla Rookh,' to be sincere with you, appeared to me to be too florid in its general style; but there are exquisite passages, and you have so truly a poetical character of your own — you are so truly, by birth, a poetical animal, out of the pale of book-associations, and a free inhabitant of the most Elysian parts of nature — that the more you resolved to speak and to feel out of the sincerity of your own impulses, without thinking it necessary to search for ideas, the more to your advantage, I am persuaded, it would be. You are a born poet, and have only to claim your inheritance — not to be heaping up a multitude of anxious proofs, which, though mistaken by some for ostentation, are in reality evidences of a *diffidence* of pretension, which you ought not to feel. On the other hand, I would not see you restrained so much as I formerly would have done in certain amatory respects; nor, indeed, are you so, perhaps, notwithstanding one of the morals in your book, in

which, I think, you overshot the mark in making repentance a better thing than a wish to make amends. Repentance is undoubtedly a very good and delicate thing in some minds, and should reasonably make the amends when they are not to be made otherwise; but, generally speaking, it is mere regret for the loss of something on one's own part, not a social and just feeling; it is as much as to say — I'm very sorry I missed the plum-cake I might have had. The world, I think, does not want repentance, especially for the more kindly errors; it wants kindliness itself, *un*selfishness, justice, imagination, good taste, love and friendship — all that leads it to think of one another, — in short, gain for all, as opposed to gain for the individual. Now to produce this, I would see even some abuses hazarded on the gentler side of things, especially as some of the abuses themselves arise out of a gross and selfish misconception of guilt and innocence, and of forms for essentials; so that the most kindly and virtuous natures are repeatedly sacrificed, either to the most painful and unnatural self-denial, or to the gratuitous wretchedness of imaginary guilt — or, worse than all, are turned cold-blooded and worldly, out of a false notion of their own natural self-defence. I would have no insincerity, no such thing as seduction, no gross selfishness of any sort; I would only have the world think as *well* as they can of all the gentler impulses, and as *badly* as they can of all the violent, the proud, and the exclusive ones: but as the majority go on at present (though somewhat shaken by philosophy) they proceed upon the blessed absurdity of *making* as much guilt as they can out of the former, and surrounding the latter with all sorts of 'pride, pomp, and circumstance.' But you will take me for one of your old friends the Fathers if I go on at this rate; or

rather, for one of their young Pagan relations. If you want to act up to that brilliant Christian principle, and 'heap coals of fire on my head,' you will write to me instantly, and exhibit all the epistolary virtue which I possess not; if otherwise you will take your time, both to write my letter and read my book, or at least to pronounce any good opinion of the latter. And yet I hope it will not be long first either, that I hear from you; for, indeed, if you will allow me to use a tone which some might construe into an assumption, even between friends, I have a very great regard for you, and think of you often and often. You shall see that I do, now that I have mustered up face enough to write your name again. Mrs. H. begs her best remembrances. Pray make mine also to fair Arganda the Unknown, whose old inclination to have a good opinion of me I am impudent enough to think she would not diminish if she knew me.

"Most sincerely and heartily yours,

"LEIGH HUNT."

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"April 6. 1818.

"My dear Rogers,

"I just dispatch a line to say that we shall meet, I hope, on Sunday or Monday next. I *may* be in town on Friday or Saturday, but shall be too busy with Proctors and *other* Fudges to call upon you. Proctors! only think; all my dreams of comfort and independence at once menaced, if not destroyed. I take for granted you have seen Lady Donegal, and heard my doleful story. I was about answering a letter of hers, when I was served with the awful monition. I have heard no particulars; but the

proceeds of a ship and cargo *must* be considerable, more, indeed, than I can ever *attempt* to pay. We are neither of us, however, thank Heaven! in the least cast down by it. As it is by no misdeed or extravagance of our own, conscience is, at least, left untouched, and *there* lies the spring of happiness after all. I have felt more, *at large*, from a small debt of my own than I shall feel, *in a prison*, from thousands thus incurred.

"I *ought* to have had security; but the place was so trifling, when I appointed him, that it was almost made a complaint his taking it. To show you, however, that it has not affected my spirits much, I have been able to write one of Biddy Fudge's gayest letters since I heard of it.

"Good bye, my dearest Rogers. I *know* you will visit me in the Rules, when I can no longer be with those Pindaric poets who are '*lege solutis.*'

"Ever yours faithfully,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*To James Corry, Esq.*

"May 15. 1818.

"My dear Corry,

"The week after next I hope to present myself to you in Lurgan Street; and as I have but eight days to stay amongst you, you must make the most of me. I hope Richard Power continues in Dublin, but I heard some alarming rumours of his being expected in London soon after I left it. This will be indeed 'from love's shining circle, the *gem* dropped away;' but I *will* hope I may be lucky enough still to find him there; as for *you*, you *must* be there; it would be contrary to all laws, human and

divine, that I should not have a glimpse, and many a glimpse, of you while I stay; and I am happy to find that my father's lodgings (where they have a bed for me) is close in your neighbourhood.

"Happy as I am to see you all, it is with regret I leave my sweet, quiet cottage at this 'rosy time of the year,' where, in addition to the sunshine we have always, thank God, *within*, there is some prospect (if these ice-bergs would permit), of a warm gleam or two *without*; but you must make it up to me in your heartiest smiles; and be assured that, *there* or *here*, I am always, dear Corry,

"Your very faithful friend,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"Love to Mrs. C.

"Bessy bids me say she depends upon you for franking a letter of mine to her *every day*."

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"June 18. 1818.

"My dear Rogers,

"I am afraid you will think me a sad truant, but the truth is, I had persuaded myself, before I set off for Ireland, that I had really written to you soon after my leaving London, and that it was *you* who were in *my* debt a letter, but the startling truth of the case broke upon me one fine morning, in no less romantic a place than Manchester, as I was on my way to Ireland, and I sat down forthwith to write to you a long apology for my silence, when, *lo!* the arrival of the coach hurried me away; and from that moment to this I have been in such a giddifying labyrinth of bustle, acclamation, hurrahs, &c. that, though your name has often been upon my lips, I have never had a

disposable minute to write a line to you. Never, certainly, was there anything more enthusiastic than my reception in Dublin. It was even better than Voltaire's at Paris, because there was more *heart* in it, and the call for me at the Theatre, and the bursts of applause when I appeared with my best bows at the front of the box (which I was obliged to repeat several times in the course of the night) were really all most overwhelmingly gratifying, and scarcely more delightful to me on my own account than as a proof of the strong spirit of nationality in my countrymen.

"There was a tolerably good report of the speeches at the dinner in the Irish papers; but I am not sorry that Perry has shortened the account so much, for we were none of us in very good taste, I think; and Phillips, who compiled the speeches, has left the marks of his own paint-brush upon us all; but the effect at the time was admirable, and never was there a day of more strong feeling witnessed.

"I have heard, with some surprise, of your Poem lying at Murray's. He kept the secret so well from me, that I was in hopes he would be equally secret with others. He has not, however, I believe, told more than that he had such a thing in his possession. What have you done with it? Do pray write to me soon, and do not visit my own transgressions upon me *in kind*.

"I have had a *heavy* complaint from Wilkie about the unwillingness of Charles Sheridan, or his advisers, to come to anything decisive with respect to the sanctioning his publication of the works.

"Good bye; best regards to your sister.

"Ever yours,

"T. MOORE."

*To James Corry, Esq.*

" June 20. 1818.

" My dear Corry,

" You perceive how Perry has shorn us of our beams; between his stinginess of room and his zeal for *me*, he has made but an awkward monopolising concern of his report, and I most anxiously hope some of the other London papers may have done us more justice. You may guess how glad I was to see my quiet garden again, but I have hardly yet recovered from the giddiness of my Dublin fortnight. The hip, hip, hurrahs! seem still sounding in my ears, and I feel as if a good fit of sea-sickness (which, for the first time, I was not blessed with) would have been necessary to carry off the indigestion of glory I brought away with me. I arrived here at ten o'clock on Monday night, and found Bessy walking about the garden (as she had been for several nights before) watching for me. It seemed a long month to her. Your real and hearty kindness to me, my dear Corry, has not been forgotten in *my* report of the transactions to her, nor shall it ever be forgotten as long as I have a heart to feel and a hand to record my gratitude to you. I have often been regretting since that we had no conversation about the Kilkenny Memoirs, which, as I told Richard Power in Paris, I have not been unmindful of, but, whenever I have met with anything in my reading that bore upon it, have never failed to note it down, with a view to what, ere long, *you will see* I shall execute.

" My ' Life of Sheridan ' still remains in a very doubtful state, from the indecision of Charles Sheridan, with respect to any arrangement with the booksellers. Till the

family are allowed some share in the publication, I feel delicate, of course, in availing myself of their papers for the advantage of the booksellers.

"How are *you* getting on, my dear fellow? I hope that plaguing pain is gone, and that you are as flourishing and happy every way as you deserve to be. I grieve that I did not see more of Mrs. Corry while I stayed, and most particularly grieve that I had not a better opportunity of singing her some of those new things, which I *know* she would have liked. My best regards to her, and believe me ever faithfully,

"Hers and yours,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*From Miss Godfrey.*

"July 9. 1818.

"I have been thinking of writing to you from time immemorial, and at last I am determined to begin, and talk to you a little about you and yours and me and mine. We have been reading of your honours and glories and speeches with great interest and pleasure, knowing how gratifying it must all have been to your feelings and to Bessy's. At the same time, however, that I congratulate you upon the flattering manner you were received in by your countrymen, let me whisper a little word of congratulation also at your having got away safe from them before it came to throwing stones at you, or throwing you into the river, which they intended to do by Mr. Grattan. I would not say it out loud upon any account, for fear of

a flowing tirade from that sunflower of eloquence Mr. Phillips; but I heartily rejoice that you have got off with all your popularity and whole bones into the bargain, and are safely lodged in your own cottage, where I hope you found Bessy and Anastasia as well as your heart could wish. Have you heard anything more of your Bermuda affairs? Pray write soon, and give us a long account of yourselves. The last we heard of you was through Rogers, who read us the letter you wrote to him upon your return home. As to ourselves, I have but a tragical history to give. Our expedition to Brighton, which we intended for health and economy, failed in both. I came back very ill; and no sooner had I got well, than Bab had a return of her old faintings, from which, thank God! she is now almost quite recovered; but she has had a very bad attack, I grieve to say. We propose going next week to Tunbridge Wells to stay two or three months. Philly and Barbara are already there. I suppose you are in the very joy of your heart at the success of the Reformers, and expect great doings in this new Parliament. We have had some fine specimens of liberty during the Westminster election, which make one tremble in one's skin. We were in hopes that some great Whig, in either England or Ireland, would have brought you into the House of Commons; but I dare say your great Whigs would be pretty nearly as much afraid of you as your great Tories, for you do now and then take them by surprise with some unlucky truth that they would rather not hear.

"Rogers just called, and, seeing this frank on the table, desired me to tell you he was writing to you; but I think it is only in his imagination, so don't be surprised if the letter never comes. I have not a word of news to tell you,—we have been so much shut up from the world since

our return to town. We both join in everything most kind to you all, and shall be very happy to hear a good account of Bessy's health. Truly yours,

"M. G."

*From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"July 12. 1818.

"My dear Moore,

"Many thanks for both your letters, — for that which you wrote waking, which came to hand, and for that which, you say, you wrote, dreaming, which I have not yet received. Your reception did honour to Ireland. An anniversary dinner on the birthday of a living poet is what reminds us of the good old times: and we shall soon hear of a coronation in the capital. Little has occurred here since you left us, but dinners, balls, and election bets. Luttrell, to escape the din of the dissolution, fled to Holland, and is at this moment sitting between two tobacco-pipes in a treckschwytt. Crabbe has been here for a fortnight, and, being a lover of peace and quiet, took a lodging at the Hummums, when the Westminster uproar was at its height. Crowe passed an hour with me yesterday. He is gone to-day. My sister has been very ill since you went, but is better. As for me, I think of visiting Scotland, and in that case shall not, I fear, return in time for a western circuit, but my movements are very uncertain. Murray did not return the MS. till I went again; and since that time I have not seen him. I am not sorry, as the dissolution rendered the thing impossible for some time to come, and I have much to do to it. Spencer is at Darmstadt, and

has received some order from the elector. Sheridan has called upon me twice.

"Pray give my love to Psyche and Anastasia, and believe me to be ever yours,

"S. ROGERS."

*To James Corry, Esq.*

"July 13. 1818.

"My dear Corry,

"I have to thank you for two most welcome letters. I remember Cicero bids one of his correspondents write letters worthy of him,—'scribe literas te dignas:' he need never have given such a hint to *you;* but the worst of it is, *I* am always in too great a hurry to follow your example, and can only give you, what my friend William Spencer calls 'legs and wings of thoughts.' I don't even throw in the *merry-thoughts,* though I would if I could. In answer to Mrs. Corry's grave charge of 'not liking her as well as I did at Kilkenny'—how *can* she be so unjust? Only let her give me fair play,—I call for a ring and fair play: the bottle-holders shall be a few staunch hearts I could name; the ground either here or in Lurgan Street, the time of any duration she pleases, the longer the better; and if I don't beat her out and out in *liking,* why, I'll consent to wear the white feather of falsehood in my heart for ever after. *Like* her! 'like Ossian!' says Werter,—*love* is the word, and I hereby fling down the gauntlet upon it boldly.

"You delight me by your report of Peel's speech. He is one of the Dii Majores of our political Olympus, and I only wish he did not wield the Birmingham thunder of such

Salmoneasses as his present masters. You know, at that college dinner it made me melancholy to think what a clever, manly-minded fellow they had got amongst them.

"Poor Joe Atkinson is at last gone. For this long time he has been but 'jocus, et preterea nihil;' but his death was as gradual and easy, poor fellow, as his life had been prosperous and amiable. I shall miss him exceedingly.

"I have written to Power to come to us. I hope he will.

"Yours ever faithfully,
"THOMAS MOORE.

"I dine to-day at Poet Bowles's (whom I so shamefully omitted in my rigmarole of Bards) to meet Lord Lansdowne, Methuen, &c. &c."

*To Mrs. Lefanu.*

"Sloperton Cottage, Sept. 16. 1818.

"My dear Madam,

"I have been prevented from acknowledging your very kind and useful communications by a visit of business which I was obliged to pay to London, and from which I am but just returned. I am sorry that Mrs. Canning does not permit me to give her name, because her testimony to your brother's kindness of heart is very important, and would, of course, be much enhanced by the authority of the name. We must, however, be content to leave it anonymous, as she wishes it. You may depend upon my not committing you, in any way, with the important personage to whom you allude. In-

deed, strong as is my feeling with respect to some parts of his conduct to your brother, I mean to let the facts speak for themselves, without any colouring or comment from me. I have not yet had time to look over the papers you have sent me; but I have no doubt that they are highly useful and interesting; and I shall take the liberty, whenever I find myself in any puzzle, to apply to you for a clue to help me out. Mr. W. Linley and I have had some correspondence lately, and he promises me not only several poems of his sister, but one or two of Mr. Sheridan's which have never been printed. I find too from my neighbour Lord Lansdowne that he expects Mr. Thomas Grenville at Bowood for a few days; so that I shall have an opportunity of uncorking (to use an old joke) all the remains of *Sherry* there are in *him*, which, you may suppose from the opinion I expressed of him, I do not expect to be of the most racy or sparkling quality. But, altogether, my materials (at least for the early part of the Life) are much more promising than I expected.

"When I was in town, I took an opportunity of mentioning Miss Lefanu to the Longmans, and they beg that she will allow them to read her novel, when it is finished. I added to my mention of her name all that I was likely to feel after seeing and conversing with her; so that I trust she will find them disposed to do her every possible justice. But I need not tell you how little depends on *favour* in literature; even merit is not always sure of a good reception; *saleability* is the thing with the booksellers.

"Pray tell Miss Lefanu how exceedingly obliged I am by the trouble she has taken in collecting and copying so much for me; and with my best regards to her and Mr.

Lefanu, I beg you to believe me, my dear Madam, very faithfully,

"Your obliged servant,
"THOMAS MOORE."

*From Miss Godfrey.*

"Saturday, Oct. 5. 1818.

"We have long been intending to write to you, but have gone on putting it off, owing to one disagreeable circumstance or another, till at last we were ashamed to begin; but Rogers called here yesterday, and told us that he was very much afraid your odious Bermuda business would turn out much more vexatious than was at first apprehended. The sincere concern this information gave us soon put laziness to flight; and I have got a frank to write to you, for I am sorry to say Bab has not been well for some days, and her head does not allow of her doing so. Pray write immediately, and tell us in what state the business is at present, and what you really think will be the consequence of it to you. We are most anxious to know. Rogers said he had written to you upon the subject, but that he had not received an answer. But pray don't serve us so, or we shall be very angry with you; and, at the same time, tell us how Bessy is going on. I am afraid she must be worried by this troublesome affair; but I trust and hope that it will at last end to your satisfaction. It is so very hard a case, that I think Mr. Sheddon, the uncle, cannot suffer you to be the victim of his nephew's dishonesty, if he has any honour or principle himself, as it was at his desire you continued him in the office. The affairs of this world don't

go on at all to my satisfaction at present; but hope follows on, and it is always the best companion upon our dreary road. We have had beautiful skies, and brilliant suns, moons, and stars this year, but not much health to enjoy them, and the old worries of knaves and fools, which it seems to be poor Bab's fate never to be able to get rid of; but I must say she bears it, as well as a very indifferent state of health, with great heroism. We returned to town about a fortnight since, and are established here for the winter. We were obliged to leave Tunbridge sooner than we intended, on account of the smallness of our house, and the illness of some of the servants, which made it necessary to give up some of our rooms for the use of the sick. So here you will find us if anything should bring you to town. We got your 'Melodies' last week; and Barbara is gone mad after 'This Earth is the planet.' She begged leave to play it between each of her lessons; and she goes singing the delights of this world all over the house, as if it was quite her opinion that it was all sunshine and gaiety; long may she think so: but the time too surely comes that one gets behind the scenes, and the brilliant spectacle vanishes.

"There are people in town, going and coming; but none staying, I believe, but ourselves. We both like London at this quiet time of year; and though we have workmen repairing the house, and we can only inhabit part of it, we have made ourselves very comfortable. I got a frank for Saturday to Calne by mistake; I recollected, afterwards, that Devizes was your post town, so I was obliged to put off my letter till to-day. How is dear little Anastasia? is she as rosy and pretty as she was when we saw her last? Bab joins with me in everything

kind to you and Bessy, and in begging for an early answer to this letter. I hope you will not be lazy, as usual; indeed, you must not be so.

"Adieu! and God bless you all.

"M. G.

"Rogers begs to know if you got a letter which he enclosed about a fortnight ago to Mr. Power for you."

*To Miss Lefanu.*

"Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, Dec. 21. 1818.

"Dear Miss Lefanu,

"It was a little unlucky that I did not receive your letter in London, from which I am but just returned, as I could then have requested you to send your manuscript up instantly, and presented it myself in Paternoster Row. As it is, I think the surest as well as speediest way will be for you to forward it immediately by the coach, directed to Messrs. Longman, and I shall lose no time in preparing them to receive it. As they must be your ultimate judges (at least before publication), it would be, perhaps, but a waste of time to let *me* have the previous perusal of the manuscript, however gratifying and flattering such a reference to my judgment might be. In all this, however, I shall be guided entirely by your wishes, and if it be your desire that I should look over the work before it is submitted to them, you have but to forward it to me by the coach, as you did the papers relative to your uncle. But I must repeat that as the booksellers are to be your grand jury, either to find the bill or throw it out, you had perhaps better, in the first instance, send the manuscript to them, and you may depend upon my backing it with all

the recommendations which my opinion of your talents, as well as my warm interest in yourself, incline me to give it. I am sorry to tell you that the interference of Burgess and the creditors has produced such a hitch in our *Sheridan* affairs as I fear will be fatal to their further progress.

" With best regards to Mr. and Mrs. L., believe me,

" Faithfully yours,

" THOMAS MOORE."

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

" Paris, Dec. 23. 1819.

" My dear Rogers,

" There is but little use now in mentioning (though it is very true) that I began a letter to you from Rome, the first fragment of which is now before my eyes, and is as follows, ' One line from Rome is worth at least two of even yours from Venice; and it is lucky it should be so, as I have not at this moment time for much more.' There I stopped; and if you had ever travelled on the wing as I have done, flying about from morning till night, and from sight to sight, you would know how hard it is to find time to write, and you would forgive me. Taking for granted that you *do* forgive me, I hasten to write you now some very valueless lines indeed, as they must be chiefly about myself. I found a letter here on my arrival, from the Longmans, telling me that I must not venture to cross the water (as was my intention, for the purpose of reaching Holyrood House) till they had consulted you and some others of my friends with respect to the expediency of such a step. I have heard nothing more from them on

the subject, and therefore I suppose I must make up my mind to having Mrs. Moore and the little ones over, and remaining here. This is disappointing to me in many respects, and in few more than its depriving me of all chance of seeing *you*, my dear Rogers, and of comparing notes with you on the subject of the many wonders I have witnessed since we parted. Lord John has, I suppose, told you of the precious gift Lord Byron made me at Venice — his own memoirs, written up to the time of his arrival in Italy. I have many things to tell you about him, which at this moment neither time nor inclination will let me tell; when I say 'inclination,' I mean that spirits are not equal to the effort. I have indeed seldom felt much more low and comfortless than since I arrived in Paris; and though if I had you at this moment *à quattr' occhi*, I know I should find wherewith to talk whole hours, it is with difficulty I have brought myself to write even these few lines. Would I *were* with you! I have no one here that I care one pin for, and begin to feel, for the first time, like a banished man. Therefore, pray, write to me, and tell me that you forgive my laziness, and that you think I *may* look to our meeting before very long. If it were possible to get to Holyrood House, I should infinitely prefer it.

"Lord John, in a letter I have just received from him, says you have not been well; but I trust, my dear Rogers, you are by this time quite yourself again.

"Ever yours most truly,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"La Butte, July 17. 1820.

"My dear Rogers,

"As I have just been answering a letter of Sir J. Mackintosh, and thereby got my hand back into some notion of letter-writing, I shall slip in a hasty line or two to you. As you have *never* written to me, and I have only written *once* to you, the difference of virtue between us is so small that I shall not crow over you upon the strength of it; besides, the solitary letter I *did* write was of so dreary and croaking a nature (at a time, too, when you might have expected me to return with all the sunbeams of Italy fresh about me), that I do not wonder at your having waited for some pleasanter tones to send an echo to. I afterwards got into a much happier mood, having exchanged my wretched *entre-sol* in Paris for a very pretty cottage in the Allée des Veuves, where I contrived to get on very comfortably indeed. Often and often did I think of communicating my bright side to you, as I had done the dark one; but I had no time for letters; scribbling of another kind came so hard upon me. The necessity of doing some jobs for Power, and my anxiety to finish the work I had promised to the Longmans altogether absorbed every instant of my time; and, having got into arrears of letter-writing with every friend I have in the world, I had not the courage to begin discharging the amount, but thought a declaration of insolvency at once to all was the only decent and honest mode to pursue. You have heard, I dare say, that the Longmans have suppressed my book, at which I am not at all sorry, for I can make a much better thing out

of its materials at another time, and I have availed myself of their readiness to withhold the publication, though with very different views from those upon which they recommended it. Nothing can be more liberal, considerate, and kind than the conduct of those men to me. It is really friendship, assuming the form of business, and making itself actively useful, upon a fair debtor and creditor account of obligations.

"We are now passing the summer months at a place which *you* would delight in. It is the house (forming part of Belle-Vue) which hangs over Sêvres, and faces you as you cross the bridge. The view from it of woods and palaces is superb, and the grounds (about fifty or sixty acres in pleasure-ground) include every variety one could wish. It was bought by a friend of ours, a Spaniard, with whose wife we were very intimate in England; and he has given us a beautiful little *pavillon* near his house, where I pass my mornings quietly and independently, and then join the rest at a dinner as good as one of the best artists from the Rocher de Cancale can make it. The walks about us, through the Woods of Meudon and St. Cloud, are of the true kind for study; and, in short, I enjoy myself so thoroughly here, that if the sun would but go on shining this way all the year, and the flowers blooming and the nightingales singing, I should begin to care very little about the Treasury or Doctors' Commons, and sigh for nothing in England but the never-to-be-forgotten friends I left behind me there. But, then, winter *will* come, and then Paris is the devil.

"Pray write soon, my dearest Rogers, and add to my sunshine by showing that I am remembered by you as kindly as ever, in spite of my *one* letter in eight months, and your—*none*.

"Bessy sends her kindest regards. Anastasia is quite well, and is pronounced here to have a *Grecque* face, and little Tom, in spite of his teeth, flourishes.

"Remember me most kindly to Miss Rogers.

"Yours ever,

"T. MOORE."

*From Lady Donegal.*

"Davies Street, Jan. 4. 1823.

"I ought to have answered your letter immediately, but a thousand things prevented my doing so, for which I am very sorry. So pray pardon my apparent indifference to the subject of it, for I can assure you with truth (and I know you will believe me) that we both feel anything but indifference on this occasion, as well as upon all others in which you are any way concerned. I, however, still plead guilty to feeling strongly all the objections I have already made to the 'Angels.'* I may, perhaps, be too strict, or too prudish, and I ought perhaps to be influenced more by the opinions of others; but I am too old to change, so you must make the best of me, and allow me to go on praising or condemning as the spirit moves me. And this privilege I claim in right of a friendship of twenty years' standing. And, according to my ideas of friendship, my friend is bound to tell me when he thinks I am wrong, or likely, from want of thought, to incur the censure of the world, or of individuals in it. So I do only as I wish to be done by. Mary does not agree with me in my objections to the poem, though she does wish with me that you had fixed on some other subject. In justice, I must ac-

* "Loves of the Angels."

knowledge that there are some very beautiful passages in it, but this is all the praise I can agree to; and, thinking as I do, I cannot even wish to change my opinion of it.

"I cannot say how much I should be gratified to hear that you had immediately begun upon some unexceptionable subject, more suited to the powers of your mind. I once heard a very sensible man say that the present state of Greece would be a proper subject for your genius, and that, with your classical knowledge and poetical powers, you might make a beautiful poem out of it. Why not take this into your serious consideration, and do your talents the justice they deserve, by giving them a subject worthy of them? I heartily wish some of your literary friends at Botany Bay, where many better men have gone before; for people will suppose that your mind has received a bias from them, which I know not to be the case, but others will not know that; and I should hate to hear your name mentioned in the same day with theirs. Pray let me hear soon from you, for I shall be very anxious to know that you do not feel displeased at the openness with which I have expressed myself. In the meantime, be assured of the best wishes and best regards of our fireside to your fireside.

"I have written myself blind.

"Ever most sincerely yours,

"B. D."

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Friday, May 23. 1823.

"My dear Rogers,

"I have to ask a great favour of you, which is that you will take an opportunity (as soon as you can conveniently)

of putting my name down to the Greek subscription for five pounds, and paying that sum for me. I would not give you this trouble, but that Power is in Ireland, and that I do not like employing the Longmans any further in this way till I have settled my account with them. As soon as I return to town, I shall pay you with many thanks, and you will, I know, recollect that I wish the thing to be done *before* any new list of subscribers is printed.

"It was very kind of you to write to me so encouragingly about the 'Fables;' but I fear (from not seeing any announcement of a second edition) that the sale begins already to 'drag its wounded length along.' To be sure, the first edition was 3000, and (as you say sometimes) one *used* to be satisfied with such things.

"I am beginning very *seriously* to turn my attention again to Sheridan, and shall not be, this time, diverted from it by *anything*.

"I see 'Italy' quoted everywhere. Bessy hopes you do not forget her old claim (like that of the Universities), that a copy of every work of yours should be duly deposited with her. She is still of the *dual* number.

"Ever yours, faithfully,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Sloperton Cottage, Jan. 18. 1824.

"My dear Rogers.

"On my return from Ireland the latter end of last week, I found my table and drawers heaped with letters and manuscripts (among the latter a Tragedy, a Poem, and the rough copy of the Memoirs of a Rebel Chief, sent to me from

America), and your precious little letter lay so modestly lurking under all this mass, that it was but the night before last I fished it up, like a pearl, from among them. Thank you, many, many times, for the encouraging things you say about my book. It certainly succeeds with the public, which ought to be a consolation to me for the heart-burning it produces in various quarters. Radicals hate me for my praise of the aristocracy, Whigs hate me for my candour to the Tories, and Tories hate me for all possible reasons. The cannonade from the Royal battery which you mention is, I suppose, only reserved, and may perhaps be dealt out to me in small shot though the 'Representative,' or kept to give *éclat* to the commencement of the Lockhart dynasty. Should there be anything worth answering (which as yet there has not been, the statement in the 'Westminster,' as to the gift of the four thousand pounds, being, I am pretty sure, false), I must take the field in a pamphlet, like Bowles. In the mean time, during all this my private affairs go on most dishearteningly — '*en attendant l'amant périt.*' You have heard of my refusal of Lord Wellesley's offer, and think, perhaps, with others (who have a different standard for a poor man from that which they go by themselves) that I *ought* to have accepted it. But if you knew all the circumstances, and heard my own view of it, you would not think so. Such a favour from the other side at this moment, coming in coincidence with the impression on some minds that I have *courted* the Tories in my book, would have left a vulnerable point in my character through life; and as character is my only property (though a damned bad property I find it), I must only endeavour to make the best of my bargain.

"Bessy is better than I have known her some time; she

and Anastasia enjoyed the Twelfth Night at Bowood without me. God bless you, my dear Rogers: it will be a good while before we meet, as I mean to work without intermission, if I can, for the next six months. You will ask — at what? and that's the question, for I have not even yet decided; but it must be at something little short of *coining*, or I'm ruined.

"Yours ever,

"T. MOORE."

*From James Corry, Esq.*

"Dublin, 15. Merion Square, Sunday, Nov. 27. 1825.

"My dear Moore,

"You have returned, it seems, from the north to your own little cottage, which therefore unites again all its former claims to distinction,—

"'Wit, poetry, friendship, and beauty.'

"I was delighted to hear of your northern excursion, and am glad of your return. Ever since I read 'Sheridan's Life,' I have been longing to write to you, but while you were winning applauses from every one about you, I thought it would not be fair to 'pursue the triumph' with a dull letter, to which you could not find time to attend. It is very gratifying to the lovers of poetry to think, that the Bard of the Western Island has at last shaken hands with the Poet of the North, and that they are pleased with each other. But your excursion has done more for you than afford to Scott an opportunity to *know* you. It has enabled the British Athens, his own 'romantic town,' to show their respect for your talents: this is not less gratifying than *useful*, because it will here-

after assist you towards receiving '*golden* opinions' from booksellers at home. I cannot tell you how much I admire your 'Life of Sheridan.' It is the most interesting piece of biography I ever read, and I felt a greater interest in it, from believing that you wrote many passages of it after having dipped your pen in *your own heart.* In short, my dear Moore, I suspect that often while you were *writing* about Sheridan, you were *thinking* about yourself, as thus — that '*poverty* is the best nurse of talent;' that he *married* a young and lovely creature before frequent exhibitions before the public had injured in her 'that fine gloss of feminine modesty, for whose absence not all the talents and accomplishments of the whole sex can atone;' that '*labour* is the parent of all the lasting wonders of the world, whether poetry or pyramids;' that 'talents in literature, unassisted by the advantages of *birth,* find it difficult to break through the well-guarded frontier' of the aristocracy. Thus (after putting all distinctions of honour and directness of character out of the question) have I amused myself in supposing similarities between you; but I have nearly omitted a most important one. I think you say somewhere that he was very fond of an *Irish stew,* and I have made your mother laugh herself to *tears* at this part of the parallel. You know she always *cries* when she is very *happy.* I wish poor Bryan's tears always flowed from the *same source.* North was very eloquent in praising your book to me the other day. We are all well here; I include your family with my own in this account. Braham and Stephens are picking our pockets — *full* houses every night. My library has been enriched lately with nine *quarto* volumes of '*Moore's Works,*' splendidly bound, most of them inlaid; they grace a shelf opposite the fire, over which your picture hangs, so that when a TORY

stands with his back to the *grate*, let him turn which way he will, he is well *roasted* between all he *sees*, and *feels*, and *hears*. I intended to have inlaid your lines on the *Strainer* in one of the blank leaves in the front of *Anacreon*, vol. 1.; but, alas! neither high nor low can I find them here, and they derive half their value from being written in *your own hand*. Will you, like a good fellow, transcribe them for me, when you are at leisure? and Mrs. Corry will join me in giving you a thousand thanks for your kindness. Did Sir Walter Scott ever mention my humble name to you? I was introduced to him by Blake, as *your friend*. I met him at Blake's house. I wrote to him a polite and humble note, addressed to Edinburgh (through *Rees*), asking him to receive from me (as '*your friend and Blake's*'), a little tooth-pick case of *Irish* black oak, enriched with a little *Irish gold*, and *Irish diamond* on the lid; the whole thing not worth *two guineas*. Were it of any value beyond its *Hibernicisms*, I should have thought I took a liberty with him; his *silence* makes *me sure of it*. Mrs. Corry unites with me in best regards to Mrs. M.

"Farewell,

"JAMES CORRY."

*From Lady Donegal.*

"7. Clarges Street, Jan. 24. 1826.

"I was very happy to receive your letter, melancholy as the subject of it was, but we were anxious to hear from you, and to know all we could about you, after the affliction you had suffered, and the trying scenes you had to go through with your family. Your conduct towards them

is most kind, and like yourself; but I own I do regret that Lord Wellesley's offer was not accepted of, for it might have been done without your having any part in it; and you are not accountable for the actions of your mother, who might have taken it all upon herself.

"I may be wrong in thinking so, but I cannot help regretting heartily that you have thus added to your difficulties, when it might have been avoided. However, every one must give you credit for your feeling, which was independent and noble, and I sincerely wish you had an income to keep pace with your generous mind. One thing I grieve over is, that you will now write in a hurry, and not do yourself justice; but I do hope and beg you will be guarded, and even sacrifice a little for the sake of conciliating friends, for, after all, they are necessary to one's happiness in every way in this uncertain life.

"Ever most sincerely,

"Yours, &c.,

"B. DONEGAL."

### *To Dr. Bain.**

"Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, April 17. 1826.

"My dear Friend,

"I wrote to Charles Sheridan yesterday, begging him to apply to you upon a subject in which we are all pretty equally concerned; but, upon second thoughts, I feel that I ought not to have taken this *roundabout* way, but to have written to you decidedly myself. You see the 'Quarterly Review' has fired its long-threatened cannon-

* See Memoirs, Vol. V. p. 55.

ade, and though it is more noisy than mischievous, yet some of my friends (Lord Lansdowne among many others) think I ought to take notice of it. My intention therefore is, in the preface to the next edition, to put two or three paragraphs, as good-tempered and conciliatory as possible, disclaiming all idea of imputing a general want of generosity, in pecuniary matters, to the illustrious personage concerned in these transactions, but at the same time defending the accuracy of my own statements. It is odd enough, that the only points of importance which they affect to disprove, is the account of the £200 sent through Vaughan, for which I had the authority of the two persons concerned in it, Vaughan and yourself. They say the sum was £500, and that it was accepted, made use of, and afterwards repaid. Now, what I want of you is (and indeed you could not render me a more signal service, to say nothing of what is due to the family and yourself), to let me put two or three lines, as follows, with your signature:—

"'My dear Sir,

"'The statement which you have made in your Life of my friend Mr. Sheridan, that £200 was the sum proffered to me by Mr. Vaughan, and that it was respectfully declined, is perfectly correct.

"'Yours, &c.'

"If you prefer having the words addressed to Charles Sheridan:—

"'My dear Charles,

"'The statement which Mr. Moore, &c., &c.,'

it would do equally well, and perhaps better. I know it is far from pleasant for you, and God knows I heartily hate it myself, much as I am used to it, to have your

name brought before the public in any way; yet, if honest men did not stand by each other on a pinch, this world would not be worth living in; besides, as your authority is already pledged on the face of my statement, this would be only the repetition of it in a more formal way, and would be, indeed, the only mode of settling all controversy on this point at rest for ever. You may depend upon my answer being such as will tend very much to remove any impression there may have been of my wishing to attack the King unfairly; and your assistance in the way I ask will materially assist me towards that object, as, in enabling me to show that I am correct in my statements, it will give me the power of being more candid and conciliatory in my admissions; in short, it will carry us triumphantly through. Though I had no answer to my last letter to you on my return from Ireland, I know from Charles Sheridan that it was received and *acted upon*. My best remembrances to your daughters, and believe me,

"Ever very truly yours,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*To Dr. Bain.*

April 18. 1826.

"My dear Sir,

"I wrote to you to Heffleton yesterday, feeling that I had taken a more roundabout way than was necessary, in applying to you through Sheridan; and being anxious to explain to you more fully than I had done to him the great importance of your testimony on this occasion. I am sorry that my letter of yesterday will be so long in reaching you, as I felt sure, in writing it, that you would not hesitate at granting the request it contains. I have

just had a letter from my excellent and honourable friend Lord John Russell, who also thinks (this between ourselves) that something ought to be said in my answer to the 'Quarterly.' The three main points on which I am charged with omission and inaccuracy, are, with respect to the 4000*l.* for the seat, the liberation of Sheridan from the prison, and the 200*l.* through Vaughan. On the two former I am prepared with an answer; and *you* can render a triumphant one on the last. I hope they will forward to you my letter from Heffleton: at all events, do not answer this till you receive it.

"I do not forget my promise for summer, and trust that my stars will be propitious enough to allow me to keep it.

"Yours most truly,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*To Dr. Bain.*

"July 8. 1826.

"My dear Friend,

"I made a most egregious blunder in writing to you the other day. According to your desire, I dispatched my letter on the Wednesday, in order that it should catch you before your departure from town on the Friday, and, as an Irish way of gaining this object, I directed the letter, in a strange fit of absence, to Heffleton. As this, however, cannot now be helped, I should not have thought it worth while troubling you with a new despatch about it, if I had not another object. You may remember, on my last visit to you, I mentioned that my friend Bowles had expressed a longing desire to accompany me, and that you said you would have been very glad to see him.

Now he has been with me to-day, expressing the very same wish, and it has occurred to me that you would at least like to know the circumstance, in order that if it suited your arrangements, you might have an opportunity of asking him. If you have any difficulty about lodging-rooms, you know you may put me in your worst *Poet's corner*, and let Bowles have the *gîte* intended for me. His address is 'Rev. W. L. Bowles, Bremhill, near Calne,' and if you *should* write and ask him, let me have a line at the same time to say so.

"Yours, in a furious hurry,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"April 21. 1828.

"My dear Rogers,

"I have just heard that you are not very well. Pray let me have *one* line to satisfy me on the subject.

"I have been getting on pretty well with Byron, though not so rapidly as I expected. Biography is like dot engraving, made up of little minute points, which must all be attended to, or the effect is lost. At every step some small subject of inquiry starts up which costs me half-a-dozen letters, to say nothing of being obliged to wait for the answers.

"Our Anastasia is going on as comfortably as we could expect. *How is your sister?* I had determined never to ask *you* this question again; but feeling gets the better of pique; and so there it is. Answer it.

"Ever yours faithfully,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*To Philip Crampton, Esq.*

" Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, July 31. 1828.

" My dear Crampton,

" I have ventured to introduce to you by letter our great gun of the press here (Barnes, the editor of 'The Times'), who is about to take a trip to the lakes of Killarney, and means to stop a day or two in Dublin on his way. The chief service you will have to render him, is to keep him out of the hands of the Catholic Association, who are in a state of deadly ire against him (and with justice) on account of his late views of our Irish Question, which I disagree with him on, *toto cœlo*, or rather *totis inferis*, myself. He is, however, a good fellow, as well as a devilish clever one, and has done more for the Catholic cause here than ever O'Connell could *undo*, let him try ever so hard. This I say merely as relates to England, for Dan's *Irish* career has, of late, my entire approbation. Be kind to Barnes, if he gives you the opportunity. He takes also a letter from Lord Lansdowne to his agent at Kenmure. You will be glad, I know, to hear that my little girl is going on better than we could possibly have expected. She has been sitting up for some hours every day this week past, and there seems no danger of any return of inflammation in the hip.

" God bless you, my dear Crampton. Ever affectionately yours,

" THOMAS MOORE.

" I did so lament leaving London before *your* reign there was over."

*From Thomas Barnes, Esq.*

"Thursday, Sept. 11. 1828.

"Dear Moore,

"I reached Town after my Irish trip on Sunday last, but have not had time to write till this afternoon. I could not have the pleasure of seeing you on my return, for I was at last compelled to come to London without any delay.

"I have been delighted with my journey: it has removed from my mind a vast deal of prejudice and false impression: it has made me feel an interest for Ireland and its people which will render the support of its cause no longer a task, but a cordial service.

"I saw a great deal of the people; though, unfortunately, I was not able to avail myself of all your introductions. Mr. Corry had left Dublin; Lord Kenmare was away for Killarney; and I was too much pressed for time in passing through Kilkenny to see Major Bryan. I met Shiel in society at Dublin, and found him not only what I expected—a clever, lively companion, but what I did not expect—a very rational and candid person, even on his own exciting subject of Catholic politics. I did not see the 'great Dan O'Connell,' but I met one of his brothers at Killarney. I don't know whether he was aware of his companion, but there certainly was no instinctive antipathy. We passed a very pleasant afternoon in a party given by Major Mahoney of Dunloe.

"I am glad to find your face turned again towards us; and think you will see no reason to turn it away. Our

views and principles are, in the main, so similar, that there cannot be any permanent disagreement.

"Mrs. Barnes begs me to express her cordial hope that your daughter is better. She has, like myself, contracted a strong interest for the 'green isle' and its inhabitants.

"Yours faithfully,

"T. BARNES."

*To Philip Crampton, Esq.*

"March 25. 1834.

"My dear Philip,

"How the time flies! and how you and I keep never minding each other, till at last, some fine day, one or other, or both — but 'away with *melancholy*,' as the song saith, we shall have, with the blessing of God, a merry day or two together yet. Did you know that I was very near paying you a visit at the time of Lord John Russell's excursion to Ireland last autumn? He asked me to go with him, and for two or three days my wings were ready spread for flight. I had invitations from Bessborough and Lord Ebrington, and the Lansdownes offered to bring me back; but, all at once, my heart failed, and I gave it up. *One* of my reasons for doing so *you* were a good deal concerned in, as I found I could not have devoted more than a day or two to Dublin, and that being my principal object (on account of you and poor little Nell), I thought the rest hardly worth the time and expense. However, *next* autumn, I am resolved to invade you, and this bright sudden thought is very much the cause of this sudden, but *not* bright letter, which will, however, I know, give you pleasure.

"We are all well, except that *I* am rather plagued of

late with weak eyes, which to a poor 'working-day' author is rather inconvenient. We hear of *you* sometimes and of your still blooming looks, which we pray heartily for the continuance of; being ever, my dear good fellow,

"Most heartily yours,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"Meant *dually* to include Bessy also, though we never were more *one* in our lives, which is saying a good deal, this being the anniversary of our marriage — the twenty-third year!"

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Sloperton, Oct. 6, 1835.

"My dear Rogers,

"I should have written to you sooner after my return from Ireland, but that I thought you must have left London, and did not like to send a letter yelping at your heels. But having heard from some one that you were seen in an omnibus lately, which sounds very like the *neighbourhood*, at least, of London, I take my chance of this catching you in that not *over*-fast conveyance. I don't know whether you have heard anything of my honours and glories in Ireland; but I assure you I thought very often of *you* when I was among my Muses at Bannow; one of which (my Chief Muse) was a remarkably pretty girl of about seventeen, and when I turned round to her, as she accompanied my triumphal car (which went at a very slow pace), and said, 'This is a long journey for you,' she answered, with a smile that would have done your heart good, 'Oh, I only wish, sir,

it was three hundred miles.' There's for you! What was Petrarch in the Capitol to that?

"But to come to prosaic matters. You have at least heard, with all the world, that while the People were crowning me at Bannow the King was pensioning me at St. James's (a concurrence of circumstances, I flatter myself, not common in history); and never, I must add, did golden shower descend upon a gentleman nearer what is called his 'last legs' than I was at the moment when this unasked-for favour lighted upon me. With a little time and a good deal of work I have now, you will be glad to hear, every prospect of surmounting my difficulties. With the Longmans I am deeply dipped — or rather, an aggregate of sums which I had in their hands, bestowed by different friends upon the children (viz. Lord John, Admiral Douglas, and Byron), stands confronted in their books by *another* aggregate, equal, I fear, in amount, of the sums which, at different times, I have been obliged to *anticipate* on my labours. All this I shall now be enabled in time to make straight, for it will be in my power to devote the greater part of the sums coming from the next two volumes of my 'History' to this very desirable object.

"So much for *one* of my creditors. I now come to my *second*—for I have, thank God, but *two*—no *other* human creature having a demand (beyond the common tradesmen's credit) upon my purse. That *other* creditor, I need not tell you, my dear, kind-hearted Rogers, is yourself; and I blush, even in this matter-of-fact statement, to have connected my obligations to *you* with any in which the mere *quid pro quo* barter of this world is concerned. But I do not the less feel the difference in *sentiment* for having thus mixed them up together in sober *matter of*

*fact;* and that fact being that I owe you, my best of good friends, two hundred pounds: it has been some little relief to my mind to write this letter to assure you that, as soon as I possibly can, I will discharge that debt. This, I know, I need not have told *you;* but, as I have just said, it is a relief to my mind to give the assurance, and I have not the least doubt that you will understand and enter into all that I feel about it.

"I leave myself always so little time to write letters, that I much doubt whether I have expressed anything here that I *meant* to express. But you understand me enough by this time (a more than thirty years' experience, isn't it?) not to translate me *wrongly*, however confused may be the text; and, trusting to this for your version of the above, I am, my dear Rogers,

"Most truly yours,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Sloperton, Jan. 6. 1836.

"My dear Rogers,

"This note will be delivered to you by a very deserving young Irish artist, who is now here on his way to London, with a portrait of my unworthy self, which he is about to have engraved immediately, and which, according to the opinion of all who have seen it, comes nearest to the sublime and lofty original of any version that has ever been made of him. It is, I believe seriously, and judging from the opinions of all my friends, a most excellent likeness; and as you are an encourager both of art and of me, I

venture to introduce my young countryman to you, with the hope that you will see both him and the picture, and, if you approve of the latter, speak a good word for it among your friends. Lord Lansdowne liked it so much that he allows the print to be dedicated to him.

"I should not so patiently have forborne from inquiring about you lately, had I not received from many quarters most prosperous accounts of you.

"Yours, ever most truly,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"My friend's name is *Mulvany*."

*From a Missourian.*

"St. Louis, State of Missouri, U. States,
"May 22. 1836.

"Sir,

"As you have written a book whose object (*primâ facie*) is to establish truth, and dissipate error on a subject which is considered of very high importance in Christendom, to wit, the divine origin and nature of the Roman Catholic faith, I trust you will excuse me for requesting you to reply to a question which the reading of your able and most witty work has suggested, not only to me, but to many other of my fellow-citizens in this part of the world. The question which I would take the liberty of putting is this, whether we are to consider your work, entitled 'An Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion,' as a *serious* defence of the Roman Catholic doctrines and of their *intrinsic* divinity? or, whether we are to look upon it as a mere demonstration of the existence of the Roman Catholic faith (as it at present is taught) in the earliest apostolic age, without connecting it directly with the Creator of the universe, including in the idea 'Universe,' not only

the solar, but every other system of central stars and revolving planets and satellites which since the Christian era science has revealed to mankind?

"That you have succeeded in demonstrating its early Christian origin, is admitted by most persons who have read your book; that you have refuted the objections so often urged against the doctrines of the Trinity and Transubstantiation on the ground of their *modern* origin, is also admitted; that you have shown the innovations of Protestantism, and its total want of title to the name of primitive Christianity, is also conceded. But, while they admit all this, there are many who insist that you by no means prove, or *intend* to prove, the intrinsic divinity, as a special revelation, of Roman Catholic doctrine, or even of Christianity itself in its broadest, Protestant signification; that, on the contrary, you *Gibbonise* (excuse the neologism), and through your most solemn observations a tone of irony is discovered, which, in your supposed prototypic hand, as you know, is the most unparryable (here, again, a '*novus hospes*') weapon ever directed against the vitals of holy Mother Church.

"If this suspicion of Gibbonism be unfounded, permit me to recommend that you specifically disclaim any such insidious irony. If you are really sincere in defence of the Roman Catholic dogmata (particularly the dogma of Transubstantiation) you are bound to say so. By so doing you will the better attain the object which I am willing to hope you had in view. By omitting to do so, I verily believe that object will run the risk of being defeated. In conclusion I beg to assure you that whatever may have been your object, whether to sustain the Church of St. Peter, or to precipitate its fall, my opinion of your transcendent talents, and the use you have made

of them in aid of the land in which I ate my first potatoe, cannot be changed; and have, therefore, the honour to tender you the assurance of the esteem and respect of

" Your very obedient Servant,

" A MISSOURIAN.

" Thomas Moore, Esq."

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

" Sloperton, July 13. 1837.

" My dear Rogers,

" On Saturday last I returned home from my very agreeable excursion; the only drawback on the pleasure of which was my being obliged to return by Havre, and so losing my promised visit to you. My voyage down the Seine to Caen (where I deposited Tom with an eminent Greek professor) was delightful; the boat, each day, being filled with gay company, having a good band of music aboard, and passing every hour through new and beautiful scenes. The weather, I need not tell you, was a long course of sunshine; and altogether it was a very pleasant and unexpected dream. Pray tell Lord Holland that his hint about Caen (which I had never before thought of) was the rudiment of all this. The Duc de Broglie, on my making inquiries of *him*, suggested also Caen; and on my coming to investigate further, I found that one of my early college friends, who was forced to leave Ireland in ' the time of the troubles,' and entered into the French service, is now (having attained the rank of General) commanding the district at Caen. The few days I passed there with this good Irishman, talking over old rebellious times, was not the least interesting part of

my trip; and his good sense and military knowledge will render his society, I trust, a source of no small advantage to Tom.

"We attended the ball at the Hotel de Ville; and, on the night of the fireworks, Tom was saved, perhaps, from being among the *asphyxiés* in the Champ de Mars, by being seated on the roof of the Tuileries, looking at bouquets and fire-balloons.

"My love to the Lady of the Park; and believe me ever, my dear Rogers,

"Most truly yours,
"THOMAS MOORE."

*To Thomas Longman, Jun., Esq.*

"Nov. 23. 1837.

"Dear Tom,

"With respect to what you say about 'Lalla Rookh' being the 'cream of the copyrights,' perhaps it may, in a *property* sense; but I am strongly inclined to think that, in a race into future times (if *any* thing of mine could pretend to such a run), those little ponies, the 'Melodies,' will beat the mare, Lalla, hollow. As to the other things being 'unproductive,' why, it is to *make* them productive that the edition is contemplated. What have 'Madoc,' 'Joan of Arc,' &c., been *producing* all this time?

"Yours, my dear Tom, very truly,
"THOMAS MOORE."

*To Philip Crampton, Esq.*

"Dec. 23. 1838.

"My dear Crampton,

"In my hurry yesterday I forgot to mention what was certainly *next* to Tom's case in my mind, and that was your Discourse or Lecture, which I read a few days since in one of the Irish papers, and was truly charmed with it. I take for granted, however, that that was but a sketch or abstract of what you said, and that we shall have it *in extenso*. I saw also a clever Letter, by a brother Papist of mine, in reply to some of your observations. I rather think that must have been the work of a little priest belonging to Marlborough Street, who wrote a very good article about Galileo (much in the same spirit) in the 'Dublin Review.'

"What I marvel at in *you*, Master Philip, is your finding time for such lucubrations. Go on and prosper, my fine fellow; you have my hearty good wishes and admiration in *all* lines.

"Yours affectionately,

"T. MOORE."

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Sloperton, April 18. 1839.

"My dear Rogers,

"Only think, two such wonders as that *you* should have taken the initiative in writing to me, and that *I* should have been so long in answering you. It was

not, I need hardly tell you, from want of thankfulness for the pleasure your note gave me; but I have been busy beyond even my usual stress of business, and at three or four different tasks, too, driving four-in-hand daily; so that they all, I think, run a fair chance of being bungled. I have also had a more than usual pressure of correspondence, and lately on no very agreeable subject—the illness of our boy, Tom, who has been obliged, by rather a severe nervous attack, to get leave of absence from his regiment; while the other little fellow (as I believe you know) has also determined upon being a soldier,—an Indian one,—and is now preparing hard and fast for Addiscombe, Hobhouse having very kindly given him a cadetship.

"I did not expect you would have seen my late 'Epistle,' the channel through which it appeared lying so much out of your way, your 'solar track.' Did you at all remember the circumstance in which it originated? It was your saying to me, the last time you were at Sloperton, on seeing the prints we have hung round our dining-room, 'Why, you have all your *patrons* here!' The twelve first lines were written the day after that visit and never thought of again till very lately, when I added the remainder.

"Your friend Bessy, who 'does all things but *forget*,' sends her warmest regards and remembrances, along with mine. We trace you now and then among the shining dinner-names (in our *after*-dinner lucubrations), and always wish you a long continuance of such gay doings.

"Best regards to your sister; and believe me,

"Ever most truly yours,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*To Thomas Longman, Jun., Esq.*

" October 8. 1839.

" Dear Tom,

" I have received intelligence this morning of a most unexpected turn of good luck from your namesake Tom. By a rapid succession of circumstances he has arrived at his point of *purchase* for a Lieutenancy—an event many wait long years for. But this demands an *instant* outlay, and the sum of 250*l.* must be placed *without delay* in the hands of Messrs. Cox and Greenwood. Though I have little doubt you would advance me this sum on the edition or the fourth volume of the 'History,' I have, on consideration, preferred the plan of using Russell's money for it, and making all straight to him when convenient. You will therefore have the goodness, *in the course of to-morrow* (as delay might risk the loss of this most fortunate *turn-up*), to deposit the above-mentioned sum in the hands of Cox and Greenwood, specifying to them for what purpose it is so deposited.

" Yours in great haste (having returned from a visit to a neighbour, but *just* in time to catch the Post),

" THOMAS MOORE.

" I think the sum is 250*l.* — but I have annexed the scrap from Tom's scrawl for you. I was sending this note by the parcel, but fearing you might delay in opening *that*, despatch it by post."

*To Thomas Longman, Jun., Esq.*

" Bowood, Nov. 7. 1839.

" Dear Tom,

" I sent you off from this last night Jones's drawing from the Dismal Swamp, which (as being very precious to Mrs. Moore) you will take good care of for her. I think you would have been pleased to see my noble host, when I told him that I had advised your calling in the alliance of Jones in our edition. He said instantly, and Lady L. joined most cordially in the opinion, that we *could not* have selected any one *so* fit for the task. This I rejoiced at, for my own sake as well as Jones's, having taken upon myself (ignoramus as I am in art) the responsibility of the selection.

" I have set some friends of mine here on the hunt for good subjects from 'Lalla Rookh.' As to the 'Melodies,' I have already mentioned to you, I think, all that struck *me* as capable of being illustrated.

" I shall send you by the next packet our third volume corrected.

" Yours ever,

" T. Moore."

*To Thomas Longman, Jun., Esq.*

" Sloperton, Dec. 23. 1839.

" Dear Tom,

" I feel really and truly obliged to my friends Co. for their prompt and kind compliance with my request.

I recollect an old woman in Dublin, Mrs. Mackavino (how *such* a Mac got there, I don't know); but she was a pensioner of my mother's, together with her daughter; and the usual form of their petition used to be 'a couple of shillings for a couple of grateful hearts.' Now a couple of hundreds deserves a proportionate amount of gratitude, and I hereby remit you the same.

"Yours ever truly,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*To Thomas Longman, Jun., Esq.*

"Sloperton, April 18. 1840.

"Dear Tom,

"I send you the inclosed *only*, because it will be necessary for me to have a revise of it, which will not, I trust, be the case with what follows. Prose always gives me a hundred times as much trouble in correcting as poetry does. Besides, the printer, you will see, has made a mistake about my 'Greek Ode.'

"We have had a line from Russell by the pilot, and he was then only *giddy* — not yet sick. Mrs. Moore is still very depressed in spirits, and it will be some time, I fear, before she gets over her loss.

"Pray say to your lady how very much we felt her kind service and kind note.

"Yours very truly,

"T. MOORE.

"In looking over some old diaries and memorandums, I find that, however of late years I may have seen reason to grumble a little with Co. and Co., it was in former years

all sunshine between us. Indeed, I will venture to say, that there are few tributes from authors to publishers on record more honourable (or, I will fairly say, more deserved) than those that will be found among my papers, relative to the transactions for many years between myself and my friends of the Row."

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"19. Rue Basse, à Passy, près Paris.
"July 16. 1842.*

"My dear Rogers,

"I find that, though you do not write to me, you are still thoughtful as usual about everything that may tend to either my profit or reputation, and I think it must be with a view to gratifying me on the latter score that you recommended the application from 'The Times' that Brougham has just forwarded to me. It does indeed flatter me very much to have it thought that I could wield such a powerful political engine as 'The Times' with either that strength or promptitude which such a task requires, and it flatters me the more from my being conscious that I do not deserve it. Putting my ability, however, out of the question, it is impossible that I should now undertake such an office; for, in the first place, I cannot come to England, and, in the next, if I could, there are so many tasks before me (from the long spell of idleness I have indulged in), that every minute of my time will hardly be sufficient to accomplish them. So, pray

* This letter is dated by Mr. Moore 1842, but obviously by mistake for 1822, where it would have been placed had the error been discovered in time.

take some means of letting Mr. Barnes know that, with every acknowledgment of the honour which he has done me by the application, I feel myself obliged to decline his proposal for the present. I write in haste and by the common post, because I have understood that an immediate answer was necessary, and I would not have troubled you, my dear Rogers, with this letter, had not Brougham desired me to make you the medium of my reply.

"I am afraid there is no chance of our meeting here very soon, for you must have had a sufficient dose of the Continent for some time; but, about the beginning of winter, if the Fates and the Yankees are propitious, we may stand a chance of shaking hands with each other in St. James's Place.

"Ever yours,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*To Kirkman D. Hodgson, Esq.**

"Sloperton, March 30. 1845.

"My dear Sir,

"I could much better *tell* you than I can *write* to you, the very warm and grateful acknowledgments I feel, not so much for the *matter* (though to a poor poet fifty pounds is no trifling matter), as for the *manner* of the kind service which you have been enabled to render me. It will give you pleasure too, I think, to hear that, wel-

* This letter alludes to a Bank of England note for 50*l.* which had been lost by Mr. Moore in 1840. On the security of Mr. Kirkman Hodgson and Mr. Longman, the Bank gave Mr. Moore another note for 50*l.* The lost note was never presented for payment.

come as the restored note is to myself, it is fifty-fold more welcome in another and better quarter; as I had been lucky enough to be able to conceal the loss from Mrs. Moore, so that it came to her as a gift fresh from the skies.

"Trusting that our friend Longman may, sometime or other, give me an opportunity of thanking you in person,

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours very truly,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

"Sloperton, June 23. 1847.

"My dear Rogers,

"When, when are we again to meet? I was in hopes that those Irish friends of mine who, as you may remember, gave me lodging under their roof these two last summers, in Albemarle Street, would again have been at their post this summer, and again made me their guest. But the state of Ireland compels them to stand to their post; and this is to me a sad disappointment, for I had set my heart, my dear old friend, on having a few more breakfasts with you (to say nothing of dinners) before 'time and the hour has quite run out our day.'

"Yours, my very dear friend, most truly,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"I am sinking here into a mere vegetable."

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

" Sloperton, June 27. 1847.

" My dear Rogers,

" I show how welcome was your summons by the readiness with which I respond to it. Already Bessy is preparing all for my flight, and as I have some little businesses to despatch in Town, I shall be able to get through them all before you return.

" Yours ever most truly,

" THOMAS MOORE."

*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

" July 10. 1847.

" My dear Rogers,

" I am but just settling down into rural quiet after the week of gay doings with which you so kindly greeted me. Long, long, my dear friend, may you be able to keep up this spirit not only in your own buoyant heart, but (as I found while with you) in the hearts of all those whom you draw within your chosen circle.

" In this instance, too, I have brought home with me a double stock of pleasure, as your friend Bessy has heard the whole proceedings from me, and in my narrative enjoyed a great part of my pleasure.

" THOMAS MOORE."

# POSTSCRIPT.

BEFORE finally closing these volumes, I propose to add some remarks on the publication of Moore's Diary, and the life of which it gives an image.

The literary works of which Mr. Moore was the author had yielded him considerable sums for copyright—not less in the whole, he says, in the ninth volume of his Diary, than 20,000*l.* But these sums had all been exhausted by his yearly outgoings. He had a pension from the Crown of 300*l.* a-year, but this pension ceased with his death. As a provision for his widow, he left only his Diary and Letters,—commending them to my care. I applied immediately to Mr. Longman, his publisher, who informed me that he was prepared to give 3000*l.* for the copyright. I found that for this sum Mrs. Moore could secure an annuity for the remainder of her life not less than the income upon which she and her husband had lived frugally and quietly for the last years of his life; I therefore undertook the task, reserving to myself the power of expunging any passages I might think calculated to wound individuals, or offend the public taste.

It would not be worth while to notice in detail the

critical assaults on the character of Moore. That character stands portrayed in his own letters, and his own Diary; I have transferred the impression to printed volumes, and have placed on record, in his own words, his defects as well as his good qualities. I have not pretended to be his biographer, but have left the world to form their own judgment without extenuation, not from want of regard to my friend, but from greater regard to truth. Those biographers who exalt every merit of their hero, and defend all his actions, either deceive themselves or wish to impose upon the world. That which is instructive in itself, is the study of men as they were, whether heroes, or statesmen, or poets, when they have been swept away by the storm, or have fallen in natural decay, and are scattered,

> " Ou va la feuille de rose,
> Et la feuille de laurier."

It is a pleasant thing to reflect that the men of our age and of our nation, whose characters have been unfolded to the world by the publication of their letters and their lives, have been proved generally to be men of honest hearts and pure intentions. A century has made a great change for the better.

If we compare Wellington to Marlborough, Romilly and Horner to Bolingbroke and Pulteney, Southey and Moore to Pope and Swift, we shall find that the standard of moral worth, though still far too low, has been vastly

raised in the period which has elapsed since the commencement of the eighteenth century.

Moore was imbued throughout his life with an attachment to the principles of liberty; and he naturally adopted the principles of that party which contended for religious liberty and political reform. His taste for educated and refined society led him into the company of the aristocratic classes in London. Among these he was understood, appreciated, and admired. The more eminent of all political parties were charmed by his poetry, struck with his wit, and attached by the playful negligence of his conversation. A man who was courted and esteemed by Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Canning, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Sydney Smith, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Byron, must have had social as well as literary merits of no common order. It was part of his nature to prize the tributes he received from such men, but likewise to doubt whether he was worthy of so much admiration. Hence his frequent recurrence in his Diary to little proofs of kindness and attention from those he himself admired for their genius, or esteemed for their integrity.

The course of politics led him into the composition of political squibs of various merit. The "Vision in the Court of Chancery," the "Slave," the "Breadfruit Tree," and many more, are replete with sense and feeling, as well as wit. Others, intended to satirise George the Fourth, when Prince Regent, are neither pure in point of

taste, nor laughable in point of humour; while they have too much of personal hostility for this kind of composition.

It is singular that Mr. Moore should have been one of the gloomy prophets who predicted revolution and calamity as the consequences of the Reform Act. Lord Grey, with a truer knowledge of the English people, was of opinion that the measure, to be safe, must be large; and those who acted with him and under him, framed the Reform Bill in that spirit.

There is, perhaps, in men of letters, a tendency to be dissatisfied with the political system under which they live. Sir James Mackintosh used to observe that the greatest authors of Athens were evidently averse to the rule of the democracy. In France, before the Revolution, the most brilliant writers were as evidently hostile to the absolute monarchy under which they lived. In our own time Southey and Coleridge began with democracy, Scott as a Jacobite, Moore as a disaffected Irish Catholic. The freedom of literary pursuits leads men to question the excellence of the ruling power; and thus despotism and democracy alike find enemies among the most highly gifted of those who live under their sway. Had Reform never been triumphant, Moore would, in all probability have remained a warm Reformer.

Moore's domestic life gave scope to the best parts of his character. His beautiful wife, faultless in conduct, a fond mother, a lively companion, devoted in her at-

tachment, always ready—perhaps too ready, to sacrifice her own domestic enjoyments that he might be admired and known, was a treasure of inestimable value to his happiness. I have said that perhaps she was too ready to sacrifice herself, because it would have been better for Mr. Moore if he had not yielded so much to the attractions of society, however dazzling and however tempting. Yet those who imagine that he passed the greater part of his time in London are greatly in error. The London days are minutely recorded; the Sloperton months are past over in a few lines. Except when he went to Bowood, or some other house in the neighbourhood, the words "read and wrote," comprise the events of week after week of literary labour and domestic affection.

Those days of intellectual society and patient labour have alike passed away. The breakfasts with Rogers, the dinners at Holland House, the evenings when beautiful women and grave judges listened in rapture to his song, have passed away. The days when a canto of "Childe Harold," the "Excursion" of Wordsworth, the "Curse of Kehama" of Southey, and the "Lalla Rookh" of Moore, burst in rapid succession upon the world, are gone. But the world will not forget that brilliant period; and while poetry has charms for mankind, the "Melodies" of Moore will survive.

His last days were peaceful and happy; his domestic sorrows, his literary triumphs, seem to have faded away alike into a calm repose. He retained to his last moments a

pious submission to God*, and a grateful sense of the kindness of her whose tender office it was to watch over his decline. Those who have enjoyed the brilliancy of his wit, and heard the enchantments of his song, will never forget the charms of his society. The world, so long as it can be moved by sympathy, and exalted by fancy, will not willingly let die the tender strains, and the patriotic fires, of a true poet.

J. R.

*April*, 1856.

* Mrs. Moore, as I have before mentioned, has recorded in her memory his earnest exhortation:—"Lean upon God, Bessy; lean upon God."

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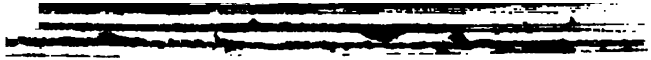

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